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Bulldog Drummond Is Back Again: He Plunges into a Series of Thrilling Adventures in This Novel—

The Black Gang

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THE wind howled dismally round a house standing by itself almost on the shores of Barking Creek. It was the gray dusk of an early autumn day, and the occasional harsh cry of a sea-gull rising discordantly above the wind alone broke the silence of the flat, desolate waste.

The house seemed deserted. Every window was shuttered; the garden was uncared for and a mass of weeds; the gate leading on to the road, apparently feeling the need of a deficient top hinge, propped itself drunkenly on what once had been a flower-bed. A few gloomy trees swaying dismally in the wind surrounded the house and completed the picture—one that would have caused even the least imaginative of men to draw his coat a little tighter round him and feel thankful that it was not his fate to live in such a place.

But then, few people ever came near enough to the house to realize its sinister appearance. The road—it was little better than a cart-track—that passed the gate was out of the beaten way; only an occasional fisherman or farm laborer ever used it, and that generally by day, when things assumed their proper proportion, and it was merely an empty house gradually falling to pieces through lack of attention. At night they avoided it if possible.

Folks said that twelve years ago some prying explorer had found the bones of a skeleton lying on the floor in one of the upstairs rooms, with a mildewed rope fixed to one of the beams in the ceiling. And then it had been empty for twenty years.

Even now, when the wind lay in the east or northeast and the tide was setting in, there were those who said that you could see a light shining through the cracks in the shutters in that room upstairs, and that, should a man climb up and look in, he'd see no skeleton, but a body with purple face and staring eyes swinging gently to and fro, and tied by the neck to a beam with a rope that showed no trace of mildew. Ridiculous, of course; but then, so many of these local superstitions are. Useful, too, in some cases: they afford a privacy from the prying attentions of local gossips far more cheaply and effectively than high walls and bolts and bars.

So, at any rate, one of the two men who were walking briskly along the rough track seemed to think.

"Admirable," he remarked as he paused for a moment at the entrance of the weed-grown drive. "Quite admirable, my friend. A house situated as is this one is an acquisition, and when it is haunted in addition it becomes a God-send."

He spoke English perfectly, with a slight foreign accent, and his companion nodded abruptly.

"From what I heard about it, I thought it would do," he answered. "Personally, I think it's a damnable spot; but, since you were so set against coming to London, I had to find somewhere in this neighborhood."

AS the two men walked slowly up the drive, branches dripping with moisture brushed across their faces, and involuntarily they both turned up the collars of their coats.

"I will explain my reasons in due course," said the first speaker, shortly. "You may take it from me that they were good. What's that?"

He swung round, with a little gasp, clutching his companion's arm.

"Nothing," cried the other irritably. For a moment or two they stood still, peering into the dark undergrowth. "What did you think it was?"

"I thought I heard a bush creaking as if—as if some one was moving," he said, relaxing his grip. "It must have been the wind, I suppose."

He still peered fearfully into the gloomy garden, until the other man dragged him roughly toward the house.

"Of course it was the wind," he muttered angrily. "For heaven's sake, Zaboleff, don't get the jumps. If you will insist on coming to an infernal place like this to transact a little perfectly normal business, you must

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"Ach, mein Gott!" Zaboleff's voice rose to a scream as he cowered back, while the others, with terror on their faces, huddled together

expect a few strange noises and sounds. Let's get indoors the others should be here by now. It oughtn't to take more than an hour, and you can be on board again long before dawn."

The man who had been addressed as Zaboleff ceased looking over his shoulder, and followed the other through a broken-down lattice-gate to the rear of the house. They paused in front of the back door, and on it the leader knocked three times in a peculiar way. It was obviously a prearranged signal, for almost at once stealthy steps could be heard coming along the passage inside. The door was cautiously pulled back a few inches, and a man peered out, only to throw it open wide with a faint sigh of relief.

"It's you, Mr. Waldock, is it?" he muttered. "Glad you've got 'ere at last. This place is fair giving us all the 'ump."

"Evening, Jim." He stepped inside, followed by Zaboleff, and the door closed behind them. "Our friend's boat was a little late. Is every one here?"

"Yep," answered the other—"all the six of us. And I reckons we'd like to get it over as soon as possible. Has he"—his voice sank to a hoarse undertone— "has he brought the money?"

"You'll all hear in good time," said Waldock curtly. "Which is the room?"

" 'Ere it is, guv'nor." Jim flung open a door. "And you'll 'ave to sit on the floor, as the chairs ain't safe."

Two candles guttered on a square table in the center of the room, showing up the faces of the five men who sat on the floor, leaning against the walls. Three of them were nondescript specimens of humanity of the type that may be seen by the thousand hurrying into the City by the early business trains. They were representative of the poorer type of clerk—the type that screams insults at a football referee on Saturday afternoon. And yet, to the close observer something more might be read on their faces: a greedy, hungry look, a shifty, untrustworthy look—the look of those who are jealous of every one better placed than themselves, but who are incapable of trying to better their own position except by the relative method of dragging back their more fortunate acquaintances; the look of little men dissatisfied not so much with their own littleness as with the bigness of other people.

The leader was a huge man dressed from head to foot in black; in each hand he held a revolver, with which he covered the men

A nasty-faced trio with that smattering of education which is the truly dangerous thing, and—three of Mr. Waldock's clerks.

The other two were Jews, flashily dressed, distinctly addicted to cheap jewelry. They were sitting apart from the other three, talking in low tones; but as the door opened their conversation ceased abruptly and they looked up at the newcomers with the keen, searching look of their race. Waldock they hardly glanced at; it was the stranger Zaboleff who riveted their attention. They took in every detail of the ugly foreign face—the olive skin, the tall figure, the dark, piercing eyes; they measured him up as a boxer measures up his opponent or a business man takes stock of the second party in a deal; then once again they conversed together in low tones that were barely above a whisper.

It was Jim who broke the silence—Flash Jim, to give him the full name to which he answered in the haunts he frequented.

"Wot abaht getting on with it, guv'nor?" he remarked, with an attempt at a genial smile. "This 'ere 'ouse ain't wot I'd choose for a blooming 'oneymoon."

With an abrupt gesture Waldock silenced him and advanced to the table.

"This is Mr. Zaboleff, gentlemen," he said quietly. "We are a little late, I am afraid, but it was unavoidable. He will explain to you now the reason why you were asked to come here instead of meeting at our usual rendezvous in Soho."

He stepped back a couple of paces, and Zaboleff took his place. For a moment he glanced round at the faces turned expectantly toward him; then, resting his two hands on the table in front of him, he leaned forward toward them.

"Gentlemen," he began, and the foreign accent seemed a little more pronounced, "I have asked you to come here to-night through my good friend, Mr. Waldock, because it has come to our ears—no matter how—that London is no longer a safe meeting-place. Two or three things have occurred lately the significance of which it is impossible to disregard."

"Wot sort of things?" interrupted Flash Jim harshly.

"I was about to tell you," remarked the speaker suavely, and Flash Jim subsided, abashed. "Our Chief,

with whom I spent last evening, is seriously concerned about these things."

"You spent last night with the Chief?" said Waldock, and his voice held a tremor of excitement, while the others leaned forward eagerly. "Is he, then, in Holland?"

"He was at six o'clock yesterday evening," answered Zaboleff, with a faint smile. "To-day—now—I know no more than you where he is."

"Who is he—this man we're always hearing about and never seeing?" demanded one of the three clerks aggressively.

"He is—the Chief," replied the other, while his eyes seemed to bore into the speaker's brain. "Just that—and no more. And that is quite enough for you." His glance traveled round the room, and his audience relaxed. "By the way, is not that a chink in the shutter there?"

"All the safer," grunted Flash Jim. "Any one passing will think the ghost is walking."

"Nevertheless, kindly cover it up," ordered Zaboleff, and one of the Jews rose and wedged his pocket handkerchief into the crack. There was silence in the room while he did so, a silence broken only by the mournful hooting of an owl outside.

"Owls is the only things wot comes to this museum," said Flash Jim morosely—"owls and blinkin' fools like us."

"Stow it, Jim," snarled Waldock furiously. "Any one would think you wanted a nurse."

"GENTLEMEN—please!" Zaboleff held up a protesting hand. "We do not want to prolong matters, but one or two explanations are necessary. To return, then, to these things that have happened recently, and which necessitated a fresh rendezvous for this evening—one which our friend Mr. Waldock so obligingly found. Three messengers sent over during the last three weeks bearing instructions and—what is more important—money have disappeared."

"Disappeared?" echoed Waldock stupidly.

"Absolutely and completely—money and all. Two more have been abominably ill-treated and had their money taken from them, but for some reason were allowed to go free themselves. It is from them that we have obtained our information."

"Blimey!" muttered Flash Jim; "is it the police?"

"It is not the police, which is what makes it so much more serious," answered Zaboleff quietly, and Flash Jim breathed a sigh of relief. "It is easy to keep within the law, but if our information is correct we are up against a body of men who are not within the law themselves—a body of men who are absolutely unscrupulous and utterly ruthless, a body of men who appear to know our secret plans as well as we do ourselves. And the difficulty of it is, gentlemen, that though, legally speaking, on account of the absurd legislation in this country we may keep within the law ourselves, we are hardly in a position to appeal to the police for protection. Our activities, though allowed officially, are hardly such as would appeal even to the English authorities. And on this occasion particularly that is the case. You may remember that the part I played in stirring up bloodshed at Cowdenheath a few months ago, under the name of MacTavish, caused me to be deported. So, though our cause is legal, my presence in this country is not. Which was why to-night it was particularly essential that we should not be disturbed. Not only are we all up against this unknown gang of men, but I, in addition, am up against the police."

"Have you any information with regard to this gang?" It was the Jew who had closed the chink in the shutters speaking for the first time.

"None of any use—save that they are masked in black and cloaked in long black cloaks." He paused a moment as if to collect his thoughts. "They are all armed, and Petrovitch—he was one of the men allowed to escape—was very insistent on one point. It concerned the leader of the gang, whom he affirmed was a man of the most gigantic physical strength; a giant as powerful as two ordinary strong men. He said— *Ach! mein Gott!*"

His voice rose to a scream as he cowered back, while the others, with terror on their faces, rose hurriedly from their seats on the floor and huddled together in the corners of the room.

IN the doorway stood a huge man dressed from head to foot in black. In each hand he held a revolver, with which he covered the eight occupants during the second or two which it took for half a dozen similarly disguised men to file past him and take up their positions round the walls. Waldock, a little more educated than the others, found himself thinking of old tales of the Spanish Inquisition and the Doges of Venice even as he huddled a little nearer to the table.

"Stand by the table, all of you!"

It was the man at the door who spoke in a curiously deep voice, and like sheep they obeyed him—all except Flash Jim. For that worthy, crook though he was, was not without physical courage. The police he knew better than to play the fool with; but these were not the police.

"Wot the—" he snarled, and got no farther. Something hit him behind the head, a thousand stars danced before his eyes, and with a strangled grunt he crashed forward on his face.

For a moment there was silence, and then once again the man at the door spoke:

"Arrange the specimens in a row."

The seven remaining men were marshaled in a line, while behind them stood six motionless black figures. And then the big man walked slowly in front of them, peering into each man's face. He spoke no word until he reached the end of the line; and then, his inspection concluded, he stepped back and leaned against the wall facing them.

"A nauseating collection," he remarked thoughtfully. "A loathsome brood. What are the three undersized and shivering insects on the right?"

"Those are three of my clerks," said Waldock, with an assumption of angry bravado. "And I should like to know—"

"In good time, you will," answered the deep voice. "Three of your clerks, are they? Imbued with your rotten ideas, I suppose, and yearning to follow in father's footsteps! Have we anything particular against them?"

There was no answer from the masked men, and the leader made a sign. Instantly the three terrified clerks were seized from behind and hustled before him, where they stood trembling and shaking in every limb.

"Listen to me, you three little worms!" With an effort they pulled themselves together; a ray of hope was dawning in their minds—perhaps they were going to be let off easy. "My friends and I do not like you or your type. You meet in secret places, and in your slimy minds you concoct foul schemes which, incredible though it may seem, have so far had more than a fair measure of success in this country. But your main idea is not the schemes, but the money you are paid to carry them out. This is your first and last warning. Another time you will be treated differently. Get out of here! And see you don't stop."

THE door closed behind them and two of the masked men; there was the sound as of a boot being used with skill and strength, and cries of pain; then the door reopened and the masked men returned.

"They have gone," announced one of them. "We have helped them on their way."

"Good," said the leader. "Let us continue the inspection. What are these two Hebrews?"

A man from behind stepped forward and examined them slowly; then he approached the leader and whispered in his ear.

"Is that so?" A new and terrible note had crept into the deep voice. "My friends and I do not like your trade, you swine. It is well that we have come provided with the necessary implement for such a case. Fetch the cat."

In silence one of the men left the room, and as his full meaning came home to the two Jews, they flung themselves groveling on the floor, screaming for mercy.

"Gag them."

The order came out sharp and clear, and in an instant the two writhing men were seized and gagged Only their rolling eyes and trembling hands showed the terror they felt as they dragged themselves on their knees toward the impassive leader.

"The cat, for cases of this sort, is used legally." he remarked. "We merely anticipate the law."

WITH a fresh outburst of moans, the two Jews watched the door open and the inexorable black figure come in, holding in his hand a short stick from which nine lashes hung.

"Heavens!" gasped Waldock, starting forward. "What are you going to do?"

"Flog them to within an inch of their lives," said the deep voice. "It is the punishment for their method of livelihood. Five and six—take charge. After you have finished remove them in Number 3 car, and drop them in London."

Struggling impotently, the Jews were led away, and the leader passed on to the remaining two men.

"So, Zaboleff, you came, after all. Unwise, surely, in view of the police?"

"Who are you?" muttered Zaboleff, his lips trembling.

"A specimen-hunter," said the other suavely. "I am making a collection of people like you. The police of our country are unduly kind to your breed, although they would not have been kind to you to-night, Zaboleff, unless I had intervened. But I couldn't let them have you; you're such a very choice specimen. I don't think, somehow, that you've worked this little flying visit of yours very well. Of course I knew about it, but I must confess I was surprised when I found that the police did too."

"What do you mean?" demanded the other hoarsely.

"I mean that when we arrived here we found, to our surprise, that the police had forestalled us. Popular house, this, to-night."

"The police!" muttered Waldock dazedly.

"Even so—led by no less a personage than Inspector McIver. They had completely surrounded the house and necessitated a slight change in my plans."

"Where are they now?" cried Waldock.

"Ah! Where indeed? Let us trust, at any rate, in comfort."

"By heaven!" said Zaboleff, taking a step forward. "As I asked you before—who are you?"

"And as I told you before, Zaboleff, a collector of specimens. Some I keep; some I let go—as you have already seen."

"And what are you going to do with me?"

"Keep you. Up to date you are the cream of my collection."

"Are you working with the police?" asked Zaboleff.

"Until to-night we have not clashed. Even to-night, well, I think we are working toward the same end. And do you know what that end is, Zaboleff?" The deep voice grew a little sterner. "It is the utter, final overthrow of you and all that you stand for. To achieve that object, we shall show no mercy. Even as you are working in the dark—so are we. Already you are frightened; already we have proved that you fear the unknown more than you fear the police; already the first few tricks are ours. But you still hold the ace, Zaboleff—or shall we say the king of trumps? And when we catch him you will cease to be the cream of my collection. This leader of yours—it was what Petrovitch told him, I suppose, that made him send you over."

"I refuse to say," said the other.

"You needn't; it is obvious. And now that you are caught—he will come himself. Perhaps not at once—but he will come. And then— But we waste time. The money, Zaboleff."

"I have no money," he snarled.

"You lie, Zaboleff. You lie clumsily. You have a lot of money, brought over for Waldock so that he might carry on the good work after you had sailed to-morrow. Quick, please! Time passes."

With a curse, Zaboleff produced a small canvas bag and held it out. The other took it and glanced inside.

"I see," he said gravely. "Pearls and precious stones—belonging once, I suppose, to a murdered gentlewoman whose only crime was that she, through no action of her own, was born in a different sphere from yours. And, you reptile,"—his voice rose a little,—"you would do that here!"

Zaboleff shrank back, and the other laughed contemptuously.

"Search him—and Waldock too."

Two men stpped forward quickly.

"Nothing more," they said after a while, "except this piece of paper."

There was a sudden movement on Zaboleff's part—instantly suppressed, but not quite soon enough.

"Injudicious," said the leader quietly. "Memory is better. An address, I see—5 Green Street, Hoxton. A salubrious neighborhood with which I am but indifferently acquainted. Ah! I see my violent friend has recovered." He glanced at Flash Jim, who was sitting up dazedly, rubbing the back of his head. "Number 4—the usual."

There was a slight struggle, and Flash Jim lay back peacefully unconscious, while a faint smell of chloroform filled the room.

"And now I think we shall go. A most successful evening."

"What are you going to do with me, you scoundrel?" spluttered Waldock. "I warn you that I have influential friends who—who will ask questions in—in Parliament if you do anything to me; who will go to Scotland Yard."

"I can assure you, Mr. Waldock, that I shall make it my personal business to see that their natural curiosity is gratified," answered the leader suavely. "But, for the present, I fear the three filthy rags you edit will have to be content with the office-boy as their guiding light. And I venture to think they will not suffer."

HE made a sudden sign, and before they realized what was happening the two men were caught from behind and gagged. The next instant they were rushed through the door, followed by Flash Jim. For a moment the eyes of the leader wandered round the now empty room, taking in every detail; then he stepped forward and blew out the two candles. The door closed gently behind him, and a couple of minutes later two cars stole quietly away from the broken-down gate along the cart-track. It was just midnight; behind them the gloomy

house stood up gaunt and forbidding against the darkness of the night sky. And it was not until the leading car turned carefully into the main road that any one spoke.

"Deuced awkward, the police being there."

The big man who was driving grunted thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," he returned; "perhaps not. Anyway, the more the merrier. Flash Jim all right?"

"Sleeping like a child," answered the other, peering into the body of the car.

For about ten miles they drove on in silence; then, at a main cross-roads, the car pulled up and the big man got out. The second car was just behind, and for a few minutes there was a whispered conversation between him and the other driver. He glanced at Zaboleff and Waldock, who appeared to be peacefully sleeping on the back seat, and smiled grimly.

"Good night, old man. Report as usual."

"Right," answered the driver. "So long."

The second car swung to the right and started northward, while the leader stood watching the vanishing tail lamp. Then he returned to his own seat, and soon the beginnings of outer London were reached. And it was as they reached Whitechapel that the leader spoke again, with a note of suppressed excitement in his voice:

"We're worrying 'em; we're worrying 'em badly. Otherwise they'd never have sent Zaboleff. He was too big a man to risk, considering the police."

"It's the police that I *am* considering," said his companion.

The big man laughed.

"Leave that to me, old man; leave that entirely to me."

Chapter II
In Which Scotland Yard Sits Up and Takes Notice

SIR BRYAN JOHNSTONE leaned back in his chair and stared frowningly at the ceiling. His hands were thrust deep into his trousers pockets; his long legs were stretched out to their full extent under the big roll-top desk in front of him. From the next room came the monotonous tapping of a typewriter, and after a while Sir Bryan closed his eyes.

Through the open window came the murmur of the London traffic—that soothing sound so conducive to sleep in those who have lunched well. But that did not apply to the man lying back in his chair. Sir Bryan's lunch was always a frugal meal, and it was no desire for sleep that made the Director of Criminal Investigation close his eyes. He was puzzled, and the report lying on the desk in front of him was the reason.

For perhaps ten minutes he remained motionless; then he leaned forward and touched an electric bell. Instantly the typewriter ceased, and a girl secretary came quickly into the room.

"Miss Forbes," said Sir Bryan, "I wish you would find out if Chief Inspector McIver is in the building. If so I should like to see him at once; if not, see that he gets the message as soon as he comes in."

The door closed behind the girl, and after a moment the man rose from his desk and began to pace up and down the room with long, even strides. Every now and then he would stop and stare at some print on the wall; but it was the blank stare of a man whose mind is engrossed in other matters.

And once, while he stood looking out of the window, he voiced his thoughts, unconscious that he spoke aloud:

"Dash it, McIver's not fanciful. He's the least fanciful man we've got. And yet—"

His eyes came round to the desk once more, the desk on which the report was lying. It was Inspector McIver's report—hence his instructions to the secretary. It was the report on a very strange matter that had taken place the previous night, and after a while Sir Bryan picked up the typed sheets and glanced through them again. He was still standing by the desk, idly turning over the pages, when the secretary came into the room.

"Chief Inspector McIver is here, Sir Bryan," she announced.

"Tell him to come in, Miss Forbes."

CERTAINLY the Inspector justified his Chief's spoken thought—a less fanciful-looking man it would have been hard to imagine. A square-jawed, rugged Scotchman, he looked the type to whom Holy Writ was Holy Writ only in so far as it could be proved. He was short and thick-set, and his physical strength was proverbial. But a pair of kindly twinkling eyes belied the gruff voice. In fact, the gruff voice was a pose specially put on, which deceived no one. His children imitated it, to his huge content, though he endeavored to look ferocious when they did so. In short, McIver, though shrewd and relentless when on duty, was the kindest-hearted of men. But he was most certainly not fanciful.

"What the dickens is all this about, McIver?" said Sir Bryan, with a smile, when the door had shut behind the secretary.

"I wish I knew myself, sir," returned the other seriously. "I've never been so completely defeated in my life."

Sir Bryan waved him to a chair, and sat down at the desk.

"I've read your report," he said, still smiling, "and frankly, McIver, if it had been any one but you I should have been annoyed. But I know you far too well for that. Look here"—he pushed a box of cigarettes across the table—"take a cigarette and your time, and let's hear about it."

McIver lit a cigarette and seemed to be marshaling his thoughts. He was a man who liked to tell his story in his own way, and his Chief waited patiently till he was ready. He knew that when his subordinate did start he would get a clear, concise account of what had taken place, with everything irrelevant ruthlessly cut out. And if there was one thing that roused Sir Bryan to thoughts of murder and violence, it was a rambling, incoherent statement from one of his men.

"Well, sir," began McIver at length, "this is, briefly, what took place. At ten o'clock last night, as we had arranged, we completely surrounded the suspected house on the outskirts of Barking. I had had a couple of good men on duty there lying concealed the whole day, and when I arrived at about nine-thirty with Sergeant Andrews and half a dozen others, they reported to me that at least eight men were inside, and that Zaboleff was one of them. He had been shadowed the whole way down from Limehouse with another man, and both the watchers were positive that he had not left the house. So I posted my men and crept forward to investigate myself.

"There was a little chink in the wooden shutters of one of the downstairs rooms through which the light was streaming. I took a glimpse through, and found that everything was just as had been reported to me. There were eight of them there, and an unpleasant-looking bunch they were, too. Zaboleff I saw at the head of the table, and standing next to him was that man Waldock, who runs two or three of the worst of the Red papers. There was also Flash Jim. I began to wish I'd brought a few more men."

McIver smiled ruefully. "It was about the last

coherent wish I remember. And," he went on seriously, "what I'm going to tell you now, sir, may seem extraordinary and what one would expect in detective fiction, but, as sure as I am sitting in this chair, it is what actually took place. Somewhere from close to there came the sound of an owl hooting. At the same moment I distinctly heard the noise of what seemed like a scuffle, and a stifled curse. And then—and this is what beats me, sir—" McIver pounded a huge fist into an equally huge palm. "I was picked up from behind as if I was a baby. Yes, sir, a baby!"

Involuntarily Sir Bryan smiled.

"You make a substantial infant, McIver."

"Exactly, sir," grunted the Inspector. "If a man had suggested such a thing to me yesterday I'd have laughed in his face. But the fact remains that I was picked up just like a child in arms, and doped, sir, doped. Me—at my time of life! They chloroformed me, and that was the last I saw of Zaboleff or the rest of the gang."

"Yes, but it's the rest of the report that beats me," said his Chief thoughtfully.

"So it does me, sir," agreed McIver. "When I came to myself early this morning I didn't realize where I was. Of course my mind at once went back to the preceding night, and what with feeling sick as the result of the chloroform, and sicker at having been fooled, I wasn't too pleased with myself. And then I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself, and for a moment or two I honestly thought I'd gone off my head.

"There was I sitting on my own front door-step, with a cushion all nicely arranged for my head, and every single man I'd taken down with me asleep on the pavement outside. I tell you, sir, I looked at those eight fellows all ranged in a row for about five minutes before my brain began to act. I was simply stupefied. And then I began to feel angry. To be knocked on the head by a crew like Flash Jim might happen to anybody. But to be treated like naughty children and sent home to bed was a bit too much. Hang it, I thought, while they were about it why didn't they tuck me up with my wife?"

Once again Sir Bryan smiled, but the other was too engrossed to notice.

"It was then I saw the note," continued McIver. He fumbled in his pocket, and his Chief stretched out his hand to see the original. He already knew the contents almost by heart, and the actual note itself threw no additional light on the matter. It was typewritten, and the paper was such as can be bought by the ream at any cheap stationer's.

To think of an old bird like you, Mac [it ran], going and showing yourself up in a chink of light! You must tell Mrs. Mac to get some more cushions; there were only enough in the parlor for you and Andrews. I have taken Zaboleff and Waldock, and I dropped Flash Jim in Piccadilly Circus. I flogged two of the others whose method of livelihood failed to appeal to me; the remaining small fry I turned loose. Cheer oh! old son. The fellow in St. James makes wonderful pick-me-ups for the morning after. Hope I didn't hurt you.

With a grunt of rage, the caller hit the clerk square between the eyes, and the man collapsed behind the counter

Idly Sir Bryan studied the note, holding it up to the light to see if there was any water-mark on the paper which might help. Then he studied the typed words, and finally, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, he laid it on the desk in front of him.

"An ordinary Remington, I should think. And as there are several thousands in use, it doesn't help much. What about Flash Jim?"

McIver shook his head.

"The first thing I did, sir, was to run him to ground. And I put it across him good and strong. He admitted everything: admitted he was down there, but over the rest of the show he swore by everything that he knew no more than I did. All he could say was that suddenly the room seemed full of men—and the men were all masked. Then he got a clip over the back of the head, and he remembers nothing more till the policeman on duty at Piccadilly Circus woke him with his boot just before dawn this morning."

"Which fact, of course, you have verified," said Sir Bryan.

"At once, sir," answered the other. "For once in his life, Flash Jim appears to be speaking the truth. Which puts a funny complexion on matters, sir, if he *is* speaking the truth."

The Inspector leaned forward and stared at his Chief.

"You've heard the rumors, sir," he went on after a moment, "the same as I have."

"Perhaps," said Sir Bryan quietly. "But go on, McIver. I'd like to hear what's on your mind."

"It's the Black Gang, sir," said the Inspector, leaning forward impressively. "There have been rumors,going round, rumors which our men have heard here and there for the past two months. I've heard 'em myself; and once or twice I've wondered. Now I'm sure—especially after what Flash Jim said. That gang is no rumor—it's solid fact."

"Have you any information as to what their activities have been, assuming for a moment it is the truth?" asked Sir Bryan.

"None for certain, sir; until this moment, I wasn't certain of its existence. But now—looking back—there have been quite a number of sudden disappearances. We haven't troubled officially; we haven't been asked to. Hardly likely when one realizes who the people are who have disappeared."

"All conjecture, McIver," said Sir Bryan. "They may be lying low, or they'll turn up elsewhere."

"They may be, sir," answered McIver doggedly. "But take the complete disappearance of Granger a fortnight ago. He's one of the worst of the Red men, and we know he hasn't left the country. Where is he? His wife, I happen to know, is crazy with anxiety, so it don't look like a put-up job. Take that extraordinary case of the Pole who was found lashed to the railings in Whitehall with one half of his beard and hair shaved off and 'Portrait of a Bolshevist' painted on his forehead. Well, I don't need to tell you, sir, that that particular Pole, Strambowski, was undoubtedly a messenger between—well, we know who between and what the message was. And then, take last night."

"Well, what about last night?"

"For the first time, this gang has come into direct contact with us."

"Always assuming the fact of its existence."

"Exactly, sir," answered McIver. "Well, they've got Zaboleff and they've got Waldock, and they laid eight of us out to cool. I guess they're not to be sneezed at."

WITH a thoughtful look on his face, Sir Bryan rose and strolled over to the window. Though not prepared to go quite so far as McIver, there were certainly some peculiar elements in the situation—elements that he, as head of a big public department, could not officially allow for an instant, however much it might amuse him as a private individual.

"We must find Zaboleff and Waldock," he said curtly, without turning round. "Waldock, at any rate, has friends who will make a noise unless he is forthcoming. And—"

But his further remarks were interrupted by the entrance of his secretary with a note.

"For the Inspector, Sir Bryan," she said; and McIver, after a glance at his Chief, opened the envelope.

For a while he studied the letter in silence; then, with an enigmatic smile, he rose and handed it to the man by the window.

"No answer, thank you, Miss Forbes," he said; and, when they were once more alone, he began rubbing his hands together softly—a sure sign of being excited. "Curtis and Samuel Bauer, both flogged nearly to death and found in a slum off Whitechapel. The note said two of 'em had been flogged."

"So," said Sir Bryan quietly. "These two were at Barking last night?"

"They were, sir," answered the Inspector.

"And their line?" queried the Chief.

"White slave traffic of the worst type," said McIver. "They generally drug the girls with cocaine or some dope first. What do you say to my theory now, sir?"

"It's another point in its favor, McIver," conceded Sir Bryan cautiously: "but it still wants a lot more proof. And, anyway, whether you're right or not, we can't allow it to continue. We shall be having questions asked in Parliament."

McIVER nodded portentously. "If I can't lay my hands on a man who can lift me up like a baby and dope me, may I never have another case. Like a baby, sir! Me—"

He opened his hands helplessly, and this time Sir Bryan laughed outright, only to turn with a quick frown as the door leading to the secretary's office was flung open to admit a man. He caught a vague glimpse of the scandalized Miss Forbes hovering like a canary eating bird-seed in the background; then he turned to the newcomer.

"Confound it, Hugh!" he cried. "I'm busy."

Hugh Drummond grinned all over his face, and, lifting a hand like a leg of mutton, he smote Sir Bryan on the back, to the outraged amazement of Inspector McIver.

"You priceless old bean!" boomed Hugh affably. "I gathered from the female bird punching the what-not outside that the great brain was heaving—but, my dear old lad, I have come to report a crime—a crime that I positively saw committed with my own eyes; an outrage; a blot upon this fair land of ours."

He sank heavily into a chair and selected a cigarette. He was a vast individual with one of those phenomenally ugly faces which is rendered utterly pleasant by the extraordinary charm of its owner's expression. No human being had ever been known to be angry for long with Hugh. He was either moved to laughter by the perennial twinkle in the big man's blue eyes; or he was stunned by a playful blow on the chest from a fist that rivaled a steam-hammer. Of brain he apparently possessed a minimum; of muscle he possessed about five ordinary men's share.

Yet, unlike so many powerful men, his quickness on his feet was astounding—as many a good heavy-weight boxer had found to his cost. In the days of his youth Hugh Drummond—known more familiarly to his intimates as Bulldog—had been able to do the hundred in a shade over ten seconds. And though the mere thought of such a performance now would have caused him to break out into a cold sweat, he was still capable of a turn of speed that many a lighter-built man would have envied.

Between him and Sir Bryan Johnstone existed one of those friendships that are founded on totally dissimilar tastes. He had been Bryan Johnstone's fag at school, and for some inscrutable reason the quiet scholarship of the elder boy had appealed to the lad of fourteen, who was even then a mass of brawn. And when, one day, Johnstone, going about his lawful occasions as a prefect, discovered young Drummond reducing a boy two years older than himself to a fair semblance of a jelly, the appeal was reciprocated.

"He called you a scut," said Drummond a little breathlessly, when his lord and master mildly inquired the reason of the disturbance; "so I scutted him."

It was only too true, and with a faint smile Johnstone watched the "scutted" one depart with undignified rapidity. Then he looked at his fag.

"Thank you, Drummond," he remarked awkwardly.

[*Continued on page 112*]

A group of future United States citizens entering, through the port of New York, the "Promised Land"

The Island of Babel

A Human View of Mysterious, Picturesque, Many-Tongued Mr. Alien

By Stephen Reynolds

A Former Immigrant Inspector

FOR a period of approximately eight years I served as an immigrant inspector at Ellis Island, and also on the Canadian and Mexican borders. During that time I saw laws change and commissioners come and go. One or two of the latter, charged with the enforcement of the law, construed the statutes "liberally," so to speak. They were big-hearted men whose official actions reflected a "let-'em-all-come-in" policy. Other commissioners viewed with apprehension the rising tide of unassimilables, and "They shall not pass!" became the watch-word.

In the "rush" years we shouldered the burden of immigration at Ellis Island, and of the fourteen inspectors usually on duty daily to examine sometimes as many as seven thousand steerage passengers, I was one. So, if some of the material in the big pot hasn't melted or fluxed according to specification, I suppose part of the blame may be laid at my threshold. The balance of the blame may be divided between the thirteen other boys, the swivel-chair folk, and the gentlemen who achieve print in the *Congressional Record*.

Soon after I had taken my oath of office and had been assigned to a stool and desk at the head of one of the fourteen "lines," I noted with admiration that many of the old time inspectors seemed able to dispense with the services of interpreters. At Finn and Magyar, at Ruthenian and Slovak, at Pole and Lithuanian, they hurled in the native language of the applicant the stipulated questions regarding name, age, trade, destination, and so forth, and without the blinking of an eyelash would check the particulars written on the manifest in accordance with the replies received.

To reconcile this amazing proficiency in the thirty-odd separate languages or distinctive dialects spoken in Europe with the facts that most of my brother inspectors were born in this country and had never been abroad was a poser. Yet the solution was simple: Beyond the routine questions and answers, very few of the inspectors could venture unassisted. They were smatterers *par excellence*, and in spots the smattering was pretty thin.

In four months' time, parrotlike, I also had acquired the knack of putting the questions in the native tongue

An airplane view of Ellis Island, where, before restriction, more than a million persons landed in one year

of the particular immigrant before me. To the uninitiated bystander I had become a marvelous linguist whom nothing from Europe could stump. I could elicit from a stolid and lanky Montenegrin the information that his name was Jan Brabic, that he was twenty-two, that he was a herder of cattle by occupation, that he was on his way to join his "brother-of-the-blood" at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, and that he possessed a railroad ticket and forty Austrian crowns in cash.

Given a Rumanian, a Pole, a Greek,—any dweller from territory between the Ural Mountains and the Wicklow Hills,—and I could wrest from him his domestic history and foreign aspirings and speed him on his way to coal-mine or rolling-mill or what-not within the space of time occupied in eating a drug-store sandwich. Yet in so far as being a master of languages was concerned, I was a fraud. My soarings were restricted to the score or so of questions printed at the top of the manifest sheet.

"Seven-Language" Men

WHEN it comes to delivering the goods, the "seven-language" man we hear so much about is a rare bird indeed. Perhaps, when his abilities lie along Slavic lines, he'll include and count as three of the seven Servian, Dalmatian, and Montenegrin. He might as well add to the list Croatian and Bosnian and count five; for, with but slight differences of dialect, one language (the Serb-Croat) does for all these various peoples, with the Herzegovinians thrown in for good measure.

Personally, I knew of only one interpreter at Ellis Island who could swing more than six languages. This was a woman, born in Constantinople of Franco-Italian parents. As a child she spoke French and Italian, and as she grew older she learned Turkish and Greek in the public schools. Moving with her parents to a province populated thickly with Albanians, she mastered one of their dialects. Bulgarian came to her through marriage, and after migrating to the United States she absorbed the polite and grammatical English that is still spoken in some parts of Greater New York. At last accounts this woman was perfecting herself in Spanish, which will make her the mistress of eight tongues. I never heard her brag of her accomplishments.

I'll never forget the moon-faced individual who for about twenty minutes baffled the experts of the entire Ellis Island staff of linguists. It happened on a day when, on one part of the floor devoted to primary inspection, a few of the alley-like "lines" held dwindling queues of aliens from the steerage of a big Cunarder from Fiume. Almost every imaginable East European race, ranging from booted Cossacks to leather-clad Rumanians, was represented in the human cargo.

A mixed barge-load from an American liner from Southampton came along at this juncture, and what the Cunarder lacked in assorted humanity the other ship supplied. It was now possible to find in a single file such incongruous neighbors as a Scotch bag-piper, a Jew from London's ghetto, a Syrian peddler, a Swede lumberjack, and others.

Moving toward the head of the line where one of the inspectors sat enthroned, there approached by hitches a little man of woe-begone mien. In one hand he clutched a low-crowned derby of disreputable appearance; in the other a parcel wrapped in paper. He bore neither vaccination-card nor grouping tag to indicate his name and position on the manifest—and such card or tag is the first requisite of an inspector.

"Where's your ship-card?" the examiner called in Yiddish, judging his man by the derby and his immediate neighbors.

The immigrant stared back at the inspector. It was plain he was not a Jew. In German, in Hungarian, in Russian, and in Polish, the inspector pleaded with the little man to give his name and find his vaccination-card. But it was no use. The undersized one slowly shook his head.

Now that the inspector had exhausted his smattering, official interpreters were called, and they volleyed questions in a score of dialects. Still there was nothing stirring in the little foreigner. He stood humbly fingering his greasy derby and soiled parcel, and seemed mildly astonished that he had become the object of so much attention.

He listened carefully to one and all. He cocked a curious ear when some guttural Esthonian was pumped at him, and the Provençal of Old France affected him to the extent of a frown; but to the barrage of questions he returned no shot in reply.

His pockets were searched for means of identification,

but with negative result. They contained crumbs of tobacco only. By virtue of the name of some hatter in "Wien," the label in the lining of the derby acquired a significance that caused redoubled efforts. But all was unavailing.

It began to be feared the man was deaf and dumb, and stupid in the bargain.

On the point of returning the enigma to the medical division for a professional opinion, the examining inspector eyed the parcel. Meekly enough the alien, now visibly worried, yielded it up; and, divested of wrappings, a section of bologna sausage and two slabs of bread were revealed.

"What's all this?" the inspector asked mechanically *in English*, as he poked aside the eatables and looked at the newspaper wrappings to see what language the latter employed.

Instantly and visibly the heckled one brightened.

"That's an old Belfast paper, sor, wid just a bite I brought off the ship," came the startling reply from a Brady of Ireland who had been robbed on the steamer, whose own hat had blown overboard, and whose sister had written warning him not to talk too much at "Castle Garden," but merely to answer questions propounded to him.

Later, detained temporarily until his sister should call for him, Brady inquired who the men were "wid all the gold buttons" and what they were saying when they all picked on him.

Lord Brassey and the Basques

WITHIN the space of two years I could "smatter" questions with the best of them, and had gained a tolerable acquaintance with German and Italian, two of the most useful languages at the island. I looked around for strange and unusual dialects to conquer, and bethought me of Basque, the extremely difficult language spoken by the mountaineers of four Spanish and two French provinces. No official at the big immigrant station could converse with these people from the Pyrenees, and they were "inspected" by the simple process of counting their money and passing them on their way.

Determined to add Basque to my repertory and thus to shine in a distinctive field, I sought a native who could coach me, and found him in the person of a Spanish sailors' boarding-house-keeper on the lower East Side of New York. I acquired a fragment—a very small one—of the native tongue of my friend from Guipuzcoa.

To make clear a subsequent happening, I'll digress long enough to explain that the Basque tongue enjoys an isolation peculiar in the field of languages. Ethnologists seem to agree that there is neither race nor language under sod or sun that bears the least suspicion of being connected with Basque. Phonetically expressed, the Basque equivalent of "one, two, three, four, five" is "*bat, bee, yirroo, low, boast.*"

Secure in my unique if scanty knowledge of the language, I tried it timorously on the next batch of Basques headed for the woolly uplands of Nevada. It worked! Gravely the shepherds made answer, and mistook me for an Americanized *Eskualduna*. Thereafter the groupers at Ellis Island put all Basques in my line, and my brother inspectors wondered where I had got it.

Busy at work one day, I was interrupted by my Commissioner and introduced to a distinguished-looking gentleman with the face of a savant and the bearing of an admiral of the line. He was Lord Brassey, chairman of the board, newly organized for regulating British immigration. I was bidden to go on with my work, and for at least half an hour Lord Brassey stood at my elbow and watched me work off a mixed file of Syrians and Italians from a French liner. Then into the railed chute of my line was turned a procession of swarthy

A mother and daughter of distinctly Nordic type—sturdy, industrious, promising

There came a wonderful day at Ellis Island when Mme. Schumann-Heink sang for the children

fellows of familiar aspect, and on my desk was laid a manifest sheet of thirty Basque names.

"Who are these fellows?" Lord Brassey asked, when I had checked off a few of them.

"Basques from the Pyrenees," I answered glibly. "They're mostly shepherds from the uplands of Spain, where every one is so honest that locks are unknown. There's a legend to the effect that the Basques were so honest that the devil himself spent years among them to learn the language and get disciples. But 'twas no use. Ten years resulted in a vocabulary of less than a hundred words. So the devil gave it up."

"Yes," Lord Brassey said a little dryly; "I've heard that legend of these folk."

He drew nearer and peered over my shoulder at the manifest sheet.

"I perceive that this fellow reads and writes," my auditor ventured presently, as his gaze shifted from the columns on the manifest to the face of the immigrant standing before us.

"Yes," I said; "and it's rare indeed to find an illiterate Basque."

I went on to give further particulars regarding the people who have a language and literature all their own.

"You are not by any chance of Basque extraction yourself?" the admiral inquired.

"Far from it," I disclaimed, with a smile.

"Yet you can converse with these people?"

I offered no denial; instead, I nodded uncertainly, shivering a little inwardly at the suspicion that Brassey himself might possibly have a working knowledge of Basque.

"Then be good enough to ask this man if 'Don Quixote' has been translated into the Basque."

There was a twinkling in the deep-set eyes. I could no more have put this question in Basque than I could have asked a Slovak what private ideas he had concerning the nebular hypothesis.

But I had no idea of confessing to the friendly Briton that I was a mere smatterer; and so, with the honor of the registry division at stake, I turned to the waiting alien and in a dignified tone counted slowly in Basque the numbers from one to twenty, and concluded by asking the puzzled immigrant what he was going to do in America.

His answer was long-winded, particularly as I nodded now and then with seeming understanding, and when the man finished I turned to the visitor and reported.

"He says 'Don Quixote' was done into Basque many years ago, and that if you visit the big library in Pamplona you'll find also copies in Basque of a book entitled 'Around the World in the Yacht *Sunbeam*.'"

Brassey roared at this allusion to the popular travel book written many years before by his wife, the immigrant escaped Nevadaward, and thus I saved my face.

Gold-Bearing Boot-Heels

APART from the problems in language that wrinkle the brow of an inspector of immigrants is the proposition of determining just how much money an alien has, if any, and getting him to show it. In the case of certain immigrants from Russia who had been preyed upon by uniformed officialdom ranging all the way from the Passport Bureau down to the train crews, the mere sight of gold buttons was enough to seal their lips regarding money.

I recall a day when a line of husky Russians extended beyond my desk. They were eager to kiss my hand, answer questions, and in every legal respect, except that of having a little money, were eligible for admission. I told them repeatedly to show their silver, but they shook their heads and denied that they had any. With my smattering of Russian exhausted, I sent for a competent interpreter and instructed him what to say.

The interpreter strolled up and down the line, and said in substance:

"Your troubles are at an end, my men. The uni-

The noonday meal furnished at Ellis Island to immigrants from many lands

formed ones of this country do not take money, but they must see it and count it to make sure you can buy your railroad tickets and something to eat on the journey. Show your money without fear."

The effect was startling, for no sooner had the interpreter ceased sputtering and purring than the Russians squatted on the asphalt floor, and each yanked off a high boot. Soon the heels were wrenched off, and from the hollowed interiors gold pieces wrapped in greased paper were produced. Not one man out of the thirty failed now to show less than the equivalent of twenty dollars in our money, and speedily I sent them limping and rejoicing on their way.

On another occasion a big family of Russian-born Germans faced me. Three generations were represented, all of fine physique, and bearing ticket orders for a point in North Dakota. As I recollect, there were eight sons, not one of them under five feet ten, and all practical farmers. They seemed eligible and desirable in every respect, but they stood mute regarding money.

Calling an interpreter, I asked the head of the family what he was intending to do in America.

"Buy land and raise wheat," the gnarled old fellow responded.

"And how can one buy land without money?"

This was a difficult question to answer. The farmer conferred with his buxom wife; she nodded; and presently they admitted that they had some money.

"Produce it, that I may count it and enter the total on this manifest."

Slowly, fearfully, the *Frau* turned back her shawl, plunged a calloused hand into the capacious depths of her bosom, and fished out a thick package of hundred-ruble notes which she handed to her husband. I was about to count it when, recalling other experiences, I inquired whether this package represented all the money they were bringing to America.

Again husband and wife conferred, and once more the ample bodice yielded a thick package. Again and again I put the question, "Is this all?" until my desk was piled high with packages of bank-notes of small and large denominations. There was enough to fill a waste-basket! In fact, there was a little more than thirty-six thousand rubles when we had the money counted, and in those days rubles were not on a par with cigarette coupons, but were running two to the dollar.

The family certainly had enough to buy a farm; but, even so, I don't suppose I learned the full extent of the fortune, for the money-bearer, though sadly fallen away as to bust, was still suspiciously bulky around the hips as she waddled by me, preceding her numerous progeny toward the money exchange, where I had advised them to buy a bank draft.

Rag-Wrapped Wealth

THE inspector, in a general way, knows that nearly every Italian reaching the port of New York has somewhere on his person a draft for ten dollars on a local bank; he looks for each arriving Turk and Greek to produce, on demand, three paper-wrapped gold pieces nominally worth four dollars each. But when it comes to other races he has no standard to guide him. The most prosperous-looking Englishman or Scandinavian may arrive without funds enough even to telegraph a friend or relative. On the other hand, the sorriest-looking specimen passed by the surgeons may be able to show money enough not only to purchase a snappy wardrobe but to buy an entire clothing plant.

Take the case of the sallow individual just off a French liner who stood before me one chilly day in late fall. He was a hungry-looking man approaching sixty, and decidedly not of sturdy peasant stock. He had on about three dollars' worth of wrinkled clothing, unspeakable linen, no overcoat, and, to add the crowning touch to his general seedy effect, he sported a cheap straw hat minus a part of its brim.

At first glance I reached instinctively for the yellow

detention card that brings the case of its holder to the attention of a Board of Special Inquiry; but my fingers were stayed as the seedy one addressed me in the purest of Castilian, simultaneously sweeping from his head the ruined hat and bowing in precisely the way that cavaliers in the pictures bow.

"Would the *apreciable señor* and most estimable *hidalgo* deign to inform an humble citizen of Ecuador of America-of-the-South when he might expect the sailing of a ship for Colon, that he might cross to Panama, take steamer for Guayaquil, and be restored to the bosom of a family who has mourned his absence on business since early spring?"

It all came in one breath, and, since Spanish was mine long before I went to Ellis Island, I drank in the smooth words and replied in kind.

"There should be a steamer on Saturday of this week. Has the citizen of Ecuador the means to pay his board in New York at some humble *posada* while waiting, and will he have enough money left to pay his passage home?"

The man from Ecuador was desolated, as he expressed it. A business venture that took him to London and Paris had shaken him financially as the rumblings of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi shook the Andean heights of his adopted land. (He was a Spaniard by birth.) He exhibited a pitiful handful of copper and small silver amounting in sixpences and *centimes* to approximately three dollars. And Ecuador was a long way off.

"I'm sorry," I said, "for we're fellow Americans, but I'm obliged to detain you here at the expense of the steamship company that brought you from France. Meanwhile, you'd better cable your family to send you funds. I can't permit you to go to New York with such an inadequate sum of money."

"Would the *señor* permit me to go if I showed him additional money?" asked the frowzy one after a moment's hesitation.

I nodded, and watched curiously while the peculiar fellow laid on top of my desk a small bundle tied up in the greasy remnant of a blue handkerchief with barely discernible polka-dots. And then suddenly I sat erect on my stool and stared, for I saw wad on wad of Bank of England notes and caught the glint of coined gold.

In short, there soon lay before me, in sovereigns and twenty-franc pieces and crumpled English and French banknotes, the equivalent of upward of $12,000!

Coolly the citizen of Ecuador replaced his fortune in the greasy handkerchief and breathed politely:

"I kiss the hand of the *señor;* and may I depart now? And how does one get to Coney Island?"

"Hold on, there," I said. "You really ought to be locked up until the steamer sails for Panama."

Then I busied myself at the telephone, and the polite South American departed in tow of a guardian, the representative of the Spanish Protective Society, and the following day the latter reported that his charge had bathed the evening before, and had then departed with another Spaniard to view the falling leaves in Luna Park.

"I gave him five dollars to spend," Cipriano concluded, "placed cards with the society's address in each of his pockets, and sent him out with one of my boarders. They both turned up in the middle of the night, very drunk, and the Ecuadorean slept in front of the safe I locked his money in. And the funny part of it is that he had three dollars and twenty cents left out of the five dollars."

I was destined to see the man from Ecuador once again when he visited the Island with his temporary guardian expressly for the purpose of thanking me for my interest in him. He presented a much cleaner appearance and orated as follows:

"I am a maker of fine straw hats, not one of which in London or Paris wholesales for less than one hundred *pesos* in gold. This year in person I accompanied my shipment to Europe, which consisted of the hats woven by my wife and daughters last winter. You, *señor*, advised me of the dangers of the great city of New York, and placed me in honest hands. As a reward you will receive from Ecuador a hat of priceless value woven under water by the nimble and beautiful fingers of a maiden of the Quichas. I would like your head measurement and address. No? I shall send you a hat, anyway."

My reply that it was strictly against the rules to accept presents or gratuities may have had something to do with the fact that the promised hat never arrived; but I am the richer in having met a South American who, if not a Beau Brummel, was at least something of a Chesterfield.

[*Mr. Reynolds will contribute to next month's issue of* McCLURE'S *another group of human-interest stories concerning Americans in the making.*]

The Stranger

By Daniel Henderson

I HEDGE rebellious grasses in,
But when shall ownership begin?

The spider spins her silver bars
Between me and the cosmos' stars,

And ere I waken is astir
To write revolt in gossamer!

With beady and foreboding eye
The turtle peers as I go by:

The shell that shuts him in is stout—
Stronger the code that shuts me out!

What dauntless and primeval stock
Makes yonder stone its council-rock?

What old, indomitable breed
Takes this low bush for Runnymede?

Races whose titles run from God
Dispute my warrant to the sod!

I am Intrusion! I am Danger!
Familiar, but for aye—the Stranger!

"Miss Linnet is my name," she said severely, "and I expected a quart of milk from the company every day"

The Square Peg

In Which the Little Blind God Takes a Milk-Wagon for His Chariot

By Victor Rousseau

Illustrations by William Fisher

IT is a stock feature of romance for the small, nervy man to stand up, physically or metaphorically, to the big bully, and give him a whale of a thrashing that sends him slinking off stage, whereupon the heroine sinks conventionally into his arms.

Symbolically, in this manner, the young man from the small town takes big, blustering New York by the throat and hammers it until it knuckles under; whereupon the heroine, Success, waits eagerly for the strangle-hold.

A statistical fiend computes, nevertheless, that New York takes the count in .007 per cent of all cases. In 94 per cent the hero finds his own little niche and clings there. In the balance the big, husky metropolis delivers the clean knockout.

Johnny Chalmers had lost all hope of fitting into the decimal list by the time he had been up against New York six months. He didn't seem to fit anywhere. Moreover, he had the sure instinct that he didn't fit anywhere. He couldn't add a column of figures straight, he hated nailing up packing-cases, he loathed shoveling snow, and addressing envelopes gave him writer's cramp.

In Youngsville he had worked on his father's mortgaged farm, after he left high school, until his father died. If he could have held on until he sold that bumper

crop of record strawberries that he was raising, he could have met the interest; but the cards were stacked against him.

He would have hired out to Old Man Antonelli, or even to Hong Lee, who raised li-chee nuts between wash-days on his Vermont stone-patch. He had a pleading offer from Vandermark, another son of the flinty New England soil, to milk his cows and help raise his ruby-crested Wyandottes for him. But pride prevailed. The community had decided that he was to be a credit to it in New York, and come back rich and famous by the the time it had quite forgotten him.

And, since there was not even a girl in Johnny Chalmers's life, he took the bit between his teeth and packed up his old kit-bag. The crowning insult was offered him by Isaiah Cronk, the express agent, as he stood forlornly waiting for the down train.

"I hear you're thinking of leaving us, Johnny," said Cronk, inserting a new straw in the interstices of his teeth. "Gosh, it staggered me! Can't say as I blame you, though. Youngsville's too small for a smart young fellow like you to handle. You want the big field, Johnny, where you can use your talents. We'll all be reading about you some day in the newspa-apers. Good-by: here comes your train, Johnny. Didn't buy a round-trip ticket, did you?"

NEW YORK, which goes to the head of the predestined man like wine, sent Chalmers's heart down into his boots. The noise worried him, the crowds depressed him, the tall buildings did not interest him, and there was not a sign of a tree anywhere on Forty-second Street.

After three months of odd jobs, Chalmers remembered a friend of his father's who had worked most of his life in the offices of the Elevated Suburban Railroad Company, and went to see him. He walked into the freight department, and, more in ignorance than despair, bunted into the superintendent.

"Garrick? Old Garrick, the watchman? He died two years ago," said that official, pausing in the act of dictating a letter. "Looking for a job, eh? What sort of a job? Can you address envelopes?"

"No—yes," said Johnny, shuddering at his remembrances, while a premonitory spasm tingled in his right wrist.

"Write your name and address here. Miss Jenkins, take this man to Mr. Ferguson."

Miss Jenkins should have been petite and beautiful, but she was thin, angular, freckled, spectacled, and old. Romance had made no opening for Johnny Chalmers.

There was not the trail of one in the days that followed. Johnny's job was not addressing envelopes, but folding time-tables and other printed matter, damp from the press, and inserting them in envelopes. After a month he got a raise to eighteen per. He was promoted to the bookkeeping department, which was presided over by Mr. Howard Gleason, who showed up at ten and went away at three-thirty. Gleason's understudy was MacBain, a fiery Scotsman.

After two weeks MacBain called Johnny to his desk one morning.

"Have ye got a girl, lad?" he demanded gruffly.

Johnny blushed. He had, but she existed in his imagination only. She had blue eyes and tousled, wind-blown hair, and he saw her standing at the door of a little old-fashioned farm-house in a large gingham apron, such as his mother had worn, smiling to welcome him as he came home from the fields.

"No," he answered, with a fine show of indignation.

"Then ye're hopeless, my lad. I thought maybe 'twas day-dreaming, but it's worse. There's two men holding down the job of correcting your mistakes. What were ye where ye come from?"

"Why, I—I had a farm," stammered Johnny.

"A noble profession," croaked MacBain. "Not to disparage the banking and bookkeeping business, there's nothing like making two blades of oats grow where only one could grow before. Go back to it, laddie—after noon next Saturday."

THIS was eleven o'clock on Wednesday. Seated on his high stool, Johnny Chalmers reviewed his experiences since landing at the Grand Central Station. Infinite relief was tempered about equally with infinite despair.

Either he must begin his weary, hopeless search anew, or he must go back to Youngsville, facing the jeers of old Isaiah Cronk, and help Vandermark raise his ruby-crested Wyandottes.

The latter was infinitely preferable. He smelled the good red Vermont soil as he heaved the boulders out of it; he heard Vandermark's cockerels proclaiming the dew-spangled dawn. But he could never face Cronk.

Despair brought resolution. If he was a square peg in a round hole, perhaps Mr. Howard Gleason would transfer him to another department. Big corporations were loath to let their employees go. He had read all about it in an article.

Upon the stroke of noon, when the office dissolved into a hundred separate parts, he moved toward the manager's office. An office-boy bobbed up before him at the door.

"Hey, you can't go in there, Mr. Chalmers!" he said. "The president's with him."

Chalmers simply went on. There was a short, sharp, silent tussle for the door-knob. Johnny won. The eyes of the defeated office-boy bulged big with fear. A sound of dismay bubbled from his lips. Then Johnny was inside.

He stood still in the heart of a petrifying silence. Through this, like gods, loomed the forms of Mr. Howard Gleason and a tall, stout, elderly, rubicund gentleman with chin-whiskers. Beside him stood a third Olympian, resplendent in a fluttering cloak, principally lining,—it was the cloak-fashion spring,—and hat. Johnny did not raise his eyes to it. He used them only for tousled hair and gingham aprons.

"What the—!" barked Gleason. "Didn't they tell you that the president was with me? Get out!"

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Gleason," answered Johnny, in a miserable fury. "My name's Chalmers, and Mr. MacBain has discharged me. I guess he was right, but—I want you to give me a chance somewhere else."

This is the sort of thing that gets the punch home. "Tell me your name, young man, and come and see me in the lunch-hour at my club," says the president—according to the rules.

It didn't happen. Clang! went Gleason's hand upon the bell.

"Send Mr. MacBain here immediately!" shouted the manager, forgetting in his rage to inculpate the bulge-eyed office-boy.

The voice of the president rose in a huge rumble:

"I was speaking—rather opportunely, it seems—of the discipline of your department, Howard—" it began.

"I assure you—just a new man, Mr.—"

The face of Gleason's under-study appeared in the doorway. "Is this one of your staff?" Gleason bawled. "Well, take him out of here! Throw him out! What the—what's he mean by coming here when I'm with the president?"

"I gave him notice a few minutes ago, sir," answered MacBain, in a throaty cry. "He leaves on Saturday."

"He leaves now!" thundered Gleason. He turned to the president. "I assure you, sir—" he began.

"Oh, daddy, perhaps the poor fellow—" the third Olympian began.

Which was strictly according to the rules. But nothing came of it. The closing door was cutting off the sound of her words. Romance was off the job again.

Reckless anger flamed up in Johnny. He stuck his head back through the crack. "If ever I meet you, man to man, I'll show you who's the better!" he shouted, flinging out his fist toward the manager's face.

Dead silence followed him in his final exit. Johnny was hardly conscious of the fiery fury of MacBain outside the office.

Two weeks later he had a new job. He had become a driver for a large milk company which supplied customers in all the five boroughs. Johnny was fond of horses and kept sober. He seemed to have found his hole at last. After a while they put him on the Staten Island route.

IT was a glorious job. At six every morning he boarded the ferry-boat, and for twenty-five minutes sat on the lower deck, looking at the sunrise. He had time to dream, to dream of the ideal farm to which he meant to retire some day after he had amassed his fortune out of his five-and-twenty per. He loved his job. He meant to hold it till he was too old for it. He could not imagine anything finer, except driving his own milk-wagon, or maybe raising that crop of strawberries.

Sometimes, in fact invariably, there crept into the dream a girl with laughing eyes of blue, and tousled hair, and a gingham apron. That he would be a decrepit old man when he got his farm, and his proper mate a silvery-haired old lady, never occurred to him, so blissful and *insouciant* is the stuff of dreams.

He always walked his horses up the steep hill at Tompkinsville. Then he would be on his way along tree-bordered streets, depositing his bottles, always with a smile that evoked an answering smile or pleasant word from each early bird of a housewife or rare bird of a hired girl.

On his fourth or fifth morning he became conscious of a little old-fashioned frame structure, covered with wistaria vines, standing in front of about an acre of weed-grown land, surrounded by a high wooden fence. Upon the other side of the acre was an enormous newish house, which was being made still more enormous by the addition of a wing.

Johnny's eyes were only for the old house in its setting of locust trees. It looked like home. It brought a lump into his throat. It might have stood at the south end of Main Street, Youngsville.

With appraising eyes he estimated that, for all its weed crop, that soil would have raised the bumper crop of strawberries that should have held off the foreclosure.

On the fifth or sixth morning, as he came back to his cart, which he had left standing in front of the little house while he carried a bottle to a customer across the road, he found a girl in the doorway.

"Well, why didn't you leave any milk for me yesterday?" she asked.

"Why, I—I don't think you're on my list. What name, please?" stammered Johnny—and fell dumb.

For, as he raised his eyes, he saw before him the figure of his dreams. It is true he had looked into a pair of hazel eyes instead of blue, but a trifle like that is of no consequence. They were large and lustrous, and they seemed to burn out every particle of him that wasn't noble and heroic. She had a head of tousled hair, blown into disarray by the winds of Tompkinsville, and, though Johnny didn't notice her attire, of course, he was aware of a large apron of calico, which is virtually the same thing as gingham.

An acre of potatoes will keep any man busy with the hoeing alone, not to speak of potato-bugs

Johnny's impulse was to go down upon his knees instanter and worship.

"Miss Linnet is my name," said the girl severely; "and I expected a quart of milk from the company every day."

Then she smiled, and the frown was instantaneously effaced in dimples.

"But perhaps they didn't tell you. You're a new driver, aren't you?" she asked.

"Why, yes, it—it's only my first week on the Staten Island route," answered Johnny. "I'll see that—"

"Never mind. Just deliver me a quart of milk every morning, and it'll be all right," said the vision kindly. "The company must have a lot of customers, and I can understand a mistake happens now and then. You're not to blame."

"I—I'll see that your name's put on the list as soon as I get back," said Johnny. "I'm very sorry. It must have been an accident."

"And how do you like your work?" questioned the vision. "I watched you coming along the road, and I saw that you were kind to your horses. That pleased me. If you weren't, I should report you to the society. I'm always reporting drivers for lashing their animals. And it's such a steep climb up from the ferry."

"Th-thank you. I—I think I can spare you a quart this morning," faltered Johnny, handing out a bottle. "And I'll see that you get it regularly."

The dimples filled out. The frown was creeping back. Johnny shivered. It felt as if clouds were passing over the face of the sun.

"Now, have you had your breakfast?" asked Miss Linnet practically. "I'm making mine. I've got some nice hot coffee on the stove—"

"Oh, no—no, thank you," said Johnny, aghast at the suggestion of such intimacy. "I've got to be on my route. But I'll see that your name's put on my list to-mor—"

There is no known way of indicating the slam of a closing door in print. But the bald fact is that Miss Linnet was gone, and the door had closed more forcibly than was required to clinch it.

JOHNNY'S eyes rolled after her. Behind that rectangle of old hickory, or whatever builders used a century and a half ago, there stood, sat, or reclined the form of the most wonderful vision that ever trod the earthy ball. With one heave of his shoulders Johnny could have smashed it in, taken her in his arms, and blurted out the fact that he could not live without her.

Not as his wife, of course. He would as soon have thought of stealing from a church collection-box. Just to be near her, and look at her from a reasonable distance for a few moments three, or say four, times a day.

Then he reflected that his job brought him that way twice every morning—going and returning. His brain swelled with a scheme for afternoon deliveries.

Every inane word that he had said to her came back to him. He must have annoyed her by his familiarity. He wanted desperately to ask for forgiveness. He looked at the door, and hesitated. If he rang, she would think it was somebody else, and open, and—

"Giddap!" he said to his horses.

All that night Johnny hoed portentous strawberries, returning again and again for coffee to a hazel-eyed girl, with tousled hair and a calico apron, who vanished tantalizingly as he approached the door. In the morning he forgot to look at the sunrise.

When he reached the little cottage, the door was closed and the window-shades were down. Johnny's heart contracted. Perhaps his familiarity had driven the vision away. It had gone because he had loitered. But—

When he returned, the bottle of milk had been taken in. Divinity had only slept. Next morning!

Next morning, while Johnny harnessed his horses, he listened with sinking heart to the words of a harassed-looking boss. "The company's switched from horses to gas, son. This is your last trip as a driver. Maybe, if you want to learn how to run a motor-truck, I can give you a job later on."

Johnny's nervous hand dropped a bottle of milk. Mentally he registered it for the old lady with brass teeth who lived across the road from Miss Linnet.

If he smashed every bottle but one, that should be Miss Linnet's. The thought of her drinking milkless coffee was an agony.

It was the company's sudden radical departure and the loss of his job that saved Johnny's self-respect that morning; for, after passing the closed door, Johnny ran amuck through Tompkinsville. Three vergers found milk-bottles upon the church steps, the Orphanage babies had nothing but cream, two milk-shake emporiums went dry, and a half-dozen bottles meant for a prominent boarding-house adorned the entrance of the Staten Island Railroad booking-office. But Miss Linnet had milk in her coffee.

WHEN Johnny got back, the manager beckoned him into his office.

"Nothing doing for the present," he said. "We're sending out motor-trucks hereafter, and we're starting with experienced men. If you want to learn the new game, drop round again. And go and get your pay."

Johnny drew his pay mechanically and took a car for the ferry. He was almost at Tompkinsville before he wondered what he was doing there. Then he answered his question: he was going to look at the vision's house before confronting the eternal question of another job or Vandermark's ruby-crested roosters.

When he reached the cottage, the door was wide open. The vision was standing in the middle of the six feet of ground between it and the garden gate. Johnny walked on quickly, his ears tingling. Suppose the vision guessed why he had come!

"Good morning," said a gay, quiet little voice behind him.

Johnny started and turned.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Linnet," he said.

"It was very good of you to leave my milk this morning," rippled the girl. "Some of the neighbors have been having quite some trouble over their deliveries. They must have had a new man on this route this morning."

"No, it was me—I mean I," stammered Johnny, remembering his high-school days. "But—"

"Yes?" questioned the vision innocently.

"They'll have a new man to-morrow—in a motor-truck."

The girl glanced at his face.

"Come in and tell me about it," she said seriously. "I—I won't offer you any coffee."

What followed was like a dream. When Johnny awoke to consciousness, he was seated in a tiny old-fashioned parlor, decorated with flowered wall-paper and chintzes, exactly as he had always pictured the cottage parlor of his dreams; and opposite him sat Miss Linnet.

Some obstruction within him was loosened. In two minutes he was telling her all about his struggles since his arrival in New York. She was very quiet after he had ended.

"I can't quite make it out, Mr. Chalmers," she said—he had told her his name. (Her own was Mary—she had told him that, and it had been his mother's name.) "It isn't as if you were a quitter. I hate quitters. But I knew you weren't the first moment I saw you. Remember?"

"When I was coming back to the wagon," said Johnny.

She giggled delightfully. "I saw you were on your job, and I'm sure your heart wasn't in your other jobs. But you weren't meant to drive another man's milk-cart—or his motor-truck. What do you want to be? A man has to want to be something with all his heart, and then fight for it as hard as he can."

"The trouble is," said Johnny, "that I'm a farmer born. I don't care for anything else. Real, modern, intelligent farming. I should have stayed in Youngsville. But the neighbors had it all doped out that I was to be a credit to the community in New York, and I fell for it. But I'm glad I came—now," he added recklessly.

Miss Linnet's eyes fell, and a tiny birdlike noise came from her throat. But, when she looked up, Johnny's eyes were on his boots again.

"I suppose I'll have to go back," said Johnny wretchedly.

"No!" said Miss Linnet, magnificently rising to her full height of five feet three. Johnny rose too, of course. But the proximity was going to his head. She was just the height of his dream vision—just big enough to hold on his knee and— Mad thoughts whirled through his brain.

But Miss Linnet was speaking very seriously.

"There's no need to go back to Youngsville to become a farmer," she said. "You can become a farmer here."

"In—in the middle of Staten Island?" asked Johnny.

"No; right here!" said Miss Linnet calmly. "This land belongs to Mr. Van Dizzen. You've heard of him?"

Johnny had. Van Dizzen, also a Vermonter, and once a farm-hand, was one of the models held up to the youth of the Vermont villages.

"That's his house. He's bought this property. Daddy took care of his house in Westchester for years and years, and Mr. Van Dizzen has let me live here for the spring, till he comes here himself. At least, he said I needn't go till he's completed his rebuilding in the fall. Then he's going to pull down this old cottage, he says, and make the whole place an experimental farm."

"What! A farm of one acre—here?" asked Johnny.

"Yes—stupid! Mr. Van Dizzen's interested in hy—hybry—hybridization—isn't that the word? And he's discovering all kinds of new species—"

"You mean creating them," said Johnny. "You see, it's only within the last few years that hybridization has become an exact science. It was Mendel discovered that. if you cross a dominant species with a recessive one the progeny are all dominant, but if you intercross these the dominant characters reappear in exactly two thirds, of which one half are fixed and the other variable in the same propor—"

Johnny's enthusiastic tongue balked at the gate. He saw Miss Linnet staring at him with all her might. "So

John and Mary walked arm in arm along the leafy road above the Staten Island water-front

that's your hobby!" she said. "Why, Mr. Van Dizzen's crazy about Mr. Mendel—whoever he is. He even talks to me about him. Go on! I just love to hear you! No! Listen—and don't interrupt again!"

Properly crushed, Johnny listened.

"Mr. Van Dizzen's a prominent member of the Waste Lots Association, which has for its purpose the cultivation of unused building sites by city men, men out of work—anybody who wants to. You just go ahead—how much money have you?"

"Eighty-five dollars," said Johnny promptly.

"You go ahead and cultivate his ground. He's gone to Europe, and he won't be back till summer. And anybody who sees you will think he gave you permission. And I know he'll be tickled to death. Anyway, I'm a sort of care-taker, and I'll give you permission. Just you refer anybody to me. What would you like to raise?"

"Strawberries," said Johnny meditatively.

"Glorious!" said Miss Linnet, clapping her hands. "I adore strawberries—and cream— I expect the new man won't forget to leave my cream; I'll take a bottle every day." She looked at Johnny mischievously.

"But it's too late," said Johnny mournfully. "I'd have had to have the plants in last autumn. But I might make something of early potatoes. They always sell, and there's a new variety that yields enormously. Vandermark—a friend of mine up home—showed me some seed. I could get enough on credit from him, maybe."

"Exactly," said Miss Linnet. "And Mrs. Hargreaves—you know the old lady who lives near here? I saw you leave a bottle for her."

Johnny nodded.

"She'll board you for eight dollars a week. That gives you ten weeks, and she'll trust you for the rest, when the crop's coming on. And Mr. MacTavish will plow your land for you on credit and sell you fertilizer in the same way, if I tell him it's for Mr. Van Dizzen. And you can put in something else after the potatoes. Now, don't talk back to me; just go and do what I say!"

"It takes an awful nerve," said Johnny.

Miss Linnet looked at him disconsolately. "I thought," she said softly, "you might acquire it—with coaching."

"I'll do it for you," said Johnny dauntlessly. "It's mighty good of you to take such an interest in me, especially when you've got to leave this place in the summer. I suppose you must hate to?"

"I don't know what I'll do," said Miss Linnet.

SOMEHOW, it happened that their hands encountered each other, just in front of the empty fireplace. And then, almost as if it had an independent volition of its own, Miss Linnet's small, soft hand seemed to creep into Johnny's. Johnny stood holding it, not daring to stir, hardly to breathe. He heard his heart thumping like the engines of the Staten Island ferry-boat, and then —*thump, thump*—he heard another beating in the room.

It wasn't the clock, for that had stopped at half-past four.

And in another moment there was hardly a foot of space between them. This was awful! Miss Linnet's face was almost the entire circumference of his vision, and her lips—

Miss Linnet threw back her pretty head and looked him in the eyes. A little tear trembled on each lid.

"You see," she whispered, "there's somebody has—asked me to marry him in the summer."

Johnny let her hand fall and gulped. Through a hazy vision he saw that Miss Linnet was swallowing, too.

But for his promise, he would have gone back to Youngsville. Because of it, he set to work in earnest. And it proved surprisingly simple. MacTavish came over from his inland farm and plowed his land in person; he also supplied manure; and Vandermark promptly sent him the seed potatoes, accompanying them with an imploring letter urging him to come back and help him raise his chickens.

But you'll make your fortune with them pertatoes, Johnny [he wrote], wherever you're going to raise them—and, for the matter of that, you could raise them on a roof-garden. I wouldn't sell them to nobody but you. You've got the ball at your feet with them pertatoes, Johnny, and Youngsville will be proud to welcome you when you come home. You can pay me after your crop's raised, which I wouldn't say to nobody but you.

SPRING ripened into summer, and Johnny toiled like a demon. An acre of potatoes will keep any man busy with the hoeing alone, not to speak of potato-bugs. Generally he was too tired, when he got back to Mrs. Hargreaves's house, to do anything but eat his supper and tumble into bed.

But there were intervals—between the first and the second hoeings, for instance, and between the second hoeing and the potato-bug season, and, finally, between the potato-bug season and the inauguration of the digging. There were nights in June, of warm weather, when the heavens twinkled with stars, and the stars of Brooklyn Bridge twinkled at their reflection in the waters beneath; when New York and Brooklyn Heights gleamed like fairyland, and the whir of the June-beetles and the scent of roses told that summer had come. Johnny had taken to dropping in at Miss Mary's cottage almost every evening.

At first he went in gratitude, and he did not know whether it was more mournful to sit facing her in the little parlor, only a few feet away, yet separated by the Damocles sword between them, or to go home to Mrs. Hargreaves's. But, like a practical man, he decided that the first was preferable. And so his visits lengthened, and the small blind god spun his invisible web about them until—Johnny told her of his dream girl.

He had not quite meant to, and he did not wholly realize the implications of his story as they walked arm in arm along the leafy road above the water-front. But the digging was half done, and Vandermark's potatoes had proved the marvels that he had expected them to be. There was going to be a clean profit of more than seven hundred dollars at the end.

And the end was at hand. Mary Linnet had told him so. For, any day now, Mr. Van Dizzen might return from Europe to take up his residence in the completed house.

"You ought to take half the profits," said Johnny. "I know you won't, but—but what are you going to do?"

"I—I haven't decided," said Mary Linnet, with a little gulp in her voice, pressing his arm a little tighter.

Then it was that Johnny told her about the dream girl. He told her on a bench in a little park, with couples on all the other benches; but the sight of the other couples had no meaning for either of them, because it would have been preposterous to have imagined that those others—well, it would have been preposterous to have imagined it, that's all! So neither of them even noticed their presence.

Johnny told her, and ended his story aghast. It had all seemed such a natural thing to say, and—what a cad he had been! And Mary Linnet was making suspicious noises in her throat.

"I—I'm sorry I said that, Mary," he stammered painfully. "I—I forgot."

"Forgot what?" asked Mary Linnet, sniffing.

"About your being engaged. You've meant so much to me, and—I suppose it is all settled?"

"Johnny Chalmers," said Mary Linnet, "you've put all your nerve into those potatoes!"

Mary Linnet was looking up at him with a kind of watchful waiting upon her face. Johnny's arm stole round her, and she snuggled quite comfortably into the fit of it.

"Mary, do you mean—you *care* for me? I love you, dream girl of mine!"

"Oh, Johnny," said Mary Linnet, laughing and crying too, "it's so wonderful to meet a man who hasn't found out that—girls get crushes on men sometimes before they've even spoken to them. I've been crazy about you ever since we met—do you remember?"

"When I was coming back to the milk-wagon outside your door that morning," answered Johnny.

Mary Linnet shook.

"If only we could live here forever!" Johnny sighed, an hour or so later, as they walked slowly along the street toward the little cottage. "Where we could close the door behind us, and know that nobody would ever come."

Mary Linnet grasped his arm and gave a little squeal.

"Somebody's in there now!" she said.

SOME one had lit the lamp. Silhouetted against the shades were the figures of two men. Mary Linnet held Johnny's arm tightly.

"Are you afraid?" she asked.

Johnny laughed, and Mary Linnet seemed reassured. "Come along!" she said with determination.

She almost pulled him through the little gateway to the door.

Both of the intruders turned round quickly. One was a tall, stout, elderly, rubicund gentleman with chin-whiskers. The other was Mr. Howard Gleason. Johnny, amazed but not undaunted, glared at the latter, who surveyed him in evident ignorance that they had met before.

"What's this mean, Molly?" demanded the other man in furious tones. "I got a nice jar this morning, when I got home and found you hadn't been to Florida with the Pierson-Sharps at all. Six letters from them saying you'd disappeared, and one—one from you telling me you'd broken your engagement with Mr. Gleason. Yes, I made him come along with me. Is this the reason?" he continued, thrusting out an annihilating, bristling jaw toward Johnny.

"First shot, daddums," said Mary. "He wasn't the reason in the beginning, though. I just wanted to go somewhere where I could be quiet and enjoy myself out of the social whirl. Let me introduce my fiancé, Mr. John Chalmers. He's—"

"Really!" observed Mr. Gleason. "I seem to be the superfluous party at this reception. As you know, Mr. Van Dizzen, I came her at your express wish, against my will. I consider that I have been humiliated—"

"Shut up and don't be an ass, Howard!" snapped Van Dizzen. "Molly and I'll go into that presently. You, sir,"—he turned upon Johnny thunderously,—"get out—out of my house! *My* house! You get the point?"

Mary Linnet Van Dizzen stepped lightly between them and flung herself upon her father's coat-lapels. For an instant he endeavored to shake himself free of his burden; then, resigning himself to the inevitable, he continued to address Johnny out of an empurpled face across his daughter's shoulder.

"Daddy! Daddums! Listen! Just listen!" cried Mary Linnet, shaking him with as much success as might attend the effort to shake a rock. "I'd seen Johnny only once when I came here, and I never expected to see him again. He used to work for you. He was the boy Howard discharged so unfairly in his office, that day you took me there before you sailed. It wasn't fair, and it made me wonder if—if I had been wise in—"

Mr. Gleason certainly knew Johnny now, for he was white with fury as he glared at him.

"—being engaged to him. And I wanted to be quiet and think it all out. So I came here, where nobody knew who I was. Then I met him again. He was driving a milk-wagon—"

"I don't care what he's done! Don't try to work upon me that way, Molly! Probably knew I'd done the same thing once, and wanted to prepare the ground. He goes—out, I tell you!"

Van Dizzen struggled anew.

"But I asked him in, and—he's farming your land, daddy!"

"What?" bellowed Van Dizzen.

"This waste acre. And he's raised over a thousand dollars' worth of potatoes on it, and they're half dug. I told him he might."

"A thousand dollars' worth on that weed patch! I'll believe that when I see it!" boomed Van Dizzen.

"He's from Vermont."

Van Dizzen, staggered but still pugnacious, pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the moisture from his forehead. "What part?" he snarled, with a ferocious scowl.

"From Youngsville, where you used to go to see mother—"

"Molly, I—I wasn't prepared for this," spluttered Van Dizzen weakly. "See here, Gleason, it's no use going off in a huff like that. We'll— Oh, hang the man, anyway; he's gone!"

"And he's a whale on Mendel, daddums, and just the man you were looking for to manage your experimental farm here. He'll take the job if you'll let us have this cottage. You know, you half promised me. Quick, Johnny, talk to him about Mendel and hy—hybry—hybridization!"

Hill Memories

By Eleanor M. Denny

DRAPED in their dim blue robes,
Magical they lay,
Silvered by the falling rain
In the old day.

Silver misted, still they lie
Dreaming as of yore—
But our hearts, our hearts, love,
Climb the hills no more.

The Baron's great head was thrust forward, the last foul insult was not cold on his lips, when, with every atom of weight in his body behind the blow, Jim Maitland struck him on the point of his jaw

The Baron turned in his chair, facing Jim. On his face was the look of a maniac

East of Suez, Jim Maitland Runs into an Adventure that Culminates in —

The Killing of Baron Stockmar

By "Sapper" (Major H. C. McNeile)

Author of "Bulldog Drummond"

Illustrations by G. W. Gage

MEN are proverbially idiots where women are concerned. And the fact that I had agreed to lift the curtain on certain episodes of Jim Maitland's past career at the instigation of his wife is but another proof of the proverb, if proof be needed. You never know how women, even the best of them, will take things, and as I watched old Jim instructing young Jim in the mysteries of cricket on the tennis lawn, I began to doubt my wisdom in agreeing to anything so foolish.

And then, somehow or other, the Old-World garden outside seemed to fade away. Only Jim's figure remained, clean cut and sinewy with the great shoulder muscles rippling under his coat. In his hip pocket I could see in my mind's eye the outline of his revolver, which he could draw the fraction of a second quicker than any living man. Behind that eye-glass of his I could see once again the cold, icy stare of anger, which in days gone by had made men bite off words trembling on the tips of their tongues, and substitute a muttered apology.

He was settled down now, the proud proprietor of a young son and an utterly delightful wife; but the past lived still in his memory and in mine. That past which was lived mostly east of Suez, where a man can raise a thirst, and where his name was a household word among all classes of society, from governors in their glory to down-and-out remittance men in their shame.

"Keep your bat straight, old man," came his voice through the open window; and, with a smile, I turned to my hostess.

"Mrs. Jim," I murmured, "are these effusions for your eyes, and your eyes only?"

"Perhaps when he grows a bit older I might let young Jim read them," she answered, with a smile. "But primarily they're for me. I want to know about those five years when he was such an idiot."

"On your own head be it," I grunted. "You shall tell me whether you think he was justified in killing Baron Stockmar."

"Killing him?" she whispered, and at that moment a shadow darkened the window. It was Jim, his eye-glass screwed in his eye, a lazy smile on his face.

"What are you two conspiring about?" he drawled. "More of my revolting past?"

"Do you remember Baron Carl Stockmar, Jim?" I remarked.

"Stockmar?" he almost shouted. "Dick, I forbid you—"

"Go away, Jim," said his wife calmly; "this is my palaver."

Then she looked at him and gave a little squeal.

"Jim—don't look like that! Go and feed the chickens, or something."

With a faint grin at me, he turned away—but may Heaven help the chickens if he did feed them!

IT was in Cairo that we first met the Baron. Jim and I had joined forces temporarily, and at Alexandria we left the boat. Heaven knows why, our berths were booked to London, and the skipper was a man after our own hearts. But, coming up the Red Sea, Jim suddenly decided that Piccadilly would send him insane, so we didn't go to London. There are advantages in being free.

"I want to go to Shepheard's," announced Jim, "and see all the tourists buying genuine Egyptian scarabs. I own shares in the factory that makes them."

So we went to Shepheard's, and when the soul of the capitalist was satisfied with what he saw, we adjourned to the bar, to find a chubby-faced youth eating salted almonds and consuming something that tinkled pleasantly in a glass.

"Hullo, Pumpkin," cried Jim cheerfully from the door. "Order two more of the same."

"Jim!" shouted the drinker. "Jim! This is a direct answer from Providence. I would sooner see you at this moment than the shores of England."

"A fiver is the utmost I can manage," remarked Jim gravely. "And in the meantime let me introduce Dick Leyton—Captain Peddleton, otherwise known as Pumpkin, owing to his extreme slenderness; a Bimbashi of repute."

Peddleton nodded to me, and we all three drew up to the bar.

"Jim," he said earnestly, "one of the great ones will be very glad to see you. Are you doing anything in the immediate future?"

"Nothing to write home about," said Jim. "I might take a tram and go out and see the Pyramids by moonlight."

"Dry up," laughed the other.

"My dear boy," answered Jim, "there's a fat woman in the lounge there, with five veils on, who is going to do it to-night. Surely, with such an example—"

"Jim," interrupted the other seriously, "I'm not joking." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "It's a little Secret Service job south of Khartoum. It won't take long, but you're one of the few men in the world who can do it."

Jim grunted non-committally.

"Will you come up and see the Chief this afternoon?" continued the other, only to break off suddenly and stare at the door. "Good heavens!" he muttered, "what have we here?"

Coming into the bar was the most unpleasant-looking individual I have ever seen in my life. His height must have been at least six feet three, and he was broad in proportion. His face seemed set in a permanent scowl, which deepened to a look of positive fury as he saw us staring at him. He possessed a straggling black beard, which did not improve his appearance, and his great arms, abnormally long, terminated in two powerful hands that were so covered with black hair as to be positively repulsive. In short, the man looked like a huge gorilla dressed in clothes.

Now, as luck would have it, Jim was nearest to him as he came up to the bar. He had his back turned, and was on the point of resuming his conversation with Peddleton, when the newcomer, either by accident or design, shoved into him heavily—so heavily that Jim, who was quite unprepared, lurched forward and spilled his drink. But for our subsequent discoveries of the gentleman's character, I should have been inclined to think it was accidental. In view of what we afterward found out, however, I have not the slightest doubt that the thing was done deliberately. It appeared that he wanted the high stool which was just behind Jim, though there were several others vacant. In fact, the bar was empty except for the four of us.

As I say, it was unfortunate, because I should sooner play tricks with a man-eating tiger than with Jim when he gets angry. His face went white and his eyes blazed ominously; then he turned round slowly. And the newcomer was about to sit down. He did, heavily—on the floor. It is an old trick for which I have distinct recollections of having been severely beaten at my preparatory school. Rumor has it that removing a chair just as a person is about to sit down on it is apt to damage that person's spine. And, judging by the way the floor shook, the damage in this case must have been considerable, though it certainly did not produce unconsciousness. I have witnessed many unpleasant scenes in my life, but the one that followed lives ever in my memory.

The man's face was purple as he got up from the floor, and for a moment or two he stood plucking at his beard and swallowing hard. His lips were working as if he were trying to speak and could not; his great, hairy hands kept clenching and unclenching. And quite motionless, sitting on the stool that had caused the trouble, Jim stared at him through his eye-glass. To all appearances he was as cool as a cucumber, but I noticed that the danger signals were out. A little pulse was hammering in his temple, and he was white round the nostrils—a sure sign of trouble with Jim. In fact, in a few seconds the atmosphere that breeds murder had arisen in the bar of the Shepheard's Hotel.

"Was it you who pulled my stool away?" asked the man at length, in a guttural voice that shook so we could scarcely hear what he said.

"Was it you who deliberately banged into my back, upset my drink, and failed to apologize?" retorted Jim icily.

AND then the man broke loose. Every vestige of self-control left him. He cursed, he swore, he used the foulest language. And, all the time, Jim watched him unblinkingly. The barman, with a terrified look on his face, had beckoned to me when it started, and from him I learned the gorilla's name.

"It's Baron Stockmar," he whispered to me, "and he goes mad if he's crossed. For heaven's sake, sir, get your friend out of it! He ain't a man—the Baron; he's a devil in human form."

And assuredly there was a good deal of truth in what the barman said. This thick-voiced, foul-mouthed brute was not a man—he was a maniac. Many less dangerous cases have been locked up in mad-houses for life. But as

to removing Jim, I should as soon have tried to remove a leopard from its kill.

He had put down his drink on the bar beside him and was standing up. His breath was coming a little faster than usual, but his eyes never left the other's face. Not a word had he spoken; not a word did he speak, even when the Baron gave up generalities and became personal. And it wasn't until the Baron admitted that it had been no accident but an intentional insult when he entered the bar, and launched into his private opinions of Englishmen in general and Jim in particular, that Jim did anything. Then, like everything Jim did, it was clean and decisive, and showed the perfect fighting man that he was.

The Baron's great head was thrust forward, the last foul insult was not cold on his lips, and his two hands were coming up slowly toward Jim, when there came the sharp, crisp noise of two billiard-balls meeting. With every atom of weight in his body behind the blow, Jim Maitland struck Baron Stockmar on the point of his jaw —and Jim, at one period of his life, had held the Heavyweight Amateur Championship of Great Britain. And the Baron crumpled up, like a horse that is shot through the brain, and toppled over backward.

FOR a moment we stood there watching the heavily breathing, unconscious figure; and then, for the first time, we realized that an excited and terrified crowd of spectators had thronged in at the door.

"Get him out of this, Leyton," said Peddleton urgently in my ear. "There's going to be trouble over this, and we must get to the Chief at once."

So one on each side of him we formed up, and Jim was grinning.

"I think," he murmured happily, "though I wouldn't swear to it, that I heard his jaw break."

"Come on, Jim, old man," said Peddleton insistently. "There are reasons, very important reasons, which I'll explain as I go along. Oh, yes, you can come back afterward and finish him off. Rather!"

We dragged him through the crowd at the door, casting longing glances over his shoulder at the man who still lay prostrate on the floor, and we rushed him into the street.

"Confound you!" he said, stopping at the entrance to the hotel. "Why are you taking me away? That swine hasn't apologized yet."

"Doesn't matter, old man," laughed Peddleton. "For the next few hours he'll be too busy wondering whether a horse kicked him in the jaw or not to bother about apologizing."

Still arguing and protesting, he suffered us to pull him along; and not till we turned into the mess at Kasr el Nil did Peddleton breathe freely again.

"Sit down, Jim," he said, "and get outside a whisky-and-soda. I want to talk to you for a moment, and then I'm going to take you straight up to the Chief. I didn't realize when that swine first came into the bar who he was. Then I heard what the barman told Leyton. He's a gentleman about whose coming we've been warned. We were told he had a peculiar temper; we were not told that he was a raving maniac. And there are diplomatic reasons, Jim, which render it a little unfortunate that you removed that seat just as he was going to sit down."

"Well, what the deuce did he want to run me in the back for?" demanded Jim angrily.

"I know, old man—I know," said Peddleton soothingly. "Personally, I've never been so pleased in my life as when you laid the brute out. And from that point of view the Chief will probably want to kiss you. But diplomatically, old man, it is unfortunate."

Peddleton's good-natured face was looking worried, and suddenly Jim leaned across to him with his wonderful, understanding smile.

"Pumpkin, old boy," he said quietly, "I shall make it absolutely clear to the Chief that it was nothing whatever to do with you. But you wouldn't have had me not hit the blighter?"

"Heaven forbid!" answered the Pumpkin fervently. "I very nearly gave three cheers as you laid him out." He got to his feet. "Look here, Jim; come along and see the Chief now. Leyton, you won't mind waiting here, will you? Shout for anything you want."

"Of course," I answered. "Don't worry about me. I shall probably stroll over to Ghezireh."

But, though I went over to the Sporting Club and tried to concentrate on a game of polo, I could not get the extraordinary scene at Shepheard's out of my mind. At the time it had all been so quick, had all seemed so naturally continuous, that one had had no time to wonder. But now, looking back on it at my leisure, the whole thing seemed like a dream—like one of those sudden desert sand-storms that rise out of nothing, pass by, and are gone.

In an instant murder—raging, hot-blooded murder—had been let loose in a hotel full of the most commonplace tourists. There had been murder in Baron Stockmar's eyes as his hands went out toward Jim: the difference between the blow that stunned him and a bullet through his heart had been small in motive. And the original cause—a push in the back. Intentional—true: a deliberate insult by a foul-mouthed bully. But, knowing Jim as I did, I couldn't disguise from myself the fact that, even had it been an accident, the result would have been the same. He was not a man who took kindly to accidents, especially those for which no apology was rendered. And it was just before the last *chukka* finished, while I still felt as mentally confused as ever, that I saw Jim coming toward me.

"Can you leave for Khartoum with me to-night?" he remarked, as he came up.

"I can," I answered. Then my curiosity got the better of me. "What's happened?"

"The Pumpkin was right," he said, lighting a cigarette. "Unofficially the Chief kissed me on both cheeks—so to speak. Officially he cursed me into fourteen different heaps. There are certain things I can't tell you, old man—but our friend the gorilla is the accredited agent of a certain government. He has arrived, apparently, on some question of trade concessions in the Sudan, and he is not welcome, even officially.

"Unofficially, I believe special prayers are now being offered that his jaw is broken in two places, and that he'll never eat again. He has not endeared himself to any one in Cairo. But the funny thing is that the job the Pumpkin was actually speaking to me about before the swine came in this morning is concerned directly with the brute. It is to frustrate—this between ourselves—the very thing he has come out to do. And it must be done—unofficially. Hence—me. I have been told unofficially exactly what the Chief wants officially—and I leave to-night."

A lazy grin spread over his face. "I gather that Baron Carl Stockmar proposes to visit Khartoum in the near future."

"Things become clearer," I murmured. "Jim—the man's mad."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"From quiet inquiries made, Dick, since our little episode in the bar, we have found out that the beggar had been drinking before he came in. And when he gets into the condition of 'drink-taken'—I gather he never gets drunk—he is a very ugly customer. He man-

handled a sailor who annoyed him on his *dahabeah* the other night, and nearly killed him. And his principal hatred is for the English. I trust most fervently that we shall renew our friendship in Khartoum."

The grin had faded from his face.

AND now I come to the second and final act of the drama. It is the first time that the facts have been put on paper, though many shrewd guesses as to what occurred were made by officers of the Royal South Sussex who were quartered at Khartoum. They were interested in the matter—very interested, since it was in their mess that the insult took place. And I can still see that ring of alert, brown-skinned men in mess-kit standing motionless in the ante-room, with blazing eyes and clenched fists: I can still hear the C.O.'s quiet word of warning—"Gentlemen."

But one thing I would say at the beginning, if by any chance these words should meet the eye of any one who was present that night—there can't be many; the battalion ceased to be a battalion at Festubert in '15—this I would say: von Tarnin of the 3rd Regiment of the Prussian Guard was a sahib. He was forced into an invidious position against his will, simply because he was a Prussian officer, and there was no one else to take his place.

But I am jumping ahead. Four weeks after we left Cairo—Jim and I—we returned to Khartoum. On the way through we had dined with the South Sussex, and at dinner Jim had hinted to the Colonel the nature of his business.

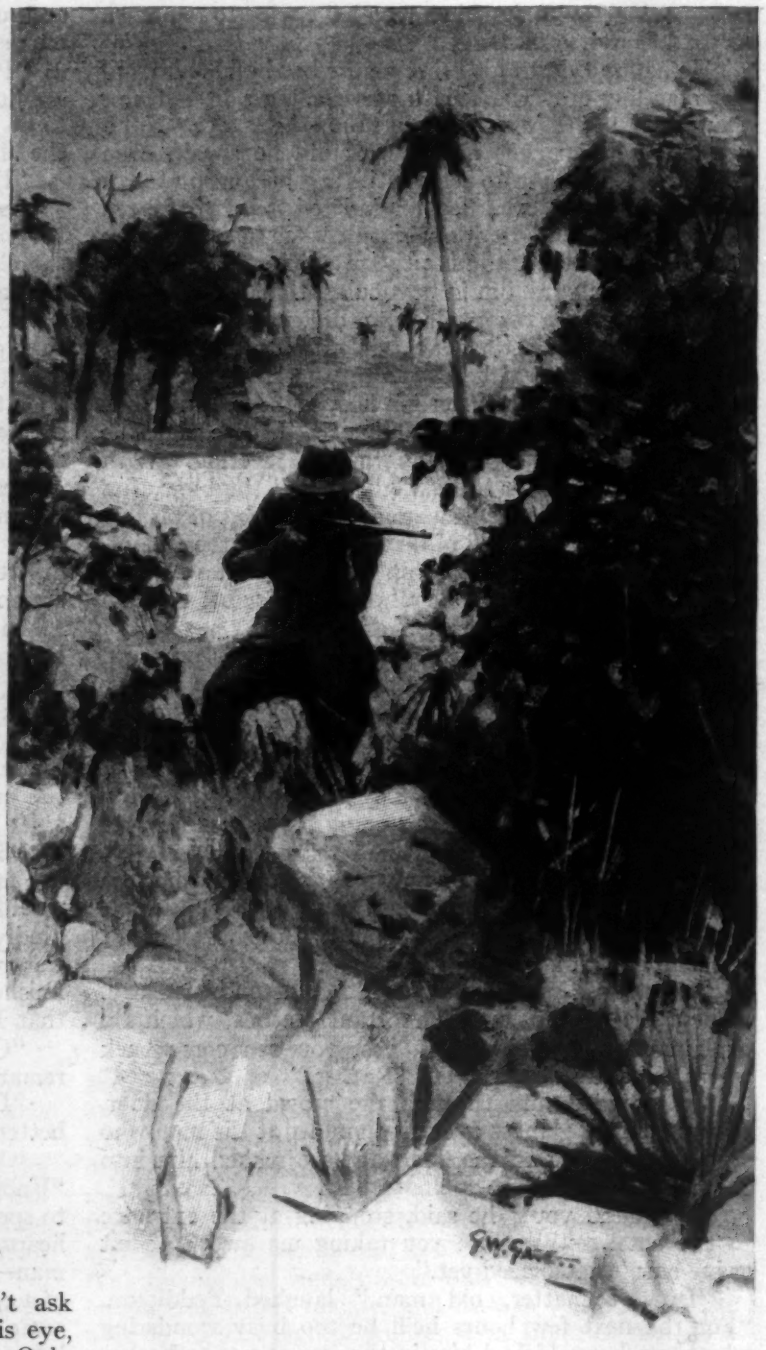
The next day we went into the wilds, and of the next three weeks there is nothing to tell. Jim talked to many strange dignified men in their own lingo—and every one of them seemed to know him as an old friend. They suggested sport; they promised us wonderful shooting. But Jim smiled and refused, and pushed on deeper into the desert.

And then came the day when we turned and retraced our steps. The job he had been sent to do was done; the results were locked in Jim's brain. He wasn't communicative, and I didn't ask questions—but there was a pleased twinkle in his eye, and I knew that he was satisfied with his work. Only once did he allude to it, and that was the night before we reached Khartoum. "I think, old son," he remarked, "that we have euchered the dear Baron."

Next evening we arrived, and dined quietly at the hotel. And after dinner we strolled over to the South Sussex mess. That the Baron was dining there as an official guest we had no idea; that the Baron had interviewed a tall, stately prince of the desert during the course of the day, and had met with a suave but perfectly firm refusal to certain propositions he had advanced, we had even less idea. It was the first-fruits of Jim's mission, and the immediate result had been to throw the Baron into a white heat of rage. The concessions had not gone a month ago, he roared furiously; how did it happen they had gone now?

And the grave Bedouin had shrugged his shoulders and stalked from the room without further conversation.

The immediate result also was that Baron Stockmar arrived at the South Sussex mess for dinner still in the same mood. From certain non-committal remarks made by the Arab during their interview, he had gathered that the same refusal would meet him from every quarter,

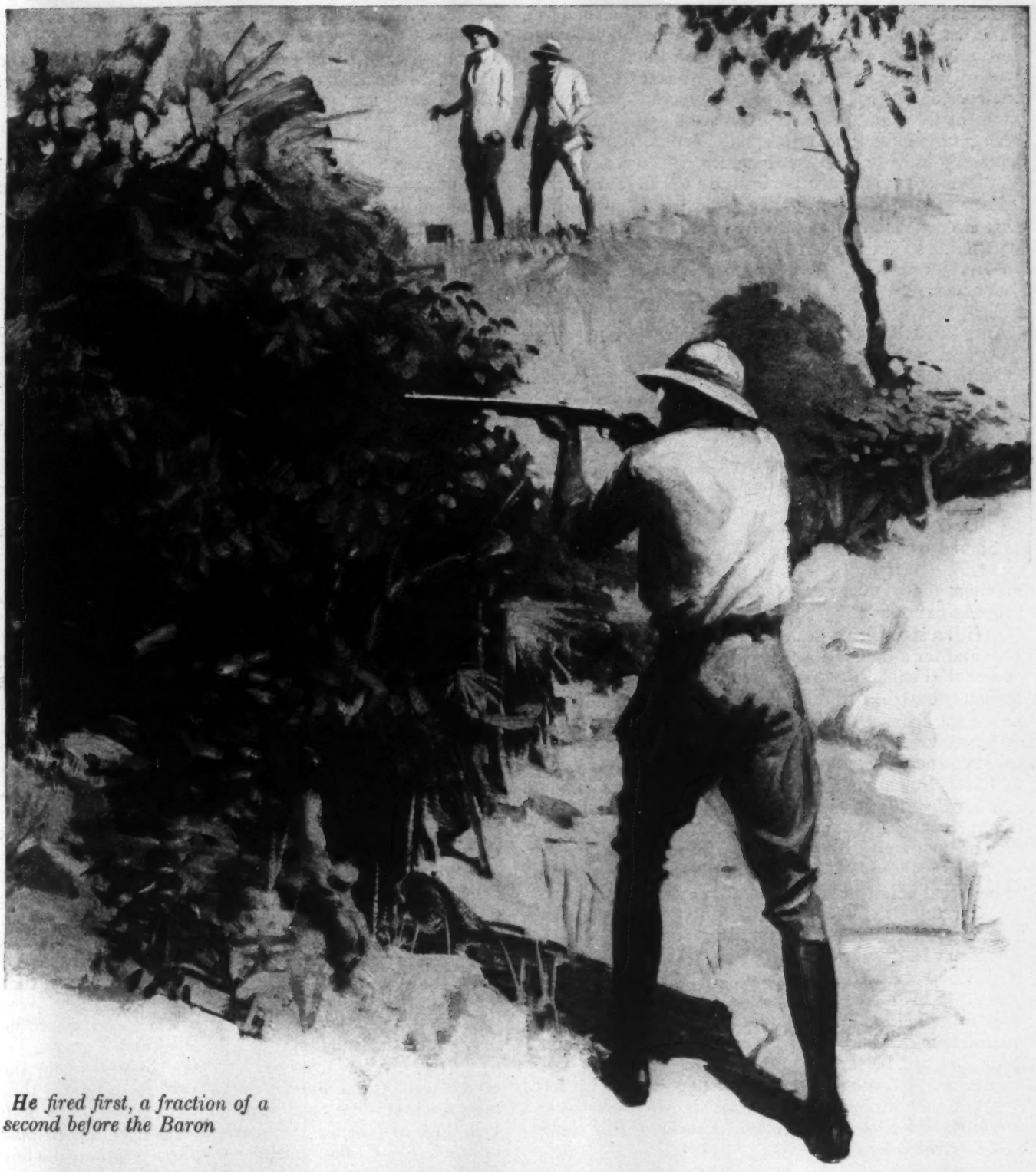


The men were twenty yards apart; like a flash, Jim was around the bush

and the Baron was not the type of man to take such a thing lying down.

To have failed absolutely in what he had specially decided to do was an unusual experience for him, and his mood at dinner was one of smoldering passion. It was an official invitation, but he made no attempt at even ordinary politeness, and a general desire to sling the swine out of the mess became prevalent before the soup was finished. One thing the Baron did do with gusto: he punished the excellent South Sussex champagne till even the Colonel—hospitable sportsman though he was—began to look uneasy.

Then came the first unpleasant episode. The cloths were removed; the wine had been passed round, and officers with their glasses untouched were waiting for the toast of "The King."



He fired first, a fraction of a second before the Baron

The Colonel rose and addressed the Vice-President. "Mr. Vice—the King."

"Gentlemen—the King."

Every officer rose—but not so the Baron. I was told all this afterward by one of the subalterns. There were a few moments of icy silence, while the band-sergeant, his honest face the color of a beet-root with rage, glared at the offender and kept his band silent.

Then the Colonel spoke quietly, and the second in command, an officer of a notoriously choleric temper, plucked feverishly at his collar as if it were choking him.

"We are about to drink the health of our King, Baron Stockmar," said the Colonel. "May I request you to stand up?"

The Baron rose. There was something in the ring of furious men who were staring at him that warned even his drink-bemused brain not to go too far. He rose, and the King was played—but the episode did not improve the harmony of the evening.

IT was into this atmosphere that, in all ignorance, Jim and I blundered later on. The Baron was sitting with his back to us as we came in, drinking his third brandy-and-soda since dinner, and neither of us noticed him. All we saw was a bunch of officers looking about as cheerful as a crowd of mummies, and Jim looked at them in surprise.

"Why so merry and bright?" he cried cheerfully. "Having returned from a most successful trip in the wilds, and seen all my old pals, amongst 'em Mahomet Ali, we've come up to play hunt-the-slipper."

And Mahomet Ali was the man whom the Baron had seen that afternoon.

He rose from his chair and turned round, facing Jim. Whether or not he realized that it was Jim who had forestalled him, I do not know, but on his face was the look of a maniac. What vestige of restraint he had imposed on himself during the evening vanished; for the moment the man was mad. It was the first time he had seen Jim since the episode at Shepheard's, and he walked toward him, swaying slightly.

"You struck me a little while ago," he said thickly. "Then you ran like a coward and an Englishman. Will this force you to give me the satisfaction one gentleman demands of another?"

And he flung the contents of his glass straight in Jim's face.

A SUPPRESSED snarl ran through the ante-room, and it was then that the Colonel's quiet word, "Gentlemen," came as a douche of cold water; for passion was running high and ugly, and even the *padre* was muttering unprintable things under his breath. In fact, the only man in the room who seemed completely unmoved was Jim. With exaggerated nonchalance he mopped his face with his handkerchief; then he polished his eye-glass and replaced it.

"Dear me, Colonel!" he remarked, at length, "I wondered what had become of that gorilla I caught on my trip. But, really, I can't congratulate you on the manners you've taught it. I shall have to take the coarse brute in hand myself."

With a snarl like a beast, the Baron hurled himself at Jim, and for a moment my heart stood still. Immensely powerful though Jim was, at close quarters with this human monstrosity he could not have stood a chance. But once again I'd reckoned without my man. Even as he spoke he had been measuring the distance with his eye, and had moved back a couple of paces. And as Baron Stockmar rushed at him, Jim dived forward and tackled him below the knees. It was a perfect Rugby tackle, and the Baron's head, in falling, hit the edge of the piano. And they left him where he lay.

"That is the second time, sir," said Jim to the Colonel. "The world is not big enough for this gentleman."

"Careful, Jim," said the Colonel. "For heaven's sake, don't get yourself into any trouble, old boy."

"You can't go having any fool tricks with revolvers, Jim," said the second in command. "Dueling ain't allowed in his Majesty's domains."

"Nevertheless, Tubby, old man," said Jim quietly, "I shall deal with him. Shall we leave it at that? I don't think you had better ask any questions."

And at that moment the Baron staggered to his feet.

"You will hear further from me, sir," he said shakily.

"I should hate to think so," answered Jim coldly. "There's the door."

No one spoke till the sound of his swaying footsteps had died away; then the Colonel again shook his head.

"Jim," he said earnestly, "do, I entreat of you, be careful. You'll put me in such an awful position if—if—"

"Colonel," said Jim quietly, "did you hear what he said?—'Like a coward *and* an Englishman.' Here—in your mess." His voice shook a little; then he went on quietly: "Unfortunately, this place is so confoundedly civilized that one has got to be careful, as you say. So, if he takes no further steps in the matter, and apologizes before you all for his remark, I am prepared to let the matter drop. But otherwise—well, as I said before, you had better ask no questions."

And it was at that moment that the mess-sergeant flung open the door of the ante-room and ushered in a tall, fair-haired man who held himself stiffly.

"Mr. Maitland," he said, standing by the door.

"That's me," remarked Jim.

"I am Count von Tarnin of the 3rd Regiment of the Prussian Guard. I am here on behalf of Baron Stockmar. Is there any gentleman here who is acting for you, and to whom I can speak? I presume you have guessed my mission."

"I certainly have," said the Colonel quietly. "And you must quite understand, Count, that anything in the nature of dueling is strictly forbidden under English law, and that I, as the senior military officer here, flatly forbid it."

Count von Tarnin bowed.

"I understand, sir," he answered. "I am to give that message to my principal, am I, Mr. Maitland?"

"You are," said Jim. "And when you've given that message, Mr. Leyton, here, will be delighted to discuss with you the weather conditions and the prospects of sport a little farther up the White Nile."

Count von Tarnin bowed again, and the suspicion of a smile hovered round his lips.

"I shall find Mr. Leyton—where?" he asked.

"At the hotel," I answered briefly; and, with another stiff bow that included us all, he left the mess.

"Maitland," said the Colonel sternly—and Jim grinned at him.

"There's a spot I know of, Colonel," he remarked, "where the lion-shooting is excellent. I feel sure Baron Stockmar would like some to ease his ruffled temper."

And the Colonel began to smile.

"Go away, confound you!" he said. "I don't want to know anything about your shooting."

"But, for goodness' sake, hit the lion," piped the *padre;* and as we left the mess they were standing him on his head in the corner for being a bloodthirsty little man.

IT was an hour later that Count von Tarnin came up to me in the hotel. Jim had told me his scheme; everything was cut and dried, and it remained for me only to put the details before the Count. From the beginning I had done nothing to dissuade Jim. In the first place, I knew it was useless; in the second—well, the scheme appealed to me. Judged by the standards of English country life, it was not perhaps all it should have been; but England seemed very far away that night.

"My principal wishes to know when and where he may expect satisfaction," he said abruptly.

"Precisely," I answered. "I am not well up in the etiquette of these matters, but I may say at once that my principal is only too ready to grant that satisfaction. But there are certain considerations that he has to bear in mind. As Colonel Latimer told you to-night, dueling is forbidden, and any infringement of the law against it would result not only in the survivor—should the duel end fatally—being hanged, but it would also involve Colonel Latimer in grave trouble.

"In those circumstances, my principal has decided as follows. He has, I believe, the choice of weapons. He has chosen big-game rifles. He proposes that we should all go, ostensibly after lions, to some suitable place. He then proposes that your principal and he should take cover as directed by us, and at a given signal each should regard the other as the lion. Each will proceed to stalk the other until a result takes place. Should that result prove fatal, the survivor, for his own sake, is not likely to talk about it. In addition, both you and I will be in a position to state that the one who loses was mauled and killed by a lion, and the vultures will do the rest. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," said von Tarnin, clicking his heels together. "I will acquaint my principal with what you have said."

With that he left me to return in ten minutes with the information that the Baron agreed. And then, for a moment or two, he stared at me irresolutely.

"It is most unorthodox, what I am going to say," he said, with a great deal of hesitation. "I am Baron Stockmar's second, and therefore his interests are mine. But he is a peculiar man; his reputation is notorious. And I think it only fair to tell you that he is probably the finest shot in Germany. Moreover, he is quite determined to kill your friend."

He was very stiff about it. I could see the man's decent nature struggling with his scandalized horror at his own breach of etiquette. And the next moment his horror deepened. Jim, who had come into the room unnoticed, smote him heavily on the back.

"Tell the Baron, with my love," he said earnestly, "that I once slaughtered a sparrow with a catapult."

BUT, though Jim laughed and was his usual self during the two days that we trekked south to the place we had decided on, there was an undercurrent of seriousness beneath his gaiety. He slept, as usual, like a child; I do not believe that for a single instant during the whole time did his pulse quicken by one beat. But he gave me in full the report that I was to render to the Chief in Cairo, in case anything happened; also, he gave me one or two private commissions to carry out.

And the night before the duel he was a little more silent than usual. I had fixed the final details with von Tarnin; the spot had been duly selected. And it was as I came back that Jim looked up with a lazy smile from oiling his rifle.

"What extraordinary blokes we are!" he remarked thoughtfully. "I don't know that it affords me any pleasure to go out and try to kill this bird to-morrow. I *felt* like murdering him in the mess that night, but now—"

He returned to his task, and shortly after we turned in. And of the two of us I know who slept worse: I don't think I closed my eyes the whole night.

Even the next morning Jim seemed bored. He told me afterward that he'd lost interest in the affair, and even the smoldering fury in Baron Stockmar's eyes failed to rouse him. He was as immaculate as ever; his eye-glass seemed even more conspicuous; and when I showed him the place we had selected for him, he lounged over as if he was looking for butterflies.

"He means business, Jim," I said urgently. "He's blind mad with rage still."

"Is he?" said Jim indifferently. "Make him shoot the worse."

They were to start when we fired a revolver, and von Tarnin gave the signal as soon as we were both satisfied that they were ready. We were standing on a little sandy hummock above the scrub, whence we could see both men, though they could not see each other. And then there began the grimmest, most exciting fight that it has ever been my fortune to witness. Von Tarnin, beside me, was smoking cigarette after cigarette; I was chewing an empty pipe.

Occasionally a shot rang out, but it seemed to me that Jim was taking things too easily. As a crack shot his name was famous through three continents; but the Baron, despite his bulk, was no mean performer. And once I saw a bullet flatten itself on a stone not an inch from Jim's head.

He was just underneath us at the moment, and he drew back quickly. Then he looked at the stone very carefully, and I saw his face change. Through my glasses I could see the look of boredom vanish, and I breathed a sigh of relief. Something had roused him at last, and the man beside me realized it too, and whistled under his breath. Jim's lethargy had gone; something had happened which had turned him from a bored individual into a grim and ruthless man.

At a quick lope he turned and vanished into the scrub. Every now and then we saw him listening intently; every now and then we saw the great figure of the Baron squirming forward, with his head turning from side to side as he peered into the undergrowth. And then, suddenly, von Tarnin gripped my arm convulsively. The two men were not more than twenty yards apart. A big bush was between them, but we could see them both. And it seemd to us that at that moment each of them became aware of the other.

Like a flash, Jim was round the bush, and he fired standing, the fraction of a second before the other man. Then he spun round and sank on his knees, while von Tarnin and I raced toward them.

I raised Jim in my arms; the Baron had shot him through the shoulder. But it was a dreadful wound, and I stared at it in amazement. Even from such a short range the wound was almost incredible, and suddenly Jim opened his eyes and stared at me.

"He was using dum-dums," he said—and his voice was hard. "The swine was using dum-dums."

A shadow fell on me, and we looked up at Count von Tarnin. He had heard Jim's remark, and his face was stern.

"I apologize in the name of my country," he said with quiet dignity. "My principal can not."

For the first time I looked at the Baron, and understood. Jim had shot him through the brain.

AND so we came back to Khartoum. It was the Count von Tarnin who came with me to see Colonel Latimer the instant we had got Jim stowed in hospital.

"A regrettable accident has taken place, sir," he remarked, with stiff military precision. "Baron Carl Stockmar, while following a lion with Mr. Maitland, was turned on suddenly by the brute. He fired, unfortunately missing the lion and hitting Mr. Maitland in the shoulder. The lion killed him, Mr. Maitland being unable to give any assistance owing to his wound."

The Colonel stared at him in thoughtful silence; the Adjutant stood stiffly by the side of his chair.

"Am I to understand, Count von Tarnin," he said at length, "that that is the information which will be conveyed to the Baron's friends in Germany? Just what you have told me?"

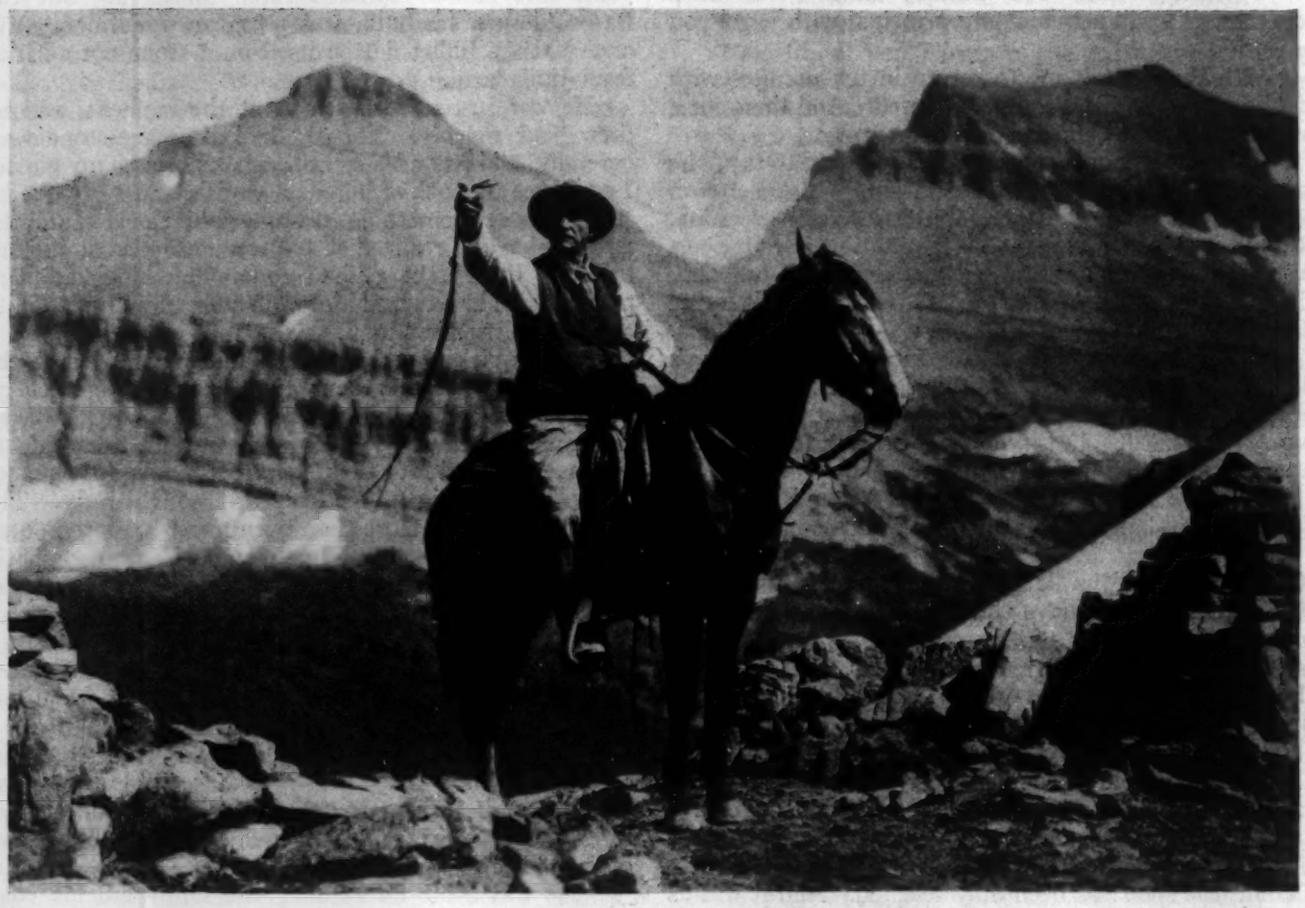
"Exactly that, sir—and nothing more," said the Count.

"Good," answered the Colonel, rising from his chair and holding out his hand. "The officers of my regiment and I myself will be very pleased if you will dine with us to-night."

IN NEXT MONTH'S McCLURE'S

Another enthralling chronicle of Jim Maitland—one of the most engaging heroes ever introduced to the American reading public—

A Game of Bluff



Howard Eaton, an Easterner Honored by the Far West

How a Tenderfoot Led Jaded Eastern City Folks into the Great Outdoors

By Dr. William T. Hornaday

YELLOWSTONE PARK contains a permanent and fitting tribute to the name, fame, and work of Outdoorsman Eaton. It is the Howard Eaton Trail, a path for mounted riders, finished after Eaton had passed over the "long trail." It is to be dedicated this summer. In the present article Howard Eaton's career is set forth by one of his friends and admirers, Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoölogical Park.

THE Westbornman is not necessarily the best exponent of the West. Often it is the intelligent Eastern tenderfoot whose fresh vision hits the high points of Western scenery and life and appraises things at their true value.

Howard Eaton was not born to the West. He achieved it in 1880, from Pennsylvania. He was among those present at the building of the Northern Pacific Railway, and when the whole line had been built, and all the buffalos had been slaughtered by the robe-hunters, he and his inseparable brothers, Willis and Alden, chose the bank of the Little Missouri, five miles above Medora, as the habitat of their Custer Trail Ranch. But for the lure of that delightful spot, we should never have seen Theodore Roosevelt's Chimney Butte ranch-house, of cherished memory, a few miles above.

Howard Eaton loved the West as much as if he had made it all, and no land on earth ever had a more inspiring exhibitor than he. His playgrounds began at the western edge of the great plains; they were bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. That area of picturesque plains, fine mountains, and fascinating deserts, garnished with strange forests, lakes, rivers, and glaciers, was nature's great American Exposition. Through it roamed at large Howard's hilarious bands of Eastern tenderfeet, dragging their lariats and trying their best to absorb it all.

Later on (in 1904) the larger and more effective ranch at Wolf, Wyoming, caused a migration from Medora, and

it was there that the new Eaton Brothers Ranch quickly became an institution. It was there that young men and women gathered, in ever-increasing numbers, to be introduced to the Wild West. It was there that Howard Eaton received thousands of them with the warm hand, the winning smile, the inexhaustible humor, and the droll story of the plains country that made an irresistible combination. It was there that he and his brothers taught raw tenderfoot girls, boys, and whole families from the sky-scraping apartments of New York and the homes of the lucky ones everywhere how to saddle a horse, coil a "rope," picket a horse, ride without falling off, make camp, fall over tent-ropes and sleep on the bosom of Mother Earth. There they learned what the howl of a coyote sounded like, and what were the natural reactions of a Western horse when confronted with the necessity of carrying a rider wrapped around in a yellow slicker flapping in a rainstorm. There, if they were lucky enough to stay into September and October, they saw three-year-olds brought down from the hills, and saddled and ridden for the first time, got a notion of the mean streak that may lie in a white-eyed, piebald, raw-boned pony, and of the lines of conduct of the men who break them—the inviolable etiquette of the broncobuster. These, and more things, were to be learned at the ranch.

Then, like spokes of a wheel, horseback expeditions ran out in every direction except eastward. The great annual overland unlimited trip in the Yellowstone Park has entertained thousands. It was a grand caravan picnic and joy-ride of the most exalting type; and Howard and his brothers have made it with their parties ninety times.

Howard Eaton was a teacher of men and women, youngsters and oldsters, in our great Outdoor University. His enthusiasm and patience were as boundless as the glories of the national parks he explained and loved. He had a full quota of notables at the Wolf Ranch and Medora, and on his trips—presidents of great corporations, statesmen, authors; but he was as keen with a party of two as with one of one hundred, and with the simple as the great. In September, years ago, I met him in Denver, personally conducting a worn-out farmer and his wife to Rocky Mountains Park; and in crisp October, on the rim of the Grand Cañon, I came upon him again, beaming with the joy of life, and demonstrating the cañon to a shy country storekeeper and his mate from the wilds of central Indiana.

An Eaton party in Glacier Park

And this was our Howard after twenty years of strenuous tourist work. As I looked at him on Hopi Point, I marveled at the inexhaustibleness of his nervous fires, and his ability to give of himself to others. Was he tired or blasé? Not for a moment. His enthusiasm was just as bright and fresh as it was in 1900, when he showed my lady and me the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, and the Chimney Butte Ranch, even then a shrine.

Howard Eaton was a shrewd and keen observer of wild life, but so tender-hearted that his own record as a sportsman is almost negligible. He could have killed big game to a great total, but he did not. His interest in the sane protection of the wild life of the West was born at an early age, and he never lost an opportunity to render real service in protective campaigns. He was deeply interested in the saving of the elk, bison, antelope, and mountain-sheep, and, but for his untimely death, a vigorous effort would have been made on the Eaton Ranch to breed mountain-sheep in captivity.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, novelist, playwright, and lover of outdoor life; she took many trips with Eaton

Mr. Eaton's last work was a glorious ending for his picturesque and worthy career. In the winter of 1921 Governor Carey of Wyoming became more than ever distressed by the winter conditions affecting the elk herds of the Yellowstone Park. For ten years this puzzling and

many times exasperating problem has engaged the attention of the oldest conservers of wild life in America. Destruction has seemed inevitable with the steady march of civilization into the wilds, with the fencing in of vast areas where formerly the herds had wandered and fed at will. In the preceding winter, thousands of tons of hay had been shipped into the northern part of Wyoming and the southern end of Montana, and stacked where the elk could get at it: but often, when they reached it, they were too nearly starved to eat—they died beside the food they had found too late. This was a heart-rending state of affairs, and in an effort to gain light from fresh minds, Governor Carey appointed a Special Commission to probe the elk situation on the ground and report their results and recommendations. Mr. Eaton was appointed on that commission, and he spent the last of the winter in the snows of the Jackson Hole country. Even before the report of the commission had been given to the public, Howard Eaton went over the long, long trail, on April 5, 1922, aged seventy-one years.

The Howard Eaton Trail in Yellowstone Park, finished after Eaton's death, is a notable development, and for a thousand years—or at least until the Yellowstone Park is all ground to dust under the feet of the oncoming millions—it will give joy to the pleasure-seeking proletariat.

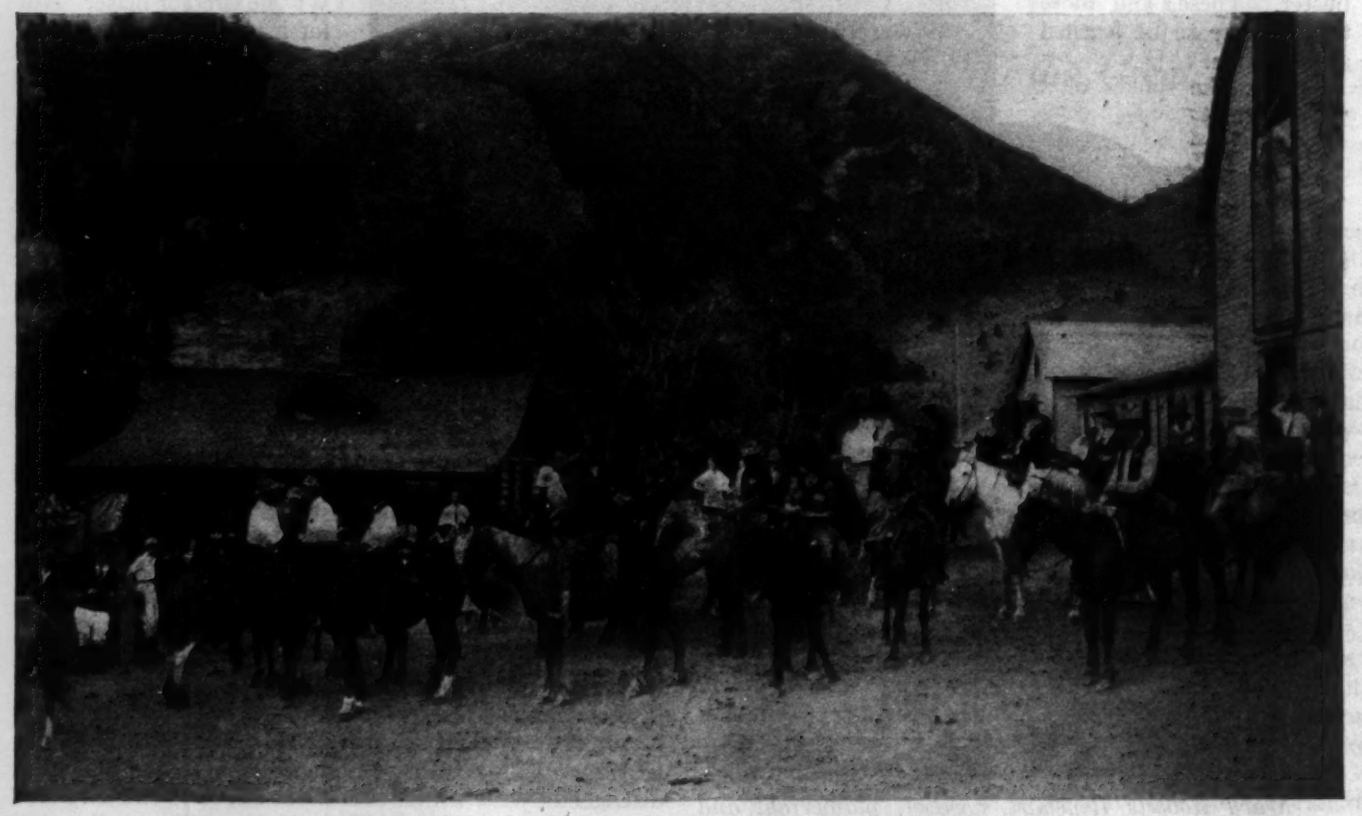
It is a special horseback trail, starting at the Monmouth Hot Springs, ranging south to and through the three geyser basins. From the Upper Geyser Basin it bends due east and strikes the most westerly point of Yellowstone Lake. Skirting the northern shore of the lake, it strikes the outlet, then follows the western bank of the Yellowstone River down to Tower Falls, where it swings away westward to the home ranch at Monmouth Hot Springs.

The Howard Eaton Trail is one hundred and fifty miles long, and it is marked by about two hundred signs and one biographical tablet dedicated to Howard. It is garnished with the finest scenery in the park. Park Superintendent Horace M. Albright generously announces that the man entitled to the lion's share of credit for the handsome accomplishment of this fine and commendable task is Chief Ranger S. T. Woodring. This is the tangible memorial to Howard Eaton. But he has left an intangible and endearing mark upon the hearts of the many hundreds who have known him, and who are indebted to him for their introduction to the great outdoors.

An informal photograph of the writer of this article, Dr. William T. Hornaday

Howard Eaton gave of himself enormously. He had the faculty of making people think that his interest in each one of them was something especial and personal, and it was. He never minded how many tenderfeet and greenhorns he took with him, nor how many times he had to answer the same questions. On every trip his enthusiasm was as fresh as if each day offered him a new and strange experience. He never slumped nor tired; he never said: "Oh, yes; the view from that point is very fine." Instead he said: "To-morrow morning we must go over there and see that; it's the finest view of its kind in the world, and we mustn't miss it!"

Howard Eaton spent himself without stint. Throughout America his loss is felt, but he will never be forgotten.



Starting out for a day's trip from the Eaton Ranch at Wolf, Wyoming

Not on the Blotter

Manning of the "Times" Searches for a Killer through the Many Avenues and By-Paths of a Banker's Social Life

By James Fellom

Illustrations by E. C. Caswell

MANNING, police reporter for the *Times*, finding little to write about on a bleak February night, is sent by Coles, his editor, to report the anniversary "jinks" of the Laurel Club, where Banker Lawrence Hadderman, who has political aspirations, is scheduled to speak. There he learns from Clem Leythrope, the prosperous bachelor jeweler who is courting Hadderman's motherless daughter Irene, that Hadderman has canceled his engagement; he adds that the banker's voice on the telephone seemed agitated.

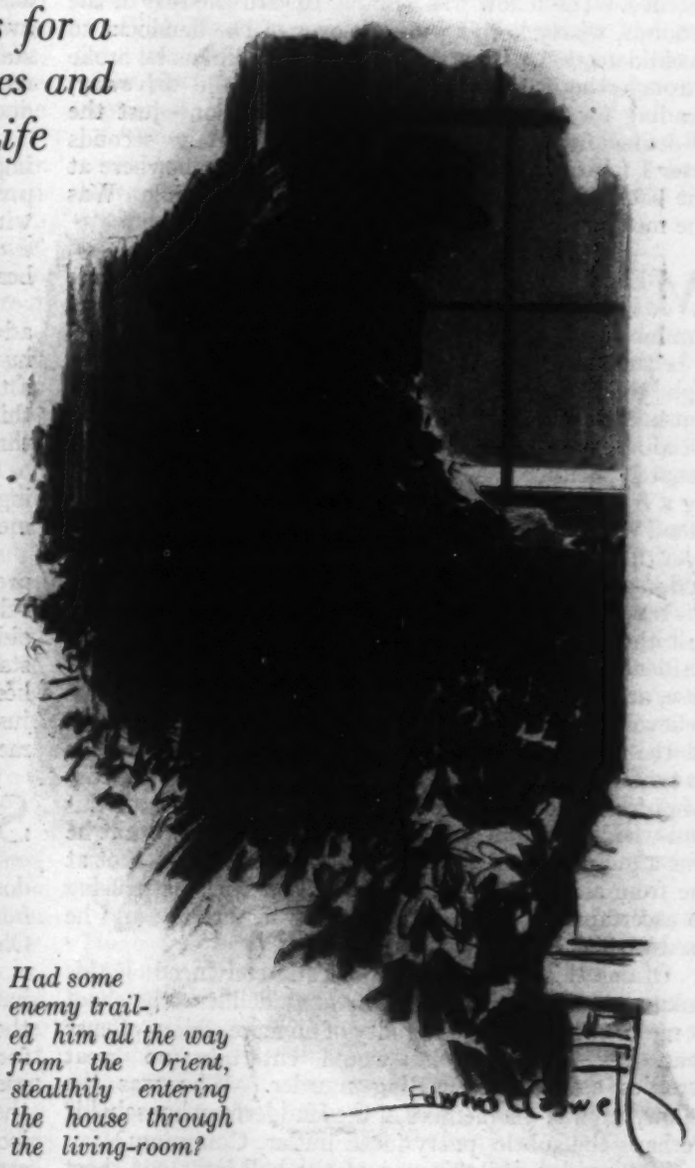
Leaving the club-house, the reporter, obeying a newspaper man's instinct, decides to run out to the Hadderman house. He finds it dark, and mounts the porch, to find that a window has been forced open; there are muddy footprints on the porch. He enters, finds his way to the "den," and discovers a man shot dead, lying on the floor. He was about thirty, a blond, clad in lounging-robe and Oriental slippers. A maroon-covered book and a cigarette-butt lie near him.

Manning seizes the telephone, gets his editor, and is talking when Hadderman, in slouch hat and old overcoat, enters and commands him to hang up. He then makes Manning an offer of ten thousand dollars to leave town without telling what he has seen.

While the men are discussing this (Hadderman has removed his hat and coat) Irene returns from the club. She asks her father for "Mr. Trainor," and learns that he has been called to San Francisco. Hadderman goes into the den, and Irene tells Manning that Trainor, their guest, is a life-long friend, a traveler in the Orient, and her father makes his investments. Hadderman comes back, and Irene soon retires.

THE men resume their discussion, but are interrupted and startled by the entrance of three policemen and the *Times* water-front reporter—sent by Coles in response to Manning's telephone call. Manning tips them off to search the house. When they reach the den, he is astounded to see the room in perfect order—the body gone. Manning and the police leave the house, and the reporter goes to his editor and tells his suspicions. He is told to knock out his Laurel Club story and then call up Leythrope, who for several hours has been trying to get him.

Leythrope asks him to come to his house, not far from Hadderman's. Arriving there, Leythrope tells him that he had received a telephone call, a little earlier, from Irene asking him to come to her home, that he went, but found the place dark and returned. He shows Manning his pearl-handled revolver.



Had some enemy trailed him all the way from the Orient, stealthily entering the house through the living-room?

Explaining his reluctance, as Miss Hadderman's suitor, to have her father find him prowling around the house, he asks Manning to go to the banker's house and investigate. Without confiding what he knows to Leythrope, Manning asks him if he has met Trainor, finds that he has not, but that he knows another Hadderman guest named Bellamy, whom he describes as a dark man.

Going again to the Hadderman house, Manning sees a light in the den, and hears Irene and her father talking about the disposal of a body! Manning has drawn himself up to the window-ledge, and is listening to the girl's agitated voice, when his hat is taken off and the window broken by a bullet. Now begins—

PART TWO

SPRAWLING in the shadow of Hadderman's mansion, I lost no time loitering under it! I drew my own weapon and made off on hands and knees over the soft, wet ground, taking advantage of every shielding plant in my path, and steering diagonally away from the house in an attempt to gain the thick

shrubbery of the garden along the driveway adjacent to the street.

I hadn't gone more than a dozen yards before I heard a movement among the trees, then the pulpy sound of feet hurrying over loose earth. I rose to my knees and listened. The fellow was running toward the rear of the grounds, wisely keeping under cover of the hemlocks to avoid detection. I got a fleeting look at him as he broke through the foliage and darted across the driveway, heading for the kitchen end of the mansion—just the ill-defined figure of a man in dark clothes. A few seconds later I fancied I heard a screen door close somewhere at the back of the house. That set me to thinking. Was the murder an "inside" job?

MEANWHILE, through the shattered window came Irene's frightened voice, and her father's impatient summoning of Cummings, the butler. For the first time, I became conscious of a stinging sensation above my right temple and a warm stickiness inside my collar. I put my hand to the side of my head, and found that I was bleeding from a gash. My left hand was also cut. Fortunately, neither was more than a superficial wound made by a fragment of flying glass; and, while I stanched the blood with my handkerchief, I stood speculating angrily over the rather thrilling adventure of my own, which had added a new element of mystery to the night's tragedy.

I wasn't positive, but I would have risked a bet just then that a killer was hiding in that stately white residence before me, and that he wasn't—in this last case, at least—Lawrence Hadderman. And you may not believe it, but I began to credit the banker's solemn denial of the murder which I had heard him make to his daughter. There had been something so decidedly suspicious—not to say criminal—in the methods of this gun-wielding prowler that I banished the notion that he was a guard watching the premises, since he had shot at me from ambush and later scurried off without pausing to ascertain the result of his murderous attack; and he used a silencer on his revolver.

Of one thing I now stood logically convinced: if this unknown would cold-bloodedly and deliberately shoot at me as he had done,—I, guilty of no more serious offense than eavesdropping,—he would entertain no great scruples against committing murder. Who was the fellow, anyway—a member of the Hadderman household? Perhaps the subtle, pasty-faced butler, Cummings?

The sudden switching on of the hall light cut short my feverish conjecturing. The members of the household were coming out to ascertain what had broken the window—I was sure they had not heard the muffled reports—and to search the grounds. I was standing a few paces away from the house, and, acting on impulse, I sprang into the shrubbery and rapidly made my way forward to a position opposite the door. It opened, and Cummings and Hadderman emerged, followed by Irene. The two men crossed the portico and started to walk around the building, and I saw that the butler was armed with a pistol, and that he bore the appearance of a man hurriedly summoned from bed—his hair was tousled and he wore a long overcoat buttoned close about him, the collar turned up.

"Do be careful, daddy!" called Irene in low, beseeching tones. She had paused on the edge of the portico. "Let Cummings go ahead. Please! Do you hear?"

Her father mumbled impatiently and fell back a few paces. He was dressed for the street, and I recalled having overheard him tell the girl that he would not be gone from home more than an hour.

Where was banker Hadderman going at this unconventional time of night? I wondered.

The two men passed out of sight around tne corner of the mansion. Irene, wraithlike in a shimmering dishabille, remained standing on the portico. I resolved on a bold move. The girl was not gazing in my direction, and seeing this I left my hiding-place and stepped swiftly across the intervening space toward her. Before she was aware of my approach I had gained her side. She started back in alarm; but I put up a warning hand, and, recognizing me by the light streaming through the open door behind her, she stifled the cry that rose to her lips.

"I wish to speak with you, Miss Hadderman—it's important," I whispered. "There's somebody been prowling around here. He shot at me and broke the window."

"Shot?" she breathed fearfully. "Why—why, I heard no report! Are you sure? Oh, my father may be—"

"The fellow made his escape." I did not think it advisable to tell her I suspected that he had taken refuge inside her home. "Listen, Miss Hadderman! This isn't a time to stand on ceremony. I happen to know about this murder, as you doubtless have heard. Mr. Leythrope sent me to see—"

"You're—you're not going to print this—this shocking thing, Mr. Manning!" she gasped in horror, eyeing me with fearful intentness.

"There's not a word been written about it yet. At present I am investigating the case—I'm the only outsider who knows about the crime. I want to enlist your aid. A man has been killed under mysterious circumstances in your home. The murderer should be apprehended. Candidly, I believe the man who fired at me just now is the murderer. Can I depend on you to assist me? Everything will be conducted quietly."

SHE hesitated, wringing her hands, her pretty face pale, torn with indecision and fear.

"Mr. Manning— Why, you're cut, bleeding! Oh, I don't know what to do! It's horrible. I can't think. My father must not see you here. And Mr. Leythrope—Oh, why did I telephone him!" she half sobbed.

"I'll fix it up with him." At that moment I would have promised anything for the privilege of getting into the den. "He isn't sure that it was you called up,—fortunately, you did not say who it was,—and I can easily mislead him. Now, since I share this knowledge of the crime with you, I want you to arrange it so that I can look over the house, Miss Hadderman, unknown to the servants, during your father's absence—he's going out shortly."

"How do you know?" she asked with sudden suspicion.

"I judge so because he is in his street clothes. Will you consent to my investigating the premises?"

"Yes, yes! They're coming. Hide—quick!" She motioned excitedly toward the far end of the portico, and I turned and sped off on tiptoe, making for a place of concealment behind one of the broad-backed veranda chairs.

That unexpected action of mine developed a surprise. In my dash across the portico I passed within six feet of the living-room windows. The moonlight reflecting against the white-painted pillars cast a soft radiance upon those windows, and I saw one of the drawn blinds twitch violently along one side—as if somebody behind it, surprised in the act of spying on us, had suddenly released it. Instantly my thoughts flashed to the mysterious gunman, the banging of the screen door I had heard. So the fellow *was* in the house, even as I had half surmised! Could it be that there was an assassin on Lawrence Hadderman's trail—that he had murdered the banker's guest by mistake, and, finding it out later, had now returned to make a second attempt?

This alarming new angle of the situation struck me like a blow. And who was this guest? Not Ralph Bellamy, I decided, for Leythrope had specifically declared that the cashier had been here only a few days, substantiating the week-end notice in the *Times* social columns. Perhaps the dead man was a visitor arrived late that afternoon. Instead of the mystery clarifying, it was becoming more involved—a hopeless muddle, seemingly. I had barely time to drop back of the veranda chair before Hadderman and Cummings came in sight from the side of the mansion.

"It's beyond me, sir, how it was broken," the butler was saying—"except a passing hoodlum shied a rock at the house. I have known them to do that."

"You may be right, Cummings," replied his master. "Or it may have been due to some freak phenomenon growing out of the storm—the released tension on a roo' or limb of a tree might have shot a pebble that chanced to strike the window. Such odd things happen. See if you can't barricade the opening—and lock the doors of the den, Cummings."

THEY joined the girl, and speculated a moment on the incident. And what added to my relief was the fact that, while I had told Irene the circumstances surrounding the breaking of the window, she did not divulge the information—not wishing to give her father cause for further worry, I judged. If she had, Hadderman would no doubt have canceled his strange engagement and stayed at home, thereby upsetting my plans and making it incumbent on me to warn him of the danger lurking in the darkness of his great living-room. This I preferred not to do until I had to: in fact, my experience with the banker earlier in the night had shown me that I could gain my ends far easier without his aid than with it.

Just now I was keeping a sharp eye on the window-blinds; but the minutes slipped by and they did not move again. The fellow was certainly taking no chances. Crouched behind the chair, I did some rapid thinking. This was going to be a night of nights, from all indications. For—you may believe it or not—I had decided to take advantage of this thrilling adventure that the fates offered me to cope with this midnight prowler, outmanœuver and make him prisoner. It would be a big story—a gay feather in the cap of Lester Manning.

Presently from the direction of the garage came the whir of a motor, and some seconds later the Hadderman limousine purred around the drive and stopped before the portico.

"How long will you be gone, daddy?" I heard Irene ask her father, as he kissed her.

"Not any longer than I have to, honey. I'll be at the Casa Grande Hotel, if anything goes wrong—but there isn't the slightest cause for alarm. I have instructed Cummings to remain up. For the life of me, I can't imagine what Nagel wants at this time of the night, except he has learned—"

"I don't think it a bit prudent of you to leave home this late," she broke in. "Smith, are you armed?" speaking to the chauffeur.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, keep a careful watch against— There're so many auto bandits about, you know."

With a reassuring word, the banker entered the car and it went skimming swiftly out the driveway.

At any rate, I had learned his destination; though at the moment I ascribed little or no significance to the visit—that is, as far as it may have had any bearing on the tragedy. For I knew that Justin Nagel—one of the leading attorneys of the city—was Hadderman's political manager, and that he had begun planning the banker's senatorial campaign a week or so before. The Casa Grande Hotel was, I also knew, the favorite rendezvous for the Progressville wire-pullers and the scene of many a midnight conference, where elections were manipulated in advance by the partizan Jupiters of the county.

With Hadderman's departure, Cummings had gone into the house. Irene lingered on the portico, looking after him; then she stepped toward the open door and motioned to me.

"You will wait in the living-room," she said in low tones, as I joined her. "I'll speak with the butler—direct him to remain in the kitchen until I summon him. You wished to look over the den quietly, you said—"

I detained her as she turned.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Hadderman—but it's not safe inside." In a hurried whisper I explained the suspicious movement of the window-blind. "You'd better stay outside until I look around." I drew my revolver as I spoke.

"Nonsense, Mr. Manning," she began—and paused. Something that she saw in my face, perhaps, caused her eyes to widen in horror. "You can't mean that the murderer is—"

"That's what I'm going to find out," I cut in. Reaching for the bell button, I pressed it. "I want your butler to stand guard at the corner of the house. He will have his pistol, and I wish you'd instruct him to capture anybody who attempts to leave by the front door. I'll go around to the rear—I may climb in through the den window. You will walk down the driveway and wait."

She nodded, accepting my program without argument. A long moment went by slowly. I stole a glance into the wide hall, just now brilliantly lighted. To have entered the mansion by that way would have been like flirting with death—I had already had a sample of the unknown's murderous methods, and I wasn't for inviting another.

Cummings did not appear, and I rang the bell again. There followed another fruitless wait. I looked significantly at Irene.

"That's odd," she breathed. "He should have heard, surely. Let me try."

She gave a series of impatient little rings that punctuated the heavy silence of the big residence with startling distinctness—but to no purpose. For some unaccountable reason, Cummings did not respond.

"It isn't possible that he went to his room—" I began, seeking an explanation other than the fearful one that rose in my mind.

She shook her head, and the intense look she gave me was pregnant with ominous meaning.

"It can't be that— Mr. Manning, something has happened to him! I know it. He would have been here." Her breath was coming fast. She cast a frightened glance over her shoulder, shivered, and came closer to my side.

BEFORE I could speak, the hall lights flashed off suddenly—the house was plunged in total darkness; the main electric switch had been pulled. Catching the girl by the arm, I hurried her off the portico and around to the west side of the mansion—for the night prowler would shoot, and I couldn't say whether he was choosing his targets. We halted behind a clump of shrubbery, from which spot I had an unobstructed view of the moonlit space before the structure. Irene was now trembling violently.

"Our unwelcome friend has switched off the lights—to lure us inside, I imagine. Where is the switchboard located?" I asked.

"In a built-in box on the wall of the hall adjoining father's den," she replied with an effort.

"And the gardener's quarters?"

"Above the garage."

"Please run over and get him out, Miss Hadderman. Come! I'll go a ways with you. Tell him to bring a gun, if he's got one. Rush him!"

Together we ran through the garden toward the rear of the premises. When we came in sight of the spacious garage, I let her go on alone, and waited until she entered the building; then I darted back to the clump.

Five minutes passed. I stood chafing at the delay. The cut in my head stung, and my clothes felt clammy under my rain-coat. But I was scarcely conscious of any discomfort.

I was animated by a feverish desire to capture this two-legged enigma; for, by all the signs, his criminal intent and daring, I had become strongly convinced that he, and not Lawrence Hadderman, was the slayer of the banker's guest.

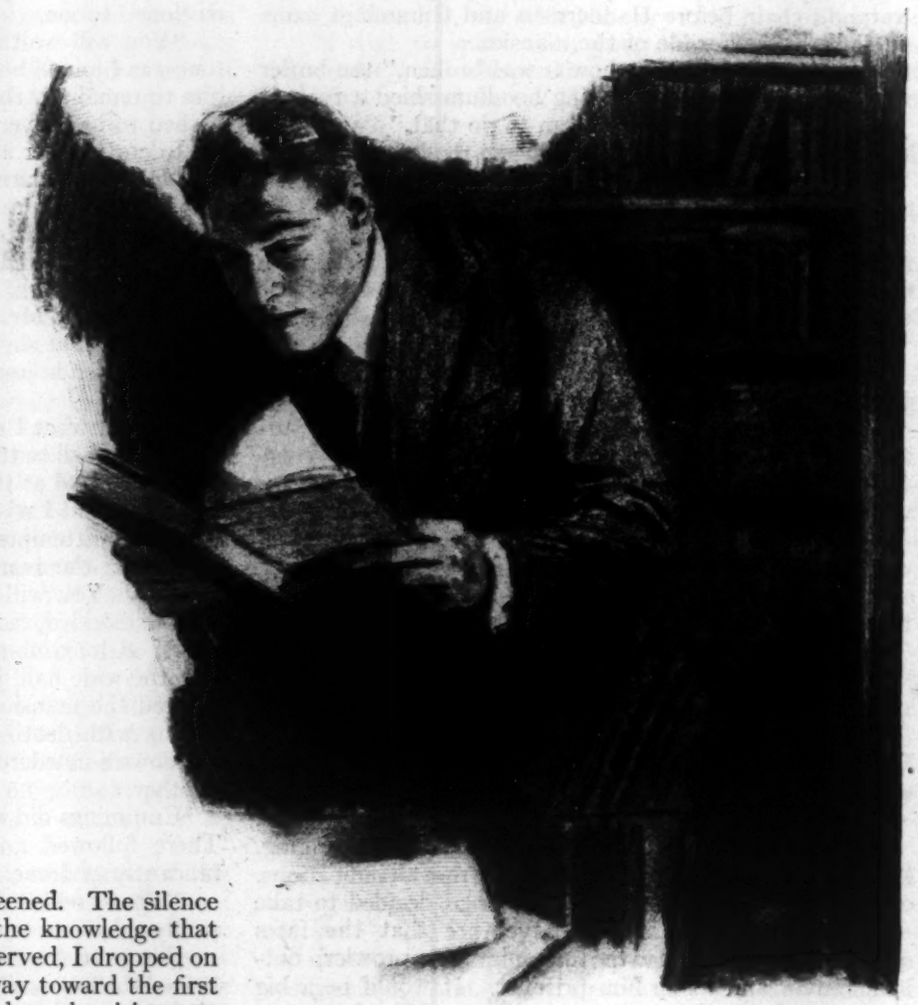
Irene, followed by the sleepy-eyed gardener, joined me finally. He was a tall, powerful young Swede, armed with a single-barrel shotgun, who took my whispered orders with a curt nod and cocked his weapon with businesslike precision.

Getting a rough description of the lower floor of the mansion from the girl, I crept toward the kitchen. I kept to the shadows, gripping my revolver as I went. I reached the broad back porch. There were two doors, both wire-screened. The silence was profound, and, emboldened by the knowledge that my approach could not have been observed, I dropped on my hands and knees and made my way toward the first entrance. The screen was unhooked, and raising my hand I tried the knob. It turned. The next moment I stood inside the house. For some seconds I waited motionless in that heavy darkness, every nerve in my body tingling, my heart pounding vigorously in my ears. There wasn't the faintest whisper of a sound other than the ghostly throb of a pendulum clock at the far end of the mansion. This sound exaggerated the stillness fearfully.

After a little I slipped off my shoes and began to grope my way forward. A cat couldn't have trod more lightly. Feeling around me as I went, I soon found that I was in a narrow hall; and it struck me that this must be the one paralleling Hadderman's den—the one in which Irene had said the electric switchboard was situated. I made no attempt to find it, for I preferred to trust to my ears and the rather questionable security of the darkness to surprise my man and make him prisoner. Presently I came to the end of the passageway, and, encountering a closed door, I opened it noiselessly, then paused on the threshold to listen.

As I stood thus, suddenly, from somewhere in the impenetrable gloom before me, a faint noise abruptly broke the silence. It was as if a searching hand had struck an article of furniture. My revolver ready, I waited. An interval passed, and the sound was repeated. I remarked, now, that it came from the southeast corner of the room, diagonally across from where I stood. There could be no doubt but that my man was lurking there. What was he doing? I wondered. Should I turn on my light and call on him to surrender? I hesitated, racking my brain for some means of making his capture certain—a *coup* that would insure my own safety.

I reflected hurriedly that, as near as I could judge



I devoured the score or more of words in the wretched scrawl of a hand at grips with death; the whole intangible mystery cleared as I read

from what Irene had told about the interior, this must be the Hadderman dining-room. There was a table in the center, then, between me and the unknown enemy. That thought decided me. I would steal forward until I found the table, and place my flash on it, directing it at the corner of the room from which the strange sounds had proceeded. This done, I would crouch under the table and reach up and snap on the light—my theory being that the fellow would, in that desperate first moment, shoot blindly at a point above the light, in the belief that a man stood back of it, while I from my obscure position under the table could drop him in his tracks if I had to.

Looking back now on that thrilling moment, in the knowledge of what followed there was something almost ludicrous in the whole situation. You see, I had forgotten for the time being,—as I had everything else,—the

existence of Cummings, the butler. At least, when the butler had failed to answer the front door-bell, I had taken it for granted that the prowler had surprised and struck him down, bound and gagged him, and that he was lying unconscious somewhere in the darkness. In other words, I was positive that there were only two persons in that room—my desperado friend and myself.

Intent on putting through my daring *coup*, I began moving stealthily forward in search of the dining-table. But I hadn't taken more than three steps when, without the slightest warning, into my very arms glided the warm body of a man. We came together with a thump. His back was toward me and before he could spring away I jammed my revolver into his side and flashed on my light.

"Drop that gun!" I called out sharply.

At that instant I saw my mistake—my prisoner was Cummings!

In the act of obeying my command, he glared around at me—recognized me. Never have I seen a man's face undergo so sudden a change.

"You cursed— You're a bonehead, sir!" he gritted, in a savage whisper. "Put out that light!"

I snapped it off in a hurry—for there had been a movement across the room—and dropped to the floor to escape a possible fusillade. But it did not come. A scramble of feet sounded through the room—a silence, then the blundering noise of a man in flight in the apartment beyond. I sprang up.

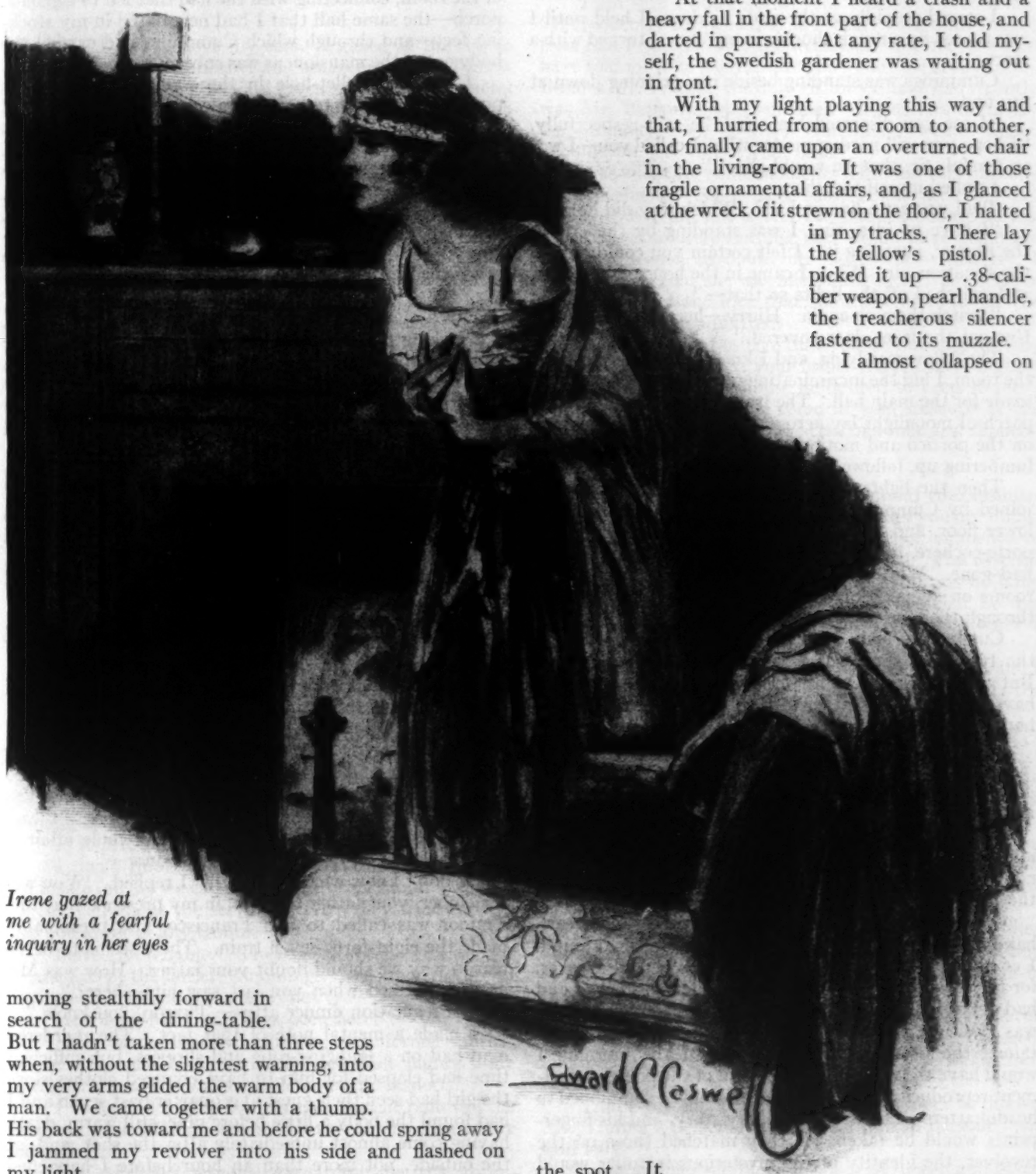
"Cummings!" I whispered. But there was no answer. I flashed on my light and found he was gone.

At that moment I heard a crash and a heavy fall in the front part of the house, and darted in pursuit. At any rate, I told myself, the Swedish gardener was waiting out in front.

With my light playing this way and that, I hurried from one room to another, and finally came upon an overturned chair in the living-room. It was one of those fragile ornamental affairs, and, as I glanced at the wreck of it strewn on the floor, I halted in my tracks. There lay the fellow's pistol. I picked it up—a .38-caliber weapon, pearl handle, the treacherous silencer fastened to its muzzle.

I almost collapsed on the spot. It was Clem Leythrope's—the one he had shown me not more than an hour before!

Aghast, I stared at it, holding it by the barrel as a precaution against effacing the finger-prints I knew were on the butt—my experience in connection with the police having long since made known to me the value of finger-print evidence.



Irene gazed at me with a fearful inquiry in her eyes

My glance dropped to the floor again. Lying where they had slipped out of the intruder's pocket, when he fell, were a number of cigarettes. I picked up one of them and flashed my light on it. I got out one of the made-to-order monogramed cigarettes with which I had generously supplied myself from Clem Leythrope's silver casket, and compared the two. They were as alike as two peas, even to the artistic interwoven letters "C. G. L."

I stared stupidly at the mute evidence I held until I was roused by a rough chuckle in my ear. I turned with a start.

Cummings was standing beside me, grinning down at my find.

"I see you disarmed him, sir," he said respectfully. "I hope you will pardon me for what I called you—I was so fearful, sir, that he would shoot."

I pulled myself together.

"Did you get a line on him? Which way did he go?"

"I have no idea, sir. I was standing by the safe in the library, guarding it. I felt certain you could handle the situation, sir. When I came in the house, I saw him, and switched off the lights so that—"

"Switch them on again. Hurry—here, take my flash! I've got the front door covered."

The fellow was lying, and I knew it. As he ran from the room, I hid the incriminating pistol under a couch and made for the main hall. The front door was still open; a patch of moonlight lay across the threshold. I sped out on the portico and motioned to the gardener. He came lumbering up, followed by Irene.

Then the lights blazed up in the house again, and, joined by Cummings, we made a careful search of the lower floor, and came upon the door leading out on the porte-cochère, ajar. That explained where the intruder had gone. While I was rushing after him through the rooms on one side of the mansion, he had circled back through those on the opposite side and slipped out.

Cursing my luck, I resumed my shoes and, aided by the two men, spent some time searching the grounds. But the mysterious night prowler whose capture would have meant a gay feather in the cap of Lester Manning had escaped.

I WALKED back into the house and met Irene, and gave her a sketchy account of the incident, withholding, however, the matter of the revolver and cigarettes.

I recalled that Leythrope had volunteered the information to me that he was courting Irene. Might not jealousy of the handsome blond guest have prompted the jeweler to kill him?

Of course, the monogramed cigarettes and pearl-handled revolver were the first definite clues I had found. I could explain the presence of the treacherous silencer, for Leythrope had been an officer in the World War and had retained it for its souvenir value. Of one thing I was positive, however: the butt of the revolver contained the prowler's finger-prints. In the morning I would have the identification bureau of the police department reproduce them. Leythrope would be summoned to headquarters on the strength of my story, and his finger-prints would be taken. If they matched those on the revolver, the identity of the mysterious intruder would be established beyond a question of doubt. But would that prove that Leythrope had murdered Hadderman's guest?

All this flitted through my mind as I followed Irene into the den. Cummings had disappeared, as I presently learned when the girl rang for him to see to the removal of the broken chair and attend to the lights, which were burning brilliantly in every room downstairs. The butler's absence did not strike me as significant until afterward. Right now I was chiefly concerned with investigating the scene of the tragedy.

While Irene stood in the doorway, I rapidly examined the interior of the den. She did not speak, and I could see that she was greatly disturbed, and that my investigation was not to her liking.

As I had surmised, there was another door leading out of the room, connecting with the hall that led to the back porch—the same hall that I had negotiated in my stocking feet—and through which Cummings had carried the body out of the mansion, as was subsequently established.

I found a bullet-hole in the wall, which, from its position, showed it to have been caused by the shot fired at me by the prowler. Ragged slivers of window-glass lay on the rug. I examined this. It was a gray rug, spotless, and told me nothing, unless it had been recently substituted for a blood-stained one, as I believed. And, merely to satisfy myself that my suspicions were correct, I looked closely along the selvage and found a faint dust-line on the hard-wood flooring, where the edge of the other rug had been.

FOR a quarter of an hour I went over that little room, looking for evidence. But there didn't seem to be anything that hinted even remotely of the fact that a man had been murdered there, in cold blood, only a few hours before. Disappointed, I was about to give it up when I came upon that self-same cigarette stub I had found under a chair when I discovered the corpse. Cummings had overlooked it in his haste to remove the more glaring evidences of the crime. It had rolled under one of the lowest book-shelves when the blood-stained rug was raised. I picked up the inch-and-a-half stub and glanced at it casually. It contained that damning monogram, "C. G. L." Smuggling the fag into my pocket, I turned to Irene.

"When you went to the Laurel Club this evening, who was here, Miss Hadderman? Were there any callers?"

"None. I left early—about quarter past seven. Of course, Dick—Mr. Trainor was here."

"Do you mean here—in this den?"

She hesitated. "Why, yes," reluctantly. "After dinner father and he retired to smoke. I looked in to say good-by to them. They were discussing business matters, and—" Concern shone in her eyes. "Please don't question me, Mr. Manning! The whole affair is so horrible. You don't think Mr. Trainor—"

"I don't know what to think!" I replied. "You will remember, your father told you in my presence that Mr. Trainor was called to San Francisco, and presumably made the eight-forty-seven train. There seems to be no reason why we should doubt your father. How was Mr. Trainor dressed when you last saw him—here?"

"In regulation dinner attire—Tuxedo, you know."

I made a mental note of that fact. The murdered man had on a lounging-robe and slippers, but sufficient time had elapsed for him to have changed clothes since the girl had seen their guest at a quarter past seven and I had found the body a little before nine, still warm, death having come almost immediately after the shot, and, at the outside, not more than an hour before I happened on the scene.

"Would you kindly give me a description of Mr. Trainor?" I asked her.

She did not answer at once, and, noting something like anxiety in her face, I added reassuringly, in the belief that she feared for her father:

"There is really nothing to be alarmed over, Miss Hadderman. It's a ghastly occurrence, and a mystery,

but I don't see how it can possibly reflect discredit on your home."

She glanced narrowly at me.

"You're quite right—it can't," she nodded. "Why—let me see. Mr. Trainor is about forty-five, I should judge, dark, smooth-shaved, with black eyes—piercing and cold, I imagine you'd call them. He's—well, about your height and build. His hair is black and he wears glasses."

I COULDN'T believe my ears. I gazed at the rug to hide the look of unbelief and amazement that I knew showed in my eyes. She had given me the same general description of Dick Trainor that Leythrope had of Ralph Bellamy! And neither in the least fitted the murdered man! Both were described as dark, while the body I had found in the den was that of a blond man, not more than thirty years old—bigger in stature and heavier than I, now that I thought of it.

I stared hard at the floor. Here was a staggering, unlooked-for development. Could it be possible that Trainor and Bellamy were so nearly alike in complexion and physique as to answer to the same rough description? If that were a fact, who, then, was the murdered man—this guest of the Haddermans in lounging-robe and Oriental slippers? Or were Trainor and Bellamy one and the same? I dismissed the thought as a wild fancy. Nor could I bring myself to believe that Leythrope or the girl was purposely deceiving me. What advantage could be gained by such a course? In truth, whatever my suspicions of the jeweler, I was convinced that he had described Bellamy to me—and he did not know Trainor, he had said. As for Irene— I looked up at her. She was staring at the glowing coals in the fireplace across the room. Worry there was in her pretty face, but nothing of deception; besides, she had described Trainor to me without the slightest hesitation.

She turned suddenly to me now.

"Mr. Manning, whom do you suspect of this—this crime? I was positive, from the expression on your face when you came in from searching the garden, that you had made a discovery."

"I'm sorry, but I don't know enough about the matter to say with any degree of certainty who is guilty," I parried, for I shrank from telling her that what evidence I had found pointed to the very man she might be welcoming as a suitor.

"Is it Mr. Trainor?" she insisted.

"I don't think so—in fact, I feel confident this isn't an inside job, as we call it. On the other hand, I wanted to ask you about the servants. Are they trustworthy? Do you know of any trouble—"

"Perfectly reliable. They've all been with us for years, except the butler, Cummings. We are very careful in the employment of our servants."

"How long has Cummings been here?"

"Since last Monday. Patton, our former butler, whose place he took, recommended him highly. He seems trustworthy and capable in every respect."

"I understand, Miss Hadderman, that he removed the body at your father's orders. Have you any idea where he took it?"

"No," she said nervously, regarding me with apprehension. "It—it was a terrible thing to do, Mr. Manning, but—but my father has promised me he'll hire detectives to find out who the murderer is."

I felt like telling her that it was strictly against the law to disturb the remains of a murder victim without proper authority,—that the police should have been notified,—but I reasoned that the information at this late hour would only alarm her, tending to hinder rather than assist my investigation. So I said: "You have described Mr. Trainor to me as dark. The man whom I found dead on the floor of this room did not answer that description in the slightest. He was fair, and the robe and slippers he wore prove conclusively that he was a guest in this house, Miss Hadderman. Who was this man?"

I was watching her closely as I asked the question.

"I am sure I don't know," she replied in even tones. "It frequently happens that my father entertains friends from San Francisco over the week-end. I think he would have told me if he had expected any one—he always does. Besides Mr. Trainor, the only visitor we have had recently was Mr. Bellamy, who remained with us last Saturday and Sunday. Of course, Cummings would know. Would you care to question him?"

I was silent for some moments following this puzzling announcement. As I have said, I was studying her closely, but I did not detect the faintest change in her features—absolutely nothing that would have given me the least reason to doubt her statement. And yet, I somehow felt that she was misleading me. I don't know why, but I got the idea that she knew more about the tragedy than she admitted.

"And so you're positive that you do not suspect who the dead man is?—that your father did not have a guest whose presence in the house he desired to keep secret—some one who may have come in your absence at the Laurel Club? The corpse was clad in a robe and slippers, Miss Hadderman," I persisted.

SHE frowned. "I can't quite understand your insinuations, Mr. Manning. Don't you think you are unfair to me, under the circumstances? I am not compelled to tell you anything; please remember that. The description you have given me is so general, it means nothing. The man's clothes, of course, would prove that he was staying here. Why question me, if you doubt what I say?"

I could see that she was losing patience with me, and I made a brief apology to her. But I couldn't get rid of the idea that she was putting something over on me.

"Has your father any enemies, Miss Hadderman?" I resumed presently. "I am presuming, for instance, that somebody gained entrance into the house, and, seeing a man sitting in this den, mistook him for Mr. Hadderman—or Mr. Trainor, we'll say—and shot him—"

"My father has no enemies except, perhaps, political ones, and I don't believe they'd stoop to a crime of this sort. As for Mr. Trainor—he's comparatively a stranger in this country."

"One thing more. Hasn't he been rather cautious about keeping his presence here unknown?—I'm speaking of Mr. Trainor. There's been no social announcement in the papers. What is his business?"

It was a wild shot, but its very audacity proved its most telling point. She started slightly, flushed, and averted her eyes. The next instant she was herself again.

"Don't you think it would be more proper to discuss Mr. Trainor's personal affairs with him in person?" she said icily.

I accepted her rebuff in silence, and turned and gazed idly over the den. But I knew I had hit on something. Irene Hadderman was in possession of valuable information—was shielding somebody. Trainor had been no ordinary guest of the Haddermans: of that I was now sure. What secret lay behind his clandestine visit? He had been in hiding! Had some enemy trailed him all the way from the Orient, stealthily entered the house through the living-room window, and shot a man as he sat

reading in the den—the wrong man, in the belief that it was Dick Trainor?

But how about Leythrope's revolver and the monogramed cigarettes? That open window, too—I had quite forgotten its importance till now—set my thoughts off on a tangent, shocked me like a slap from a wet towel. It scrapped my strong suspicions against Clem Leythrope as the man who wielded the muffled revolver. For the life of me, I couldn't visualize the debonair jeweler crawling, gun in hand, over a window-sill. That was a yeggman's way of doing a bloody job. On the other hand, might not Leythrope have descended to just such tactics to ward off suspicion? But would he—this man with whom I had always been on the friendliest terms—summon me to his home in the dead of night, request a favor of me, and deliberately follow and shoot at me—attempt to murder me? It was utterly beyond belief. If not he, then certainly some one connected with his household, as proved by the revolver and cigarettes, I decided.

LOOKING back, I have often wondered whether Cummings wasn't more than right when he called me a bonehead. I should have placed more significance on that open window than I did. What I had really done was to tackle the blind side of the mystery, and it was largely due to things going my way that I managed to solve it as suddenly as I did. For I found out next day that if I had followed those muddy tracks I saw on the portico they would have led me straight to the man I sought.

However, just now I let my eyes roam searchingly over the den again. My glance fell on Hadderman's flat-top desk. The light from the desk lamp was reflected against the polished black surface, and in that bright reflection I saw a spot of ink about the size of a small pea. I bent over and touched it. It was not quite dry and left a faint smudge on my finger. Looking closer, I saw other spots, smaller—and a streak of the dry fluid hardly visible against the dark wood. It looked as if a pen had been flung upon the desk, smearing the top as it rolled. My eyes followed its course, and rested on a fountain-pen, minus its cap, lying unobtrusively beside the heavy glass ink-stand. I reached over and picked it up—an expensive gold-mounted holder. Its point was bent out of shape, beyond repair. Irene, who had been standing silently watching me, now came forward and gazed curiously at it. I turned to her, and, interpreting my look, she said:

"It's not my father's. I made him a birthday present of the one he carries, and I'd recognize it."

The missing cap was of considerable importance, and I hunted for it in the hope of being able to establish the ownership of the pen through it. I found it presently, lodged between the seat cushion and an arm of one of the Morris chairs, and it required no great stretch of my imagination to tell me that that particular chair was the one out of which the murdered man had slipped dying to the floor. But the cap gave me no clue.

"I have never seen it before," I heard Irene say.

I paid her no heed. Right then I was cudgeling my brain for an explanation of why that fountain-pen had been used and thrown point down on the desk—violently, from its appearance. And I remembered the maroon-colored book I had noticed on the floor alongside the desk when I first entered the den that night. Instantly the explanation came: Hadderman's guest, dying alone, had penned some last message in that book! Attempting to place the open volume on the desk hardly an arm's-length away, so that it might not escape attention, it had slipped out of his hands and driven the pen-point into the hard wood, knocking it out of the lifeless fingers.

I stepped over to the book-shelves, which rose six-high on three sides of the room, and began a hasty search for the volume. I wasn't long in finding it, where Cummings had hurriedly laid it on top of its fellows. I could even distinguish on the dull red binding dark daubs that the police department later proved to be the dead man's bloody finger-marks. The title struck me at the time as oddly significant—"The Subterranean Brotherhood," by Hawthorne, a fascinating work on the horrors of prison life.

Irene was gazing at me, and there was fearful inquiry in her eyes. I opened the book—rather, it opened to a number of dog-eared pages facing the front cover. Believe me, I fairly devoured the score or more words written on that cover in the wretched scrawl of a hand at grips with death! And, as if by magic, the whole intangible mystery—lacking some minor details—cleared as I read. My theories and suspicions blew up like so many soap-bubbles. I snapped the book shut and slipped it into the pocket of my rain-coat.

"I'm borrowing 'The Subterranean Brotherhood,' Miss Hadderman," I said curtly, and added: "Why have you been leading me to believe that Mr. Bellamy wasn't still a guest in this house? What was your object?"

"He is not!" she flung back spiritedly. "He has moved—"

"Moved? Where?" I burst out.

"To the residence next to us on the west—the Jasper Prevost home. There's a path leading through the hemlocks—"

She said something else, but I wasn't listening. I grabbed the telephone and rang up police headquarters.

"Manning speaking, cap. Murder case. Rush a couple of men out, will you—to the Hadderman mansion, Newport Boulevard? Speed them up—we may be too late, as it is," I jerked out, when the night captain answered.

"Who's killed, Mannin'?"

"A big gun, I think. I'll give you full particulars and all the evidence I have later. Make it snappy, cap."

"Comin' up— Hold the line a moment!" he called, as I started to hang up. The next instant another voice came over the wire:

"Hello, Lest! This is Barnacles. So you put it over, eh?"

"I'll say so! What are you doing up at this hour? Drop out here, if you're not busy."

"Big smuggling story breaking. Got a quiet tip that Treasury Department agents are detaining your friend Hadderman at the custom-house—giving him a secret grilling. I piled out of bed, verified the tip, and tried to get in touch with you. They lured him from home—faked a 'phone call to the Casa Grande, I hear. Trying to keep the quiz *sub rosa*. Get me? It's a knockout sensation, Lest! And added to yours—boy! Give us the horrible details."

WHILE he was pouring all this into my ear, I was busy drawing certain conclusions with the aid of the evidence I now possessed.

"I believe I know what they're after, Barnacles. He hasn't got them. Come out with the cops and see if I'm not right!" I said briefly.

I could hear the water-front man gasp in amazement.

"What're you giving me! You mean you've— For the love of Pete!" he exploded, and hung up with a bang.

I put down the instrument and looked at Irene. She was gazing at me questioningly, nervously. I confronted her.

"Miss Hadderman, your father is being investigated by the federal authorities on suspicion of being involved in a smuggling ring—"

A cry of dismay broke from her. "Smuggling! It is false! It is—"

"To spare him and yourself humiliation, if not disgrace," I broke in firmly, without taking my eyes from her face, "you'd better let me take those diamonds that Mr. Bellamy gave you to keep for him." I paused. She was staring at me wide-eyed, speechless. "I'll turn them over to the police when they arrive, with a manufactured story of how I found them. That will clear you and your father of all suspicion. You've been imposed upon, Miss Hadderman, by a crook. Those diamonds were smuggled into this country."

Her look changed to one of bewilderment, then to nervous alarm. She faltered at last:

"Mr. Manning, my father knows nothing of this. He must never know! Please promise me that—if I explain the situation to you! Mr. Bellamy insisted so. He said he was fearful of being robbed, and, as we have a secret wall-safe— I didn't for a moment surmise—"

I promised her readily enough, with the result that, when the two plain-clothes men and Barnacles arrived shortly afterward, I was able to hand O'Neill, for delivery to the federal authorities, a small chamois-skin bag containing, as I later learned from the water-front man, something like two hundred thousand dollars in choice cut diamonds.

THE first flush of dawn was in the sky, the air crisp and refreshing after the storm, when the four of us—O'Neill, Dwyer, Barnacles, and I—left the Hadderman mansion. The Jasper Prevost residence—sixty yards or so away—loomed dark through the tops of the hemlock grove. We separated in pairs, Dwyer and Barnacles stealing off toward the street, to approach the dwelling from the front, while O'Neill and I, finding the path Irene had referred to, crept noiselessly away toward the rear.

In the fence was a small gate that divided the two properties, and we had just reached it when, from the direction of the Prevost house, a man appeared, coming toward us at a rapid stride. We both crouched, one on each side of the path, and waited for him. I thought I recognized Cummings' angular shape against the sky—but I instantly saw my mistake. This man was in street attire—white-collared, wearing a light tailored overcoat. As he opened the gate, O'Neill rose suddenly, revolver in hand.

"Just a minute, friend!" he commanded in low tones. He blinked his flash into the other's face. "Who're you? Where're you going?"

The man started at the abruptness of the action. He was a florid-faced, carefully groomed individual of middle age, with lusterless blue eyes and severe, thin lips. I could see that he was in the grip of excitement that even the shock of being confronted by a man with a pistol did not entirely suppress. O'Neill now displayed his star, and the fellow burst out:

"I'm—my name is John Patton, officer. I—Mr. Bellamy, my master, has been murdered, sir. I just found him shot through the head, lying on the dining-room floor. I have been downtown all evening, and—I am on my way to call Mr. Hadderman. Oh, I should have returned earlier!" he groaned. "I shouldn't have stayed—"

"Never mind that now," broke in the detective unsympathetically. "Let's see the body."

As Patton turned and led the way along the path for the gloomy dwelling, O'Neill asked: "You say you just got home?"

"Yes, sir. Not more than five minutes ago. This being my night off, I attended a party. If I'd only come home, as I had intended, this—this—" His voice trembled and he stopped speaking.

"Got any idea who killed him? Did he have any trouble with any one? Got any suspicions?" rapped out O'Neill, nudging me in the ribs.

"No, sir. I'm at a loss to account for this horrible thing. It—it looks as if the body was brought into the house. There are no indications of a struggle—no blood on the floor. The side door was unlocked. I—I don't understand it."

"WELL?" yawned Coles, city editor of the *Morning Times*, sitting in his pajamas on the edge of the bed.

It was several hours later,—ten o'clock, to be specific—and Barnacles and I were in the Coles apartment, at a table on which was a percolator of coffee which the thoughtful Mrs. Coles had provided for her early-morning visitors. I hadn't had a wink of sleep all night, and I couldn't say much more for Barnacles, with whom I had doubled up on the last lap of the case, piecing together the stray ends which we found led from the water-front to the restricted residential district of Progressville.

I had just finished giving Coles a rough outline of the Bellamy murder mystery, as solved. I now brought forth the maroon-colored volume I had brought away from Hadderman's den, opened it at the dog-eared pages, and silently passed it over to him. He sat, a frown on his face, deciphering Ralph Bellamy's dying scrawl, which I herewith reproduce word for word:

Patton my butler shot me for diamonds gave your daughter keep for me smuggled cause you trouble if you notify brother Orvis Bellam·· Seattle regret please forgive

RALPH BEL

"H'm!" grunted Coles, as he closed the book. "Got it all down, didn't he? But how do you explain—"

"I'll explain everything," I broke in, lighting a cigarette. "In the first place, Patton protested his innocence until the police flashed that book on him; then he broke down and made a complete confession, and was formally charged with murder. The facts in the case are these:

"Ralph Bellamy, former cashier of a Hongkong bank, arrived here on the steamer *Korea* a week ago Friday, bringing letters of introduction to Hadderman and spending the week-end with the banker. The following Monday, hearing that the Prevost residence was vacant,—the family is wintering in New York,—he rented it and moved in.

"Meanwhile John Patton, Hadderman's butler, had surprised Bellamy one night looking over a quantity of unmounted diamonds, and, having read rumors of diamond-smuggling in the papers,—Barnacles had two stories some time ago, you'll remember,—his suspicions as to Bellamy's business were aroused. So, when the latter occupied the Prevost house, Patton cunningly quit his job, put Cummings in his place, and hired out to Bellamy.

"On Tuesday Dick Trainor, Secret Service operative, became the guest of the Haddermans at the request of Treasury Department officials. The banker and his daughter knew who he was, but not the reason for his presence in their home. Trainor was working on a tip that Bellamy had come to this country to arrange for the disposal of smuggled diamonds—that a big ring, of which Bellamy was one of the heads, was preparing to operate on the Pacific coast, and that he was assuming a high social station chiefly as a means of avoiding suspicion.

"According to Patton's confession, he confronted

Bellamy yesterday afternoon, charged him with smuggling, and demanded half of the diamonds he had seen, under threat of informing the federal authorities. There was a furious quarrel that ended in a fight, in which Patton got the worst of it. He apologized humbly; but he admits that, then and there, he decided to kill Bellamy and rob him of the stones.

"On the other hand, Bellamy apparently became alarmed over his butler's threat to expose him—and dared not fire him for fear he might. He settled on getting the diamonds out of his possession. He thought of the Haddermans. They were above reproach—but he evidently was afraid to confide in the banker. He went to Irene, instead. She says he called at about four o'clock yesterday, and asked her to keep them for him until to-morrow, Monday, when he would rent a safe-deposit box at the bank.

"Up till now, Bellamy had carried the stones in a chamois-skin bag hung around his neck. Patton found that out. Scheming, he struck on an admirable method of converting his future spoils into cash. As Hadderman's butler, he had become fairly well acquainted with Clem Leythrope. A jeweler bought diamonds. Early last evening, as Leythrope was about to leave for the Laurel Club, Patton called. Clem, being a democratic good fellow, treated him to made-to-order smokes, listened while his visitor told him a yarn about a consignment of smuggled diamonds brought into this port by a friend who wanted to dispose of part or the lot at bargain prices. Would Leythrope buy them if he, Patton, brought them there late that night? That was last evening. But Leythrope refused, and wasted no words in telling the man what he thought of his proposition. An important point in the butler's visit is that he slyly helped himself to the jeweler's high-grade smokes.

"Patton returned home, sore. It was just starting to sprinkle. He saw Bellamy hurrying over to Hadderman's by the path—this was about seven-fifteen. Bellamy, it develops, was going to borrow a book, and had not taken time to change from his lounging-robe and slippers.

"PATTON, finding the very opportunity he wanted, followed his employer. Irene Hadderman was going out the front door, bound for the Laurel Club, when Bellamy rang the side-entrance bell, and did not know of his visit. Trainor and the banker were sitting in the den, smoking, and Bellamy was ushered in by Cummings. The three men talked for some time, while Patton watched them through a window. It had begun to storm by now. Hadderman finally went up to his room to get ready for his trip to the Laurel Club, leaving Trainor and Bellamy alone. He was in the midst of his dressing when the telegram arrived for Trainor, and the latter rushed upstairs, said good-by, and hurried away.

"Patton quickly slipped into the little hall, pushed open the door into the den, and shot Bellamy as he sat reading. Both Hadderman and Cummings were upstairs at the time. I can't say why they did not hear the report, except that the fury of the storm drowned it.

"Well, Patton hunted for that chamois-skin bag Bellamy wore around his neck, and didn't find it. Believing his victim dead and fearing discovery, he darted away through the dark part of the mansion for the front, clambered through a living-room window, and made for home over the garden path—reasoning that the murder having occurred in another house, and the fact of the open window, eliminated every possibility of the crime being traced to him. Yet, had I followed those tracks of his on the portico in the first place, I would have come upon him desperately searching for the missing diamonds in the Prevost residence.

"A little later Hadderman, about to leave for the Laurel Club, found Bellamy dead. You may imagine his state of mind. He summoned Cummings, and together they began a frenzied hunt for the murderer—an impetuous, foolish proceeding that may be accounted for solely by the banker's reasonless fear of undesirable publicity. The slamming of the front door that I heard and that led me to investigate was caused by Hadderman rushing outside—Cummings had gone out the back way.

"Questioned by the police, Patton said that he had returned to the mansion some time afterward, being curious to find out what was happening. He saw the arrival of the police, and later overheard Barnacles and me talking when we left the house, gathering enough to satisfy himself that I intended to work on the case. His fears increased, he says. He trailed us downtown, and watched me until I took a taxi for Leythrope's, and, hiring another, followed me. Spying on Leythrope and me, he saw the jeweler show me the revolver. He was piqued at him for his refusal to buy smuggled diamonds, and conceived the idea of revenging himself by throwing suspicion on Leythrope.

"So, when Leythrope accompanied me out to the sidewalk, Patton slipped into the bungalow and got the pistol. Meanwhile he had become alarmed lest I get the goods on him in some way, and decided to put me out of the way quietly. That accounts for him shooting at me with the jeweler's revolver—it had a silencer. In the belief that he had killed me, he took advantage of the excitement that followed the breaking of the window to enter the Hadderman home again, with the intention of planting the evidence against Leythrope—placing the weapon where its discovery would be connected up directly with the Bellamy tragedy.

"This he was preparing to do when Cummings came into the den. Cummings had disappeared,—afraid of getting mixed up in the affair, I guess,—but, from what the prisoner says, he surmised that Patton was the murderer and assisted him in escaping out of the house in the confusion that resulted from my blundering on Cummings in the dark dining-room."

"There's your story," I added, when Coles did not speak. "As to the finger-prints on Leythrope's revolver, they have been established by the identification bureau as Patton's. The half-smoked cigarette I found in the den fell out of his mouth and was forgotten in his desperate search of the chamois-skin bag."

"But how do you explain the desperate stuff Hadderman pulled on you in the den?" asked Coles at last. "Just plain fear of publicity?"

"Plain fear?" chuckled Barnacles. "The old boy is panicky even yet, Jesse—absolutely. Lawrence Hadderman is an unimpeachable name, and he's out to capture the Senatorial toga—don't forget that!"

"Miss Irene's description of Trainor," said I, "was exactly what Trainor had asked the Haddermans to say: it sufficed to explain his presence as their guest. On the other hand, Leythrope's description of Bellamy was that of Trainor. A pardonable mistake, when you consider that Irene had mentioned Bellamy to the jeweler, but that he had never met the man, and, on passing the Hadderman place, had got a glimpse of a stranger—Trainor—and concluded it must be Bellamy."

Coles opened the maroon-colored volume.

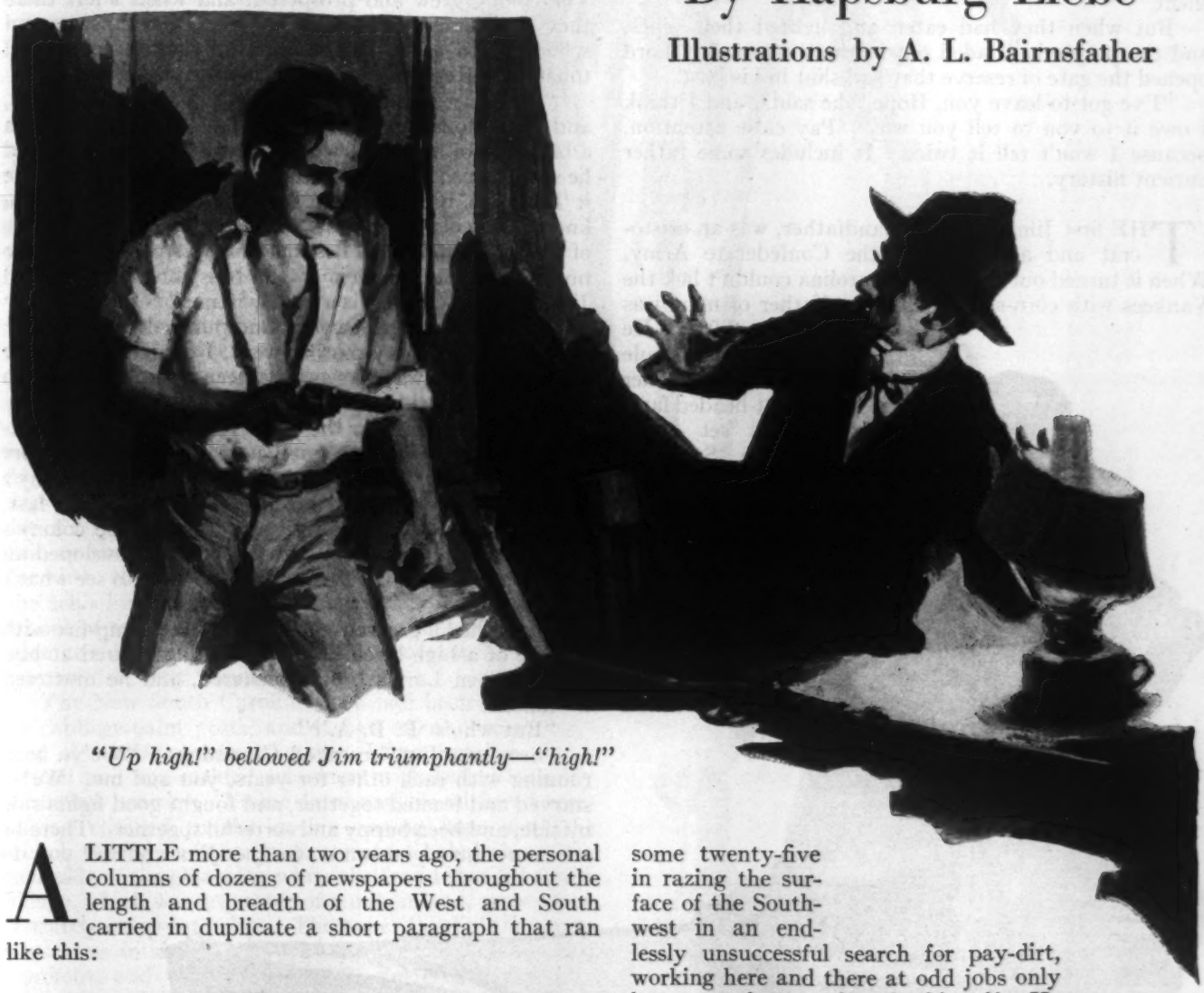
"'The Subterranean Brotherhood,' eh?" he mused. "Looks like the ill-starred Mr. Bellamy had been familiarizing himself with what the future held forth for him. Well, write the story, Lest—and don't lose sight of the fact that the story of the creation of the world was written in six hundred words."

A Battle for a Feudal Island Kingdom in United States Waters Is Vividly Pictured in—

So Passeth the Glory

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by A. L. Bairnsfather



"Up high!" bellowed Jim triumphantly—"high!"

A LITTLE more than two years ago, the personal columns of dozens of newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the West and South carried in duplicate a short paragraph that ran like this:

LORD JIM III—Come home at once or all is lost for you here. Your father very ill and Feagles in revolt. P. B. A.

But "Lord Jim III"—who was known in the hot wilds of the Southwest as plain, fighting Jim Lord—happened to be chasing the rainbow's end over hill and desert, and he didn't get the news until the papers bearing it were twenty months old. He and his partner had stopped at a long unoccupied prospector's hut to spend the night. Cummings found a rumpled and discolored copy of the San Francisco *Sentinel* lying on the dusty earthen floor in a corner; he seized upon the paper eagerly, and began to read aloud to Lord by the fast fading light of day.

"I guess I don't care for that stuff," Lord cut in. "If it's all the same to you, just read to yourself, Hope Eternal."

London's under-world had been witness to the first eighteen years of old Cummings' life; a city in New England had seen the next ten; he had used up the other some twenty-five in razing the surface of the Southwest in an endlessly unsuccessful search for pay-dirt, working here and there at odd jobs only long enough to grub-stake himself. He was little, withered, dried out, a sort of hope-eternal desert rat. From Lower California to Dallas, and from Hermosillo to Denver, men laughed at him but loved him, and called him "Hope Eternal" Cummings.

"Oh, all righty. 'Ere's the want ads." His dialect was a mixture all his own. "I s'pose you don't want I sh'd read them to you, Jim, of course." Five minutes passed; then:

"Say, listen 'ere to this. I wonder can it mean you, Jim. You never would talk no more 'an you had to, which is quare for a young buckster of a man; the most o' them, you know, allus wants to talk their fool heads off—"

"Read it," Jim Lord interrupted impatiently. He had an odd and deep liking for the garrulous old man, but there were times when Cummings got on his nerves. To him speech was usually pewter, and silence forever diamonds.

Cummings read it. Jim Lord, sunburned and stal-

wart, blue-eyed and amazingly quick, swept the yellowed sheet from his partner's hands.

"Nearly two years ago!" he growled. "Well—it's for me, all right. But who on earth is 'P. B. A.'? I don't know anybody back home that's got that bunch of initials, Hope."

After frowning hard upon the paragraph for a moment, he threw the paper down. Then he went outside, made a fire of greasewood sticks, and began to prepare bacon and coffee. Cummings knew from experience that it would avail him nothing to ask questions, so he too was silent.

But when they had eaten and lighted their pipes, and the purple had faded out of the western sky, Lord opened the gate of reserve that had shut in his past.

"I've got to leave you, Hope," he said, "and I think I owe it to you to tell you why. Pay close attention, because I won't tell it twice. It includes some rather ancient history.

"THE first Jim Lord, my grandfather, was an aristocrat and an officer in the Confederate Army. When it turned out that South Carolina couldn't lick the Yankees with corn-stalks, this grandfather of mine was very bitter. He and his people and some other hot-headed families set up a little Southern Confederacy of their own on a big island just north of Cape Sable, on Florida's Gulf coast; they called it New South Carolina. There were thousands upon thousands of low mud-and-mangrove islands in that section, but this particular one was comparatively high and timbered well with pine, and the land was extremely rich. They brought in a sawmill, cut trees into lumber, and built houses to live in; and later they put up a big building that served as a school-house, a church, and a court-house. It flew, and no doubt flies to-day, the battle-flag of the Confederacy—which, all sentiment aside, is the prettiest flag in the world. The colony grew and prospered; and when I left there they had stores and an ice plant and electric lights, and schooners to carry their sugar and syrup, fruits and tobacco to Key West and ports up the coast.

"Well, my grandfather was the high-and-mighty boss, and a man four-square. One fine day, a little sailor with a big sense of humor blew into New South Carolina, and he soon turned my grandfather's name around and made it 'Lord Jim' instead of Jim Lord—very respectfully, you know. The old man rather liked it, since he had a sense of humor himself, and it stuck and was passed down to my father, who fell heir to the boss job; he was Lord Jim II. Jim, you see, is a family name."

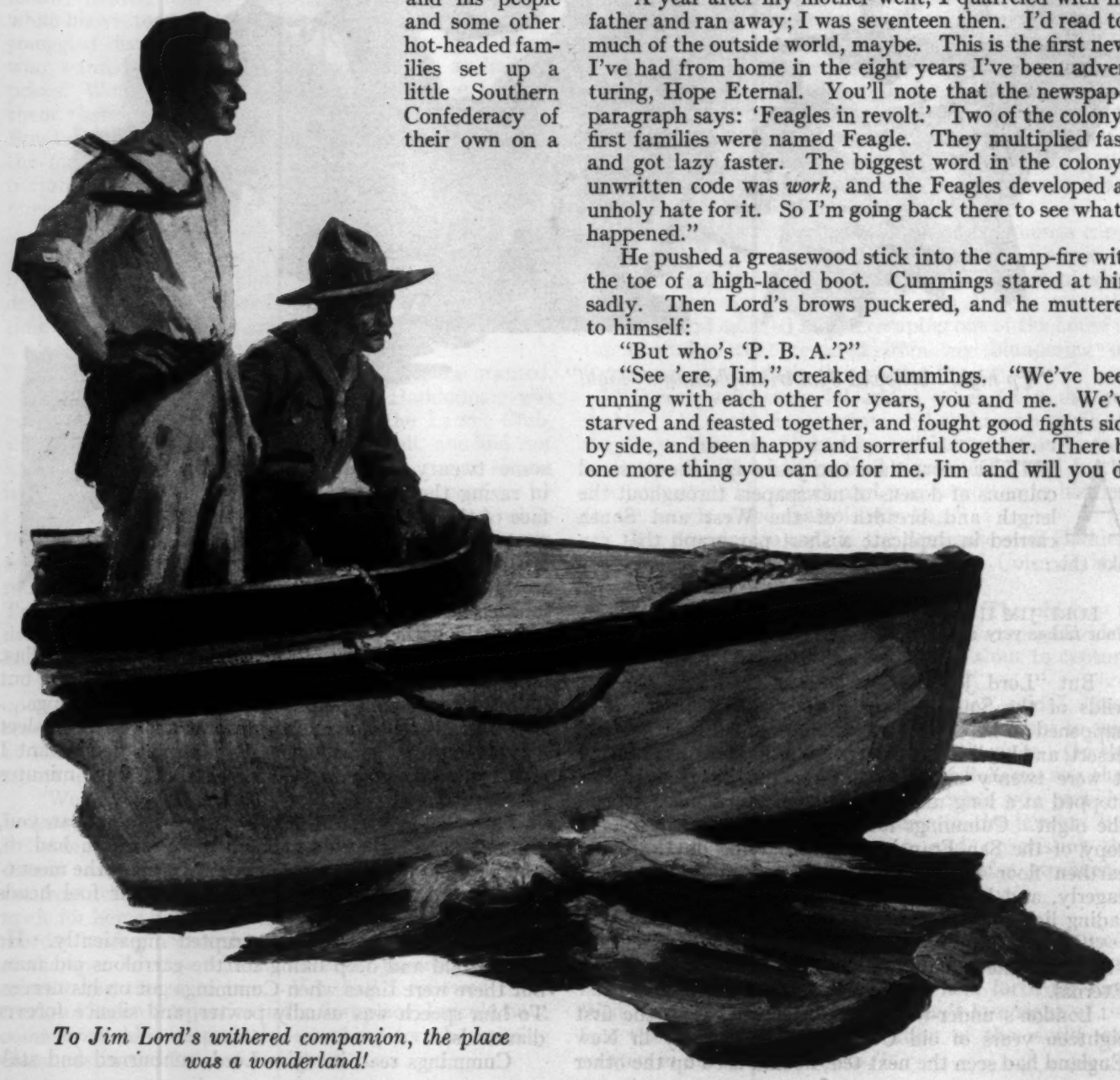
Jim lighted his pipe again, and pursued:

"A year after my mother went, I quarreled with my father and ran away; I was seventeen then. I'd read too much of the outside world, maybe. This is the first news I've had from home in the eight years I've been adventuring, Hope Eternal. You'll note that the newspaper paragraph says: 'Feagles in revolt.' Two of the colony's first families were named Feagle. They multiplied fast, and got lazy faster. The biggest word in the colony's unwritten code was *work*, and the Feagles developed an unholy hate for it. So I'm going back there to see what's happened."

He pushed a greasewood stick into the camp-fire with the toe of a high-laced boot. Cummings stared at him sadly. Then Lord's brows puckered, and he muttered to himself:

"But who's 'P. B. A.'?"

"See 'ere, Jim," creaked Cummings. "We've been running with each other for years, you and me. We've starved and feasted together, and fought good fights side by side, and been happy and sorrerful together. There be one more thing you can do for me. Jim and will you do



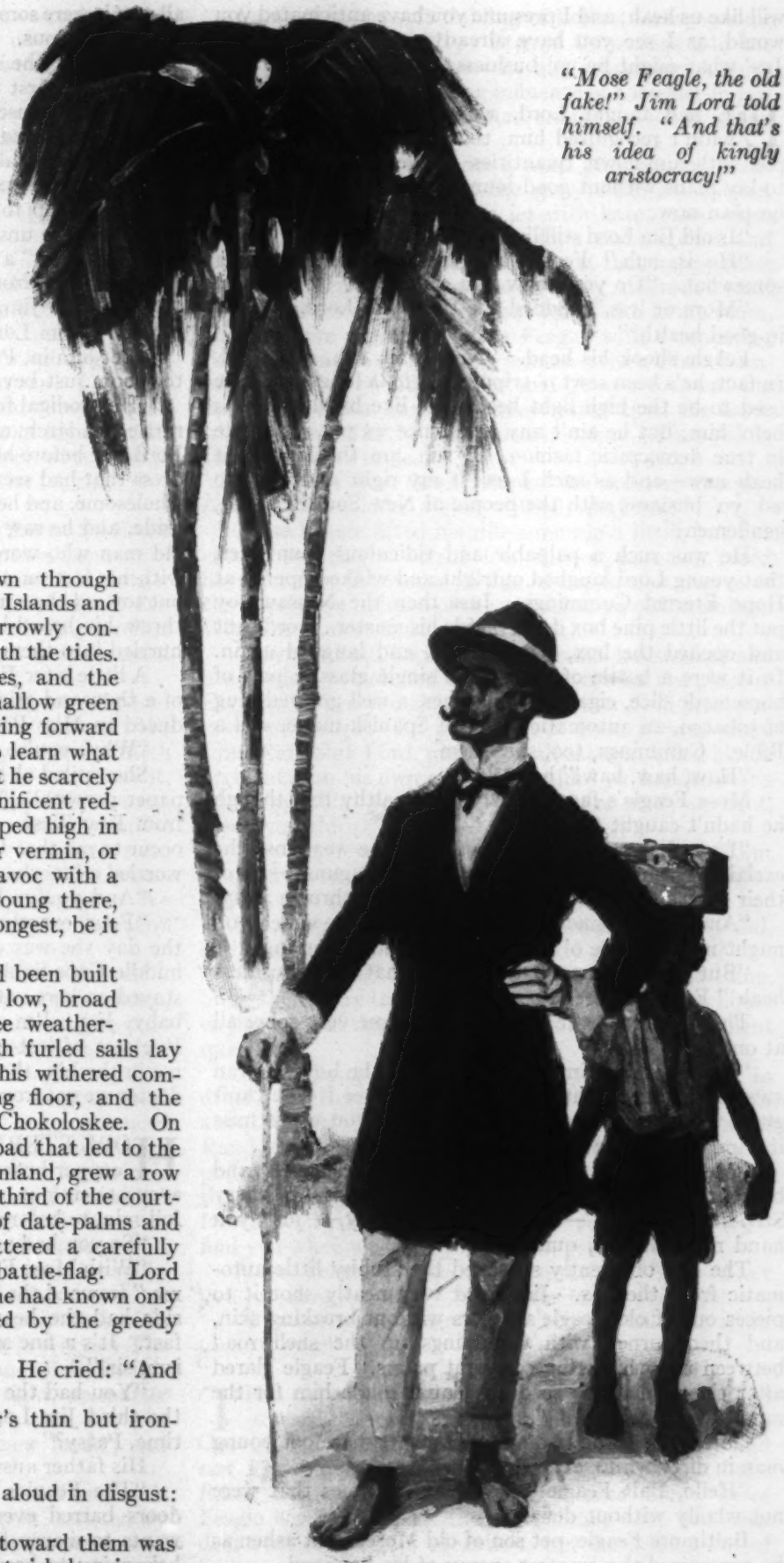
To Jim Lord's withered companion, the place was a wonderland!

it? Pass the old man your word you will, Jim, boy, for old times' sake?"

The eyes of the hope-eternal desert rat shone almost piteously in the fire's flickering light. Jim Lord, ever a creature of impulse, passed his word readily.

"Lemme go with you!" Cummings cried in triumph.

And that's how it came about that Hope Eternal Cummings accompanied Lord Jim III when the latter went back to his old home on the paradisiacal island that his grandfather had christened "New South Carolina."



"Mose Feagle, the old fake!" Jim Lord told himself. "And that's his idea of kingly aristocracy!"

WEEKS were required for the journey, and the fag-end of it had to be made very economically. With the last of their money they hired a small open launch to carry them from Chokoloskee down through Gullivan's Bay and the Ten Thousand Islands and into Lostman's River, a chain of narrowly connected salt-water bays, flowing only with the tides. Grotesque mangroves lined the shores, and the sunlight was dazzling bright on the shallow green waters. Jim Lord, on his feet and facing forward in the launch's bow, was so anxious to learn what had taken place in his long absence that he scarcely saw the great shark that chased a magnificent red-fish, or the monster whipray that leaped high in the air to shake itself free of salt-water vermin, or the school of porpoises that played havoc with a school of fat mullet. The world is young there, even at this late day, and only the strongest, be it man or fish, may survive.

The New South Carolina dock had been built on cabbage-palm posts, and it had a low, broad roof of scrub-palmetto thatch. Three weather-beaten and sun-scalded schooners with furled sails lay at anchor near by. Young Lord and his withered companion climbed to the dock's rotting floor, and the launch turned her nose back toward Chokoloskee. On each side of the glistening white shell road that led to the village, which was a quarter of a mile inland, grew a row of stately cocoanut palms. The upper third of the court-house was in sight above its setting of date-palms and bamboos, and from its spire-pole fluttered a carefully sewn copy of the old Confederacy's battle-flag. Lord noted that a good deal of the land that he had known only as rich cane-fields had been reclaimed by the greedy and inexorable jungle.

To Cummings it was a wonderland. He cried: "And you left this, Jim!"

"Sssh!" Lord gripped his partner's thin but iron-hard arm and whispered:

"Look at that!"

Cummings wheeled, saw, and said aloud in disgust: "Gosh durn!"

Walking like a king of melodrama toward them was an elderly man who lazily but adroitly twirled an ivory-white shark's-backbone cane. He wore a broad-rimmed black hat, a long black coat, a stiff white shirt, and a black string-tie, rumpled white trousers, yellow kid gloves, and—he was barefooted. His eyes were beady and cunning; his iron-gray mustaches were long and straight and waxed sharp at the ends; and the corners of his bestial mouth were stained dark brown with tobacco-juice. Behind him trailed a sleepy-looking Nassau negro boy who had charge of a small pine box with a hinged cover.

"Mose Feagle, the old fake!" Jim Lord told himself suddenly. "And that's his idea of kingly aristocracy!"

"Evenin', gen'lemen," drawled Mose Feagle, his eyes narrowed. "Welcome to New South Ca'lina! I trus' you

will like us heah; and I presume you have anticipated you would, as I see you have already sent yo' boat back. Jus' what might be yo' business, gen'lemen?"

LIFE had taught Lord, who saw that old Feagle hadn't recognized him, that it was better to grapple with unknown quantities as he met them than to lay plans without good foundations; therefore he had no plan now.

"Is old Jim Lord still living?" he asked.

"He is, suh," Feagle answered, his face clouding somewhat. "Do you know him, suh?"

"More or less," nodded the third Jim Lord. "Is he in good health?"

Feagle shook his head. "Not at all, suh, not at all. In fact, he's been sawt o' crippled up fo' a long time. He used to be the high light heah, suh, like his daddy was befo' him; but he ain't any mo', since we put it to vote in true democratic fashion. I, suh, am the high light heah now—and as such I feel it my right and duty to ask yo' business with the people of New South Ca'lina, gen'lemen!"

He was such a palpable and ridiculous counterfeit that young Lord laughed outright and winked openly at Hope Eternal Cummings. Just then the Nassau boy put the little pine box down beside his master. Lord bent and opened the box, straightened, and laughed again. In it were a bottle of rum and a single glass, a pair of homemade dice, cigars and matches, a well gnawed plug of tobacco, an automatic pistol of Spanish make, and a Bible. Cummings, too, saw them.

"Haw, haw, haw!" he cackled.

Mose Feagle's face turned an unhealthy red, though he hadn't caught the point.

"I see that you also, both of you, tote weapons!" he exclaimed asininely, indicating their "six-guns"—all of their desert outfit that they hadn't sold or thrown away.

"And we also knows how to handle 'em—which you might make a note o' that," grinned old Cummings.

"But you ain't nary one told me what is yo' business heah!" Feagle exploded.

The younger of the newcomers became very sober all at once.

"I'm the third Jim Lord," he said, "the boy who ran away from here eight years ago. Now see if you can't guess what my business is—I'm betting you won't miss it a mile, you rotten old fake!"

"Me?" Feagle jerked himself up in surprise and blistering hot anger at the epithet. "*Me?* Rassy Step-and-Fetch-It,"—to the Nassau boy,—"jus' you hand me that gun, quick!"

The boy obediently snatched the stubby little automatic from the box. Jim Lord very neatly shot it to pieces out of old Feagle's fingers without breaking skin, and then turned with Cummings up the shell road between the whispering cocoanut palms. Feagle glared after them in a rage so deep that it made him for the moment speechless.

On the road, the two met a stalwart, barefoot young man in dirty white, even to his Panama hat.

"Hello, Balt Feagle!" Lord said in tones that were not wholly without defiance.

Baltimore Feagle, pet son of old Mose, went ashen as he recognized the greatest enemy of his boyhood.

"Jim Lord!" he muttered darkly.

"Correct," Lord replied. "That's why I'm here."

They hastened on to the village, which was set in one great bower of tropical beauty—palms of a dozen kinds, stately bamboos and plantains, golden allamanda and pink hibiscus, purple bougainvillea and flaming bignonia. Old Cummings, rat of the desert, beheld it all as if it were some dreamed-of promised land, and forgot to be garrulous. People eyed them curiously as they passed along the single broad street, but Lord did not stop: he had first to see his father.

The old house looked a little dilapidated, but the flowers in the yard and the snowy curtains at the windows and the comfortable veranda rockers with their freshly laundered tidies gave it a most inviting appearance. The two walked up to the front door, and the younger man rapped a trifle unsteadily.

"Who is it?" a feminine voice, which to Jim Lord was strange, asked from within. It upset Lord, somehow.

"It's me—Jim," he answered, flushing boyishly under his tan. "Jim Lord III, you know—"

"Let him in, Patsy!" came, in rather weak bass, from the room just beyond the door. "It's our Jim."

The prodigal felt a throb of gratitude. There was the rattle of a latch, and the door swung open quickly. Jim Lord saw before him a slender young woman in a percale dress that had seen some repair. She was handsome and wholesome, and he liked her instantly. Then she stepped aside, and he saw his father, a huge and gaunt and gray old man who wore a pointed beard, sitting in a rocker, with his feet on a low stool. The feeble old arms came out toward the son of the house, and the son of the house threw his broad-brimmed Stetson hat to the floor and hurried into them blindly.

A little later Jim Lord III and his wizened companion of a thousand grim days and nights were properly introduced to Miss Patsy Belle Alderson.

"Why, you're 'P. B. A.'! " Lord, Junior, exclaimed.

She smiled at him. "You mean—oh, I see! the newspaper personal. Yes I'm 'P. B. A.' That was sent out from Key West. I felt that I knew you, Jim; it didn't occur to me that I was a total stranger to you. We were worried a lot when we sent that out, you see."

"And you've been here two years?"

"Four, exactly," said old Jim Lord. "We found her, the day she was eighteen, on a sinking Key Wester off middle Cape Sable. All her folks had been lost, and she stayed on here with me. Waits on me just as if I were a baby, Jim. I'm old and pretty badly crippled up now; I've sort of lost my grip on things. Mose Feagle shot me in the hip, the day after the election, and the tourist doctor we got from Chokoloskee couldn't find the bullet."

HOPE ETERNAL CUMMINGS dropped an itching copper-brown hand to the butt of his worn but still accurate six-gun. Young Lord's jaw set hard. It was a full minute before he spoke.

"So you had an election," he remarked.

"With Mose Feagle running for the leadership against me," frowned the old Southerner. "Of course, the Feagle side had the heavier vote, since they've multiplied so fast. It's a fine sample of—er—a certain kind of socialism, sir!"

"You had the door barred when we came," observed the third Jim Lord. "Must you bar the doors in daytime, Patsy?"

His father answered for her:

"The Feagles are so bad that we usually keep the doors barred even in the day-time, son. Balt Feagle wants to marry Patsy, you see. He's been telling that he's going to have her, whether she wants him or not! The rest of our people, Jim, have suggested our leaving here and going back to old South Carolina. But I won't go, and they won't go without me. I reckon I've got too much of your granddad in me, son. We'd have fought the Feagles if it hadn't been for our women-folks and if there'd been any hope at all of our winning out. The women would be in a bad fix here, with their men killed

off, as you can see for yourself; therefore we couldn't risk fighting. So we've dragged on, sitting on our volcano, swallowing our pride, doing the best we've been able. I can't imagine where it will end!"

Jim Lord III was pacing the floor now. "How many men of the Feagle crowd?" he asked suddenly.

"Forty-one," said Patsy Alderson—apparently she had already figured that out. "And nineteen—with you and your friend making twenty-one—able-bodied men of the Lords."

"Not so bad," smiled Lord, Junior.

Hope Eternal Cummings, who had been keeping silent only by a supreme effort, shot to his feet and pointed to his god.

"Him, he's six men when it comes to fighting, Miss! And I believe I've seen him when he was ten! I'm all o' two myself, and that makes us easy twenty-seven. And Jim and me we've got our shirts full o' cottridges for our gats, too, Miss. I say, Jim, listen 'ere: when you're ready to give the war-whoop, just you let 'er rip!"

RELATIVES and friends began to gather at the house of old Jim Lord. Cummings shone as a narrator of far Western experiences, in which he featured his partner in ultra-stellar rôles, while Jim Lord III writhed in discomfiture. Then plans for ridding New South Carolina of its undesirable element were proposed and discussed from all angles.

"None of that is the proper thing," the deposed leader decided finally. "We must not be unjust. We can't run the Feagles away from all they've got on earth without paying them for it, and we can't afford to buy it. Not that they'd appeal to outside law; there's been some killings among them, and they've been running rum for years—there's more money in making cane into rum, Jim, than there is in making it into sugar and molasses. They'd never touch outside law, anyway, I guess. We must keep them and force them to abide by correct laws of our own. Now, listen, son—"

Old Jim Lord's eyes flashed a little as he went on:

"Son, you've inherited the leadership of this colony, and you'll get as much support as we're able to give you. As for democracy and the election of old Mose—when the majority is made up of men like the Feagle crowd, it shouldn't rule! We'll leave everything to your good judgment and your courage, Jim, and you're going to need an immense amount of good judgment and even more courage. Don't allow yourself to forget that for a single moment. If anybody objects to anything I've said, I want to know it now instead of later. Well?"

After a tiny period of time in which the falling of a pine-needle would almost have made a noise, he spoke again, and more solemnly even than before:

"Jim, you're the law and the enforcement thereof in New South Carolina. There is no other law here. The State of Florida has never meddled in our affairs in this little back o' beyond. Do what seems right, no matter what the cost."

The others shook hands with the new leader, and pledged themselves.

Night fell, and lights were turned on; one of the Lords still ran the electric plant. Patsy Alderson, assisted by half a dozen housewives, had put two tables end to end in the big old dining-room and on them had placed snowy linen and a bountiful supper. Jim Lord III carried his father's easy-chair and his father in it, and set them at the head of the double table, and the one-time governor of the colony offered a grateful prayer over the food in lieu of grace—a prayer that kept the rest of them looking toward their plates after he had given the final word.

Came then the soft tinkling of knives, forks, spoons, and chinaware. Old Hope Eternal Cummings told the world's most ancient joke—the one concerning Adam's being free of the devastating influence of a mother-in-law—and the diners therein found an excuse for laughing emotion's mists away.

A Nassau negro boy with a small pine box under his arm waited like a post at the gate, while his master, whose eyes were as black as jet with hate, stood close against one of the screened windows and watched and cursed in whispers all those who sat at that happy feast within. When it was almost over, Patsy Alderson looked by chance toward the door that led to the living-room, and saw him there, old Mose Feagle, with a repeating rifle in his hands. The young woman went white. Cummings noted her sudden pallor, and his eyes followed the line of her frozen gaze until they rested upon the hard, still face framed in the living-room doorway. Then young Jim Lord saw Feagle.

"Put that gun down, Hope!" he ordered sharply. And, to the unbidden visitor: "Well, what is it?"

Mose Feagle lifted his rifle's muzzle a little, but not enough to bring a woman into danger; he never could have brought the weapon's line of fire to that degree of elevation alive because of the watchfulness of Cummings. With the utmost defiance he spoke:

"My son Balt, he was hid under this house heah and heard what you-all had to say about riddin' the place o' Feagles. When you gits ready fo' another Civil War, jus' crack yo' whips! I'll put about a dozen o' you where I put Randolph Lord, which you-all thought killed hisself accidental on his own gun! I'm callin' yo' hands; that's why I'm tellin' you this. When you're ready to fight, crack yo' whips!"

"My nephew Randolph—" Jim Lord II choked out (he had loved the youth, boon companion of his son)—"Mose, you say *you* killed Randolph?"

Feagle swelled with villainous pride. "I sho'ly did, suh; and jus' what are you goin' to do about it, suh?"

Fingers itched for triggers at this insufferable thing, but—there were the women. It was the son of the house of Jim Lord II that answered Feagle's more than insolent question:

"We'll hang you, just as they hang murderers in other countries; that's exactly what we are going to do about it, *suh!* You've already confessed to the killing of Ran Lord, not to mention another killing or two that you pulled off, to say nothing of your shooting my father in the hip when you knew very well he was unarmed; therefore it won't be necessary to give you a trial. We'll find you when we want you. Now, get out!"

Mose Feagle laughed unpleasantly. "Why don't you jus' hang me now? What's the use o' waitin'?"

"Because we're not a mob. Must I tell you again to clear out?"

THE old villain laughed again, turned and walked toward the front, making no sound on his bare feet. One of the Lords followed him to the veranda, and saw him moving down the street, with patient little Rassy Step-and-Fetch-It trailing behind him. Mose Feagle was heading for the big building that had been dedicated to worship, education, and the dealing out of never-swerving justice tempered always with mercy, and which now was a dirty gambling-hole.

The diners rose from the table—the men ready to go to any end that their extremity might call for, the women uneasy but brave enough—and made their way back into the living-room. Five more minutes, and there came through the velvety tropical night a peculiar message from the old brass church bell that

hung under the big building's Confederate battle-flag:

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Jim Lord III looked toward his father, who told him:

"As maybe you will remember, son, that's a distress signal, whether made with rifle or bell. Mose Feagle is calling his clan. Hardly any one but the Feagles uses our desecrated court-house now. It seems that the game's beginning; better get into it!"

Young Lord beckoned to Hope Eternal Cummings, and Cummings, bright-eyed and eager, hastened to him. The two held a whispered conversation, after which Lord addressed the others quietly:

"Get weapons and watch the court-house, but be careful that no Feagle sees you. Don't come until we call to you to come."

With old Cummings hurrying joyously along at his side, he stole from the house into the darkness.

MOSE FEAGLE switched on the lights in the one great room, and ensconced himself vaingloriously in a chair behind a table on a low platform that lay across the room's back end. The Nassau boy silently took his place at his master's side, and put the pine box at his bare feet.

"Rassy Step-and-Fetch-It," growled old Feagle, "I want you to po' me a jolter."

The boy opened the box. A moment, and the usurper had a glass tumbler brimming with rum in his hand. He put his rifle on the table before him, and drained the last lone drop of the fiery liquor as if it had been water.

While he waited, the old rascal chewed tobacco furiously, spitting amberish streaks to right and to left.

She was handsome and wholesome, and Jim Lord liked her instantly

Before long his kinsmen and their friends, barefooted and sunburned men in faded khaki and dirty white, began to come in by ones and twos and threes, each armed with a rifle, a shotgun, or a revolver, and a machête; news of the third Jim Lord's return had traveled fast.

"Set down," their leader ordered, with an air of gravity that he thought was compelling, as they crossed the threshold. "Set down and be still."

The forty seated themselves, largely on the small of their backs, on the old wooden benches. Mose Feagle rose behind the table, cleared his throat, and tilted his broad-brimmed black hat on one side of his head.

"Well," said he, "as I reckon you-all knows, young Jim Lord has come back heah to raise a heap o' trouble. He jus' told me I was sho'ly to hang fo' the killin' o' Randolph Lord. It ain't any secret that I killed Randolph; amongst you-all it ain't, anyway. Am I to be hung fo' doin' it? Am I?"

A withered and sunburned old man holding a six-gun at a ready stepped into the doorway at that psychological moment, and cried out, before any of the Feagles could make answer:

"You bet your life you are!"

The Feagle chief stared in amazement at the figure in the doorway. The other Feagles snapped their heads around and stared also. Old Mose reached toward the table for his rifle. A slug of .45 lead tore from the weapon in Hope Eternal's hand, and the usurper's hat jumped a little.

"Put 'em up, everybody!" Cummings commanded. "Up—up!"

At that instant Jim Lord III sprang to the platform behind Mose Feagle by way of a rear window. He, too, held a six-gun at a ready.

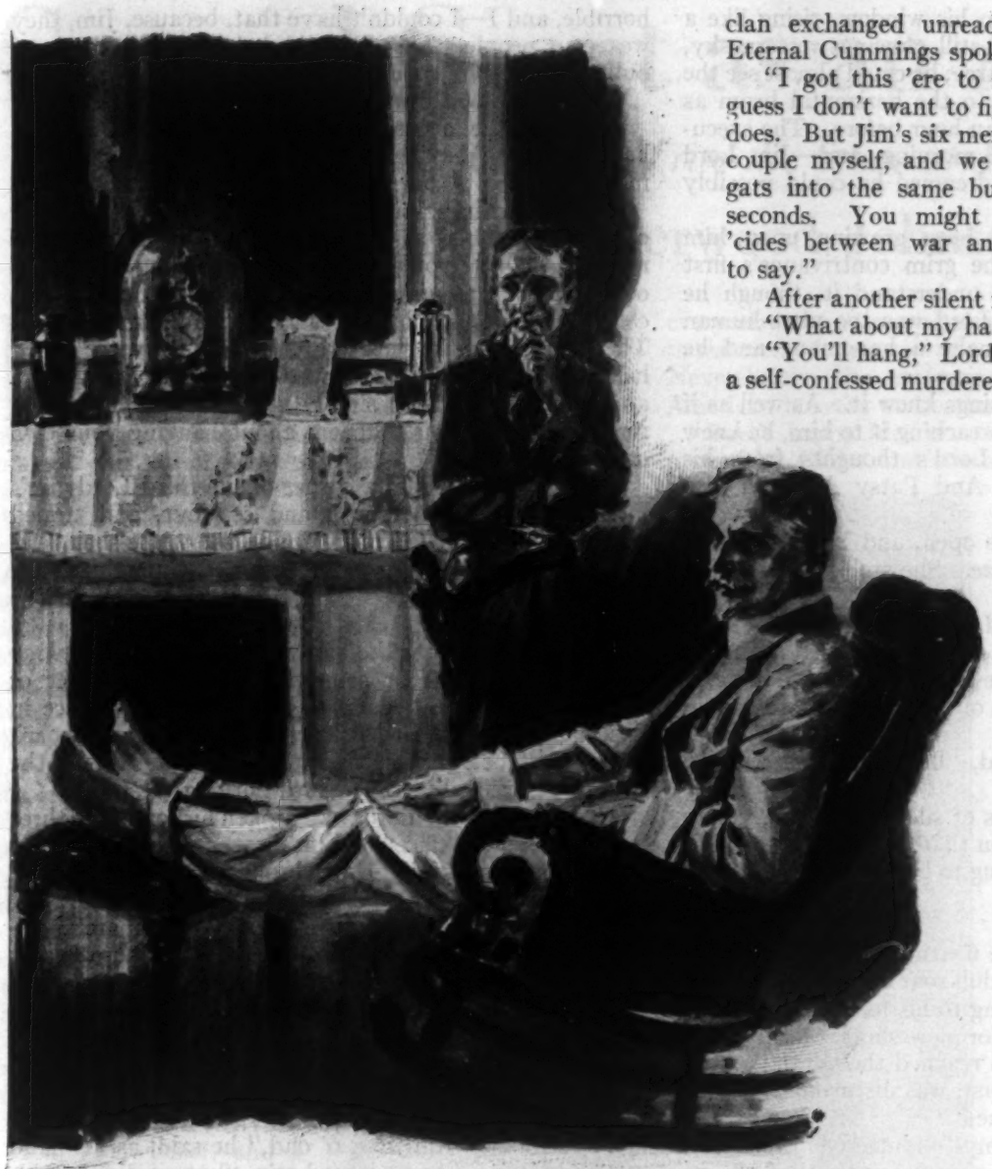
"Up high!" he bellowed triumphantly—"high!"

THEY had the drop perfectly from front and rear. Forty-one men reached obediently toward the ceiling, and it was the leader of the Feagles that led the movement.

"Now, Hope," Lord said grimly, "I'll watch them while you take up the collection."

Cummings carried armload after armload of weapons and stacked them on the platform in a corner. When it was finished, the Feagles were permitted to lower their hands, and old Mose and little Rassy were directed to sit on one of the benches.

Jim Lord III stood behind the table, took off his hat, and began to talk. It ran itself into a lecture on economic conditions—the evils of ignorance and its brother, degeneracy; the utter hopelessness of even a colony's future without the balance-wheel of just laws; the whys and wherefores of the falling of great nations—a lecture



"She's been here four years," said old Jim; "we found her on a sinking ship"

that kept old Cummings' mouth hanging open and that surprised Lord himself.

Following this came a denunciation of the Feagle chief for his crimes. Baltimore Feagle fidgeted nervously, while his father sat as still as a stone and gradually turned a sickly white. Their kinsmen and friends did not appear to be altogether unimpressed by the arguments of the bronzed and stalwart young man on the platform. Lord saw this, and he hastened to drive more truths home with a verve that was almost cyclonic:

"Men, we were born without being asked whether we wanted to be born. That's our first claim on mortal and immortal happiness. God Almighty owes us happiness, and we can have it, but not without justice at the helm of our little ship of state. I inherited the leadership of this colony from my father, who had inherited it from his father, who founded New South Carolina. I'm going to be absolutely square. The old order of things, with its school for the children and its church for everybody, without any rum-running out of here to get us into trouble with the United States government, is coming back! It's yours without war if you want it. That's for you to decide. If anybody's got anything to say, I want to hear it right now. I'll consider anything you suggest."

He stepped back from the table. For a moment there was a dead silence, during which Mose Feagle and his clan exchanged unreadable glances. Then Hope Eternal Cummings spoke:

"I got this 'ere to say about fighting, men. I guess I don't want to fight, no more than Jim there does. But Jim's six men when he's r'iled, and I'm a couple myself, and we both of us can empty our gats into the same bullet-hole in less'n six little seconds. You might remember that when you 'cides between war and peace. That's all I got to say."

After another silent moment, Mose Feagle asked: "What about my hangin'?"

"You'll hang," Lord answered quickly. "You're a self-confessed murderer, and you'll hang. It's law."

"Jus' s'pose," drawled Mose Feagle, "yo' own daddy was to commit mudder; what about that?"

Jim Lord went pale at the thought, took a step forward, and crashed a fist down on the table.

"I'd hang him!" he fairly shouted.

The usurper beckoned his Nassau boy to him, took a cigar from the pine box, and lighted it with fingers that were not quite steady. Then he let his gaze roam searchingly over the faces of his clansmen. They gave no sign that Jim Lord was able to read. If old Feagle expected better support, he didn't show it. He laughed lazily.

"When does I bump off?" he asked Lord.

The answer came at once:

"As soon as the gallows can be built. We're no mob, as I believe I told you before. We'll hold you prisoner until we're ready for you. The others may go when they like, and they needn't worry about their weapons."

Cummings shoved his revolver's muzzle almost against the pit of Mose Feagle's stomach and ordered him not to move—an order that was not disobeyed. The rest of the Feagles rose and filed slowly out without a word, and Lord wondered more than ever.

"You jus' wait!" snapped the prisoner. "Befo' another day has passed, you-all will smell burnin' brimstone!"

HE was separated from his Nassau servant and placed in the hold of one of the sun-warped schooners for safe keeping, and a guard that included Hope Eternal Cummings was placed on the deck above him. The captured weapons of the Feagles were hidden in an old sugar-mill. A squad of eight of Jim Lord's men patrolled the village until daybreak, watching for incendiarism.

On the following morning an old-fashioned gallows-tree and scaffold began to rise to the rear of the courthouse. The Feagles were still nowhere in evidence, a thing that puzzled the Lords much. Rassy, the Nassau boy, sat on his pine box and watched the flash of hammer and saw about the scaffold timbers with wide eyes and hanging lip. He, too, was puzzled.

Young Jim Lord sat alone in his bedroom in the early

darkness. He could see from his window, rising like a huge inverted L against the still glowing western sky, the upper half of the gallows-tree; he could almost see the rope that had been knotted to the horizontal beam as the finishing touch less than an hour before. The execution was to take place next morning, and—Jim Lord dreaded it as he had never dreamed he could possibly dread anything.

The curious feeling had been growing upon him ever since the driving of the grim contrivance's first nail. He couldn't begin to understand it, though he was sure he wasn't afraid. Lord was too ultra-human and big of heart ever to make a hangman—and he didn't know it.

But Hope Eternal Cummings knew it. As well as if his god had spent an age in preaching it to him, he knew it. He had been reading Lord's thoughts from his countenance all that day. And Patsy Alderson also knew.

The door of his room was open, and Patsy saw him sitting like an image in bronze. She stole up beside his chair.

"Jim," she half whispered, "it's terrible, but it's got to be done. Remember that the bravest men are those who overcome the most before they can do brave things."

Her hand was on the arm of his chair. He took it in his and held it tight.

"I hate the job," he said, "but I'll go on with it, of course."

Then, after a few seconds of silence: "Patsy, you're the only woman I've ever seen that made me even think of marrying. I guess I'm going to have to ask you sometime, Patsy."

AT that instant there came floating up from the dock on the night breeze the dull roar of a six-gun. Lord released the girl's hand, sprang to his feet, and hastened out to the veranda, listening for more shots. None came. Just then one of his kinsmen reached the veranda steps with news that, to say the least, was disturbing:

"The Feagle guns are gone!"

"Score one for the enemy!" muttered Jim Lord. "Well, spread the news, and give the order that all our women and children and old men must be aboard the schooner *Jackson*, with emergency rations, as soon as it's possible for them to get there. The Feagles are not likely to start anything until we begin the hanging of old Mose; but it's best to be on the safe side. I'm going down to the dock to investigate that shot I heard a moment ago."

Jim hurried along the shadowy street, his six-gun in his hand. A few minutes later he was calling out to the prison schooner, and the voice of Cummings answered somewhat bleakly.

"The Feagles have their guns," said Lord—"what were you shooting at, Hope Eternal?"

After a moment Cummings' voice replied:

"So the Feagles has their guns! I sent the rest o' the guard home to supper, Jim, and I guess I purty much played the dickens here. Old Feagle cussed out every Lord by name, including the wimmen, something awful horrible, and I—I couldn't have that, because, Jim, they was your people. I wonder didn't he want to die by a bullet instead of a rope? I don't know. He's dead."

Lord bit blood from his lip.

"Hope," he accused hoarsely, "you shot him to keep me from having to hang him at sunrise in the morning!"

Old Cummings laughed dully, queerly. "Wimmen comes to conclusions that way, Jim," he said in soft reproof. "Don't you see, you'll have to hang *me* instead o' Mose Feagle at sunrise in the morning? The Feagles'll call it murder, and nothing can't convince 'em different. Them having their guns like this, don't you see you'll have to hang me to save a wholesale killing? Buck up and be a man; you've simply got to do it, Jim! You remember what you told 'em about hanging your own daddy, don't you?"

Blood trickled from a corner of the third Lord Jim's mouth. He tried to speak and couldn't, and turned toward the village. Behind him on the white shell road between the whispering palms followed Cummings, old, bent, withered.

MIDNIGHT saw the sun-warped schooner *Jackson* dropping anchor somewhere near the center of Lostman's Big Bay, which was merely a wide place in Lostman's River. Her passengers crowded her starboard rail and listened anxiously for the sounds of shots in the eastern distance, but they heard nothing.

The leader of the Lords had broken his force into three small parties, and that under his direct command watched from an old sugar-mill. Dawn broke without the burning of a grain of powder, and soon afterward Jim Lord III was amazed to see the entire enemy force marching—unarmed—toward his father's house! Baltimore Feagle led them. He took off his dirty-white hat and rapped on the door.

The sugar-mill party hastened toward the Feagles. The Feagles saw the Lords coming, and hastened to meet them. Young Baltimore thrust toward Jim Lord the right hand of friendship!

"We was pow'ful tired o' dad," he said, as his hand met and returned an iron-hard grip, "but we didn't want him hung. If you'd ha' hung him, Jim, we'd ha' had another Civil War. But now that he's gone, and the man who shot him has paid the price, which same is yo' own friend and pardner, we've come to say we believes you *would* hang yo' own daddy fo' mudder, and to say we looks to you as boss, and always will. Men takes off yo' hats to New South Ca'lina's third Lord Jim!"

They did it. It was, after a fashion, a coronation ceremony. Then they melted away, leaving the third Lord Jim standing like a post, wondering—wondering.

He broke and ran to the gallows-tree, and saw in the rising sun's light the pitifully little figure of old Hope Eternal, who had hanged himself in humanity's name and found his gold at last. Lord Jim bared his head and knelt, and beside him knelt a young woman who had not gone aboard the *Jackson* because she had thought he might have need of her.

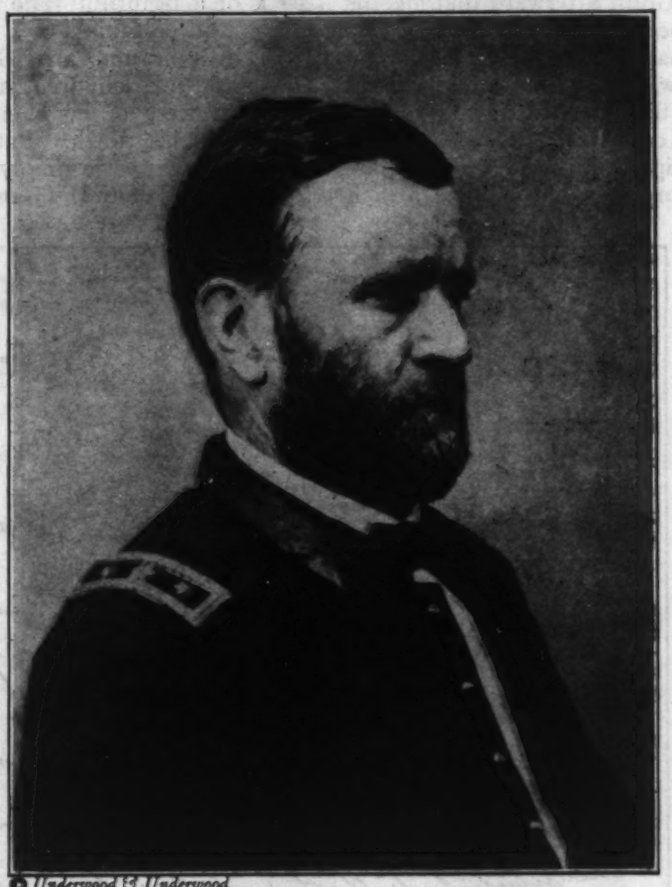
General Grant as an Author

How the Great Leader Came to Write the Story of His Campaigns

By Robert Underwood Johnson

MY acquaintance with General Grant, which began in June, 1884, and lasted until his tragic death in July, 1885, was wholly related to the *Century Magazine's* series of papers on the War for the Union. This enterprise, which was the magazine sensation of the early '80's, was the first of the big periodical successes in America, and added one hundred thousand to the list of subscribers to the magazine, and ultimately, with the extension to the four volumes of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," more than a million dollars to the coffers of the Century Company. It owed its origin to Mr. Clarence Clough Buel, then assistant editor of the magazine, I being associate editor under Richard Watson Gilder.

One day, apropos of a newspaper article attacking General Grant for alleged disregard of the lives of his soldiers, Buel and I began to discuss the relative losses in the chief battles of the great war, as it was then called. My belief, and I think that of the public, was that Cold Harbor in Grant's Virginia campaign was the bloodiest of all; but Buel demonstrated that the gruesome distinction belonged to Chickamauga, where one third of the total number of men engaged on both sides were either killed or wounded.



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General U. S. Grant in his uniform of the Union Army; years later, in his Civil War articles, he made a unique contribution to United States history

A few days later Buel made a formal proposition that the magazine undertake a series of eight or ten of the most important battles, to be written, as far as possible, in each case by the commander on each side, if he were still living, or by the next ranking officer. The project was singularly opportune. Earlier or later it would not have been practicable. Sectional feeling was measurably allayed, and, though Lee was dead, Grant and many other general officers, Union and Confederate, were still living. Sectionalism and partizanship were to have no place in the conduct of the papers, one of our announced objects being to "soften controversy."

That phrase often returned to plague us, and became a by-word in the editorial rooms. We did succeed in restraining the expression of hostilities across Mason and Dixon's Line, and to that extent gave a national character to the series; but as between disputants on the same side there was no hope of keeping the peace, for every victory and every defeat has four parties, as related to the credit for success and the responsibility for failure. Nevertheless, the enterprise became a monument to American bravery and endurance on both sides.

Buel's happy idea was at once enthusiastically approved by Gilder and me, and we championed it with Roswell Smith, the publisher of the *Century*, who, though he said that "the normal circulation of the magazine," then about one hundred thousand, had been reached, nevertheless was willing that we should try an experiment so confidently urged by the three editors. The organization of the scheme on Buel's conception and the general solicitation of the contributors were intrusted to me, and I was detached from the general editorial work for the purpose. The editing was, for the most part, done jointly by us in consultation, but during one year when I was in Europe Buel had entire charge. Buel, I soon discovered, had a unique and almost clairvoyant sense in reconstructing a battle from official reports.

General Grant Asked to Coöperate

OF course, the first person to be invited to coöperate in the project was General Grant. His reply was discouraging, for he said that he had nothing to add to the "Life" by General Adam Badeau, one of his staff officers in the last campaign, adding: "It is all in Badeau." His declination was so decided that it left us without hope. "Hamlet" would have to be given with only under-studies for the *Prince*.

The General was then living happily in New York, in Sixty-sixth Street; he was engaged in Wall Street, as a special but not an active partner, in what seemed the prosperous banking business of Grant & Ward, and believed his fortune amounted to a million dollars. He seemed indifferent to his past career, and certainly was glad to be out of controversies of war and politics. He did not possess that historic sense of a man of letters which impels one to make up the record of an active life. Though, as I afterward discovered, he was keenly sensitive to criticism, he was outwardly unmoved by it. We could find no motive that could be appealed to in

furtherance of our desire. "The slings and arrows" of outrageous partizanship, to say nothing of legitimate criticism of his civil administration, had no other effect on him than to make him content to pass his honored days in peace.

One day, at a reception at the Union League Club, Mr. Gilder was presented to the General, and, after expressing regret at his decision, requested that we might, at least, have an article concerning his military career in the form of an interview. This Mr. Gilder desired to have prepared by Mr. E. V. Smalley, who had already been engaged to write an article on General Sherman. "Which Smalley is it?" said Grant. "I know two Smalleys, one that looks like Garfield" (this was the gentleman in question) "and the other the anti-American in London"—referring to George W. Smalley, for many years an able correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, for whom, as Colonel Fred Grant afterward told me, his father had great dislike because of uncomplimentary references to him which Smalley had made in his newspaper letters, the effect of which was not diminished in the General's mind by the flattering comments on him which Smalley made in his correspondence when Grant reached London after his trip around the world.

Although we made no progress in this flank attack upon the General's position, a few months later, in June, 1884, our desire was accomplished by an unexpected turn of his fortunes, namely, the failure of his firm, which had occurred on the 6th of May. This catastrophe, which was due to the treachery of others, left him without means and gave him an impelling motive to prepare the desired articles. In fact, they were undertaken simply to keep the wolf from the door.

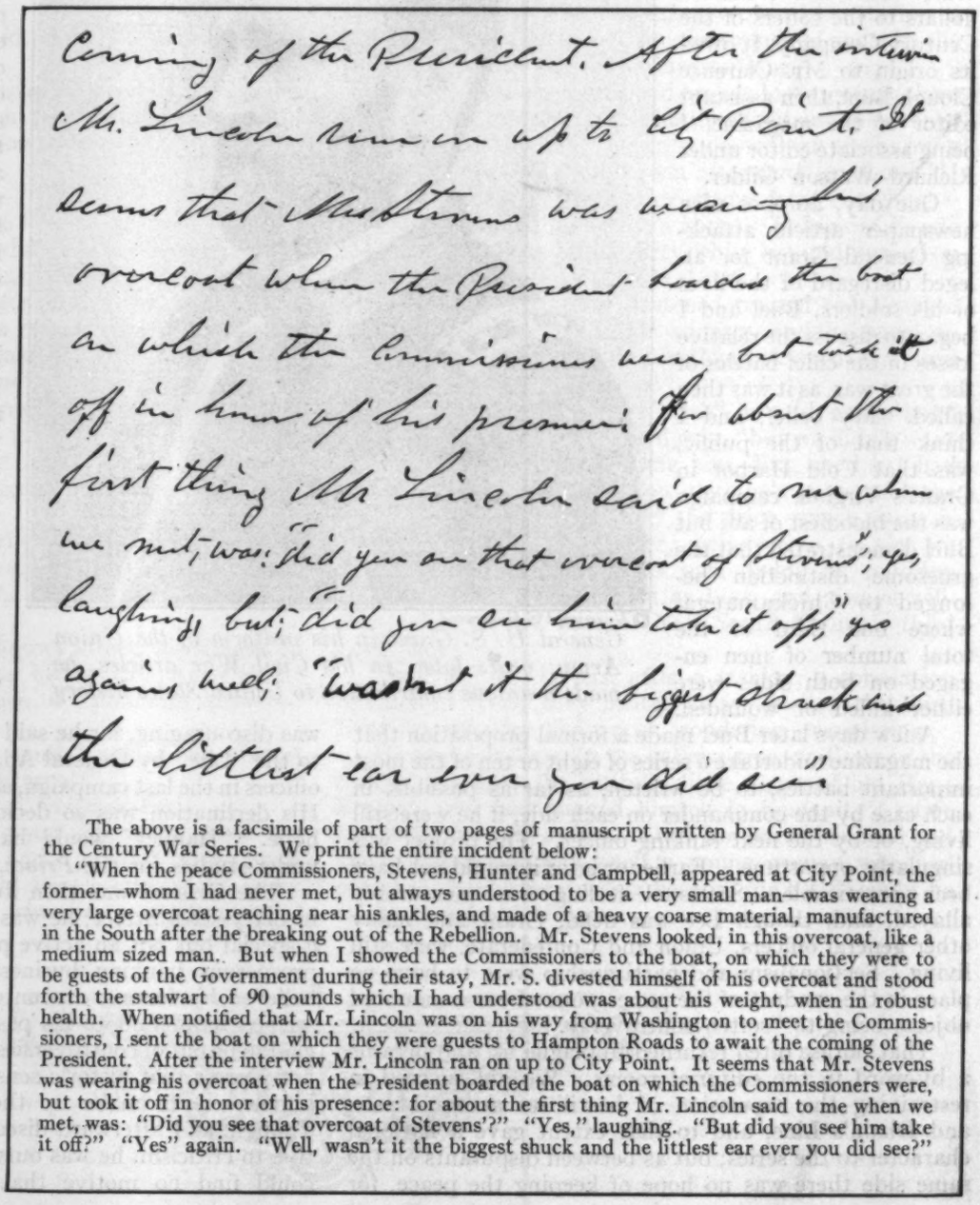
We knew nothing of the distressing extent of the General's personal plight when, renewing our overtures through General Badeau, we wrote:

"The country looks with so much regret and sympathy upon General Grant's misfortune that it would gladly welcome the announcement and especially the publication of material relating to him or by him concerning a part of his honored career in which everyone takes pride. It would be glad to have its attention diverted from his present troubles, and no doubt such diversion of his own mind would be welcome to him."

Soon after, to our surprise and joy, we received a note from General Grant from Long Branch saying that if we still desired to have him write for the series he would be glad to have us send a representative to discuss the matter. It was decided that I should at once call upon the General to arrange with him the scope and details of his participation, and, as the senior editor of the series, the subsequent consultations with him fell to me. I was spending the summer at Point Pleasant on the New Jersey coast near Long Branch, and it was easy to follow the course of his progress in the untried field of authorship. This was one of the fortunate experiences of my life, since it revealed to me the heroism and the integrity of a much misrepresented man.

When I Met the General

MY first call upon the General was on the morning of a beautiful June day. Long Branch had the charm and emptiness of a summer resort whose season had hardly begun. Mrs. Grant, Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant and their children had accompanied him from the city and were of his family during the summer and indeed till his death. But that morning there was a lonely air about the simply furnished cottage as I sat a few minutes before the General came in. I had been at



coming of the President. After the interview Mr. Lincoln rode on up to City Point. It seems that Mr. Stevens was wearing his overcoat when the President boarded the boat on which the Commissioners were, but took it off in honor of his presence: for about the first thing Mr. Lincoln said to me when we met, was: "Did you see that overcoat of Stevens'?" "Yes," laughing. "But did you see him take it off?" "Yes" again. "Well, wasn't it the biggest shuck and the littlest ear ever you did see?"

The above is a facsimile of part of two pages of manuscript written by General Grant for the Century War Series. We print the entire incident below:

"When the peace Commissioners, Stevens, Hunter and Campbell, appeared at City Point, the former—whom I had never met, but always understood to be a very small man—was wearing a very large overcoat reaching near his ankles, and made of a heavy coarse material, manufactured in the South after the breaking out of the Rebellion. Mr. Stevens looked, in this overcoat, like a medium sized man. But when I showed the Commissioners to the boat, on which they were to be guests of the Government during their stay, Mr. S. divested himself of his overcoat and stood forth the stalwart of 90 pounds which I had understood was about his weight, when in robust health. When notified that Mr. Lincoln was on his way from Washington to meet the Commissioners, I sent the boat on which they were guests to Hampton Roads to await the coming of the President. After the interview Mr. Lincoln ran on up to City Point. It seems that Mr. Stevens was wearing his overcoat when the President boarded the boat on which the Commissioners were, but took it off in honor of his presence: for about the first thing Mr. Lincoln said to me when we met, was: "Did you see that overcoat of Stevens'?" "Yes," laughing. "But did you see him take it off?" "Yes" again. "Well, wasn't it the biggest shuck and the littlest ear ever you did see?"

his second inauguration and had met him casually at receptions, but the impressions I had of his personality and character had been at second hand, and were, as it proved, for the most part erroneous.

After his dignified but cordial greeting, he made pleasant inquiry as to the progress of our plans; but he could hardly await my brief response before he began to open his heart to me as to the situation in which he found himself as the result of the failure of Grant & Ward. In his direct and simple fashion he reviewed the *débâcle* of his fortunes without restraint, showing deep feeling, even bitterness, as to his betrayal by Ferdinand Ward and by James D. Fish, another partner, recounting how, without his knowledge, they had traded on his reputation by enlisting the funds of others on the pretense that they were to be invested in government contracts. He added that on the very eve of the bankruptcy Ward had induced him to borrow $150,000 from William H. Vanderbilt, which was also lost. Ward, he said scornfully, had even persuaded Mrs. Grant to invest the hoard of twenty-dollar gold pieces which the General had received for attendance at boards of directors and had given to her, and which she had kept in a vase on her mantel-piece. He had also appropriated money of Mrs. Grant's intrusted to him to purchase the Sixty-sixth Street house. The General was hardly less sparing of Fish.

It took him a quarter of an hour to cover the details. Apparently he was determined, before taking up the new affair, to clear the slate, to remove from my mind any vestige of feeling that he was to blame for the failure; and, though I assured him as delicately as I could that his countrymen had still the highest confidence in his integrity, he continued to dwell upon the disgrace of his base betrayal and the impugnment of his reputation. In all this he gave me the impression of a wounded lion. He had been hurt to the quick in his proud name and in his honor, and the man who, we had been told, was stolid and reserved showed himself to me as a person of the most sensitive nature and the most human expression of feeling. No man of letters could more openly have worn his heart upon his sleeve. I felt honored to be admitted to a confidence so sacred and so unreserved.

I interrupt the narrative of this interview to recount a curious but, as will be seen, a not inappropriate incident. My father, the Hon. Nimrod H. Johnson of Centreville, Indiana, was for many years judge of court—common pleas and criminal. As judge of the Criminal Court he was called to Indianapolis in April, 1869, to preside in a celebrated murder case, by reason of a change of venue on account of the supposed prejudice of the local judge. The defendants were a Mrs. Clemm, a beautiful, fascinating, and clever woman, and her brother-in-law, named Abrams, and the charge was that they had caused the murder of a farmer living in the vicinity of the city. The evidence was wholly circumstantial; but, as Charles Lamb says, "some kinds of circumstantial evidence are very strong, as, for instance, when you find a minnow in the milk."

My father's relation to the trial was terminated by his sudden death soon after he had heard the preliminary motions of counsel in the case of Abrams. Mrs. Clemm, I believe, was twice convicted, but on appeal finally freed. Altogether it was a *cause célèbre* in Indiana, if not throughout the country. Mrs. Clemm was a woman of large business affairs, and the motive alleged for the killing of the farmer was that he had insisted in a troublesome manner on knowing what became of the money that, in common with many others, he had intrusted to her to invest. Her plan of operation was to obtain large amounts, from which she returned small portions as "first dividends," and to make no further accounting.

General Grant standing in front of his army tent: from a photograph taken by Brady in 1864

This simple expedient for getting rich quickly was, I believe, the exact method employed by Ferdinand Ward fifteen years later in the financial ruin of General Grant, for which he and Fish went to the penitentiary. The relevancy of this digression lies in the fact that, at the time of the disclosures concerning Mrs. Clemm, Ward was a clerk in an Indianapolis bank. The "Little Napoleon of Finance," as he was called, who had hoodwinked a lot of astute bankers of New York, had learned his strategy from a woman!

At last, with an air of relief, the General turned to the subject of the war, saying that his changed financial condition had compelled him to consider what resources might be afforded by his pen. He told me, frankly and simply, that he had arrived at Long Branch almost penniless, and that he should not have had means to pay his butcher if it had not been that his friend Mr. Romero, the Mexican Ambassador at Washington, who had come to see him, had left him a check for a thousand dollars, which he found on the table after Romero's departure, and which, in the circumstances, he had kept as a loan. (Later Mrs. Grant's sale of two small houses in Washington somewhat eased the situation).

He asked me how many articles we could use if it should prove that he could write at all—on which point I hastened to reassure him. I replied that we could use as many as he could write, but that our first impression was that he could perhaps cover the ground in four articles—on Shiloh, Vicksburg, the Wilderness, and

Lee's surrender. (The subject of Chattanooga was afterward substituted for the last.) He agreed, and said he would try the Shiloh first, and at once. I told him that we should be glad to pay him five hundred dollars for each article,—at that time this was considered a generous honorarium;—and he said that it was entirely satisfactory. (As a matter of fact, this sum was afterward voluntarily doubled by the Century Company). I left him with a deep impression of his dignified sorrow, his courage, and his greatness. I was overjoyed that our important historical enterprise was to have his co-operation.

Guiding the General's Pen

EVERY editor will sympathize with our dismay when, on July 1, we received from the General an article on the battle of Shiloh which was substantially a copy of his dry official report of that engagement, as printed in the "Rebellion Records," with which we had already made ourselves familiar. The General, of course, did not realize the requirements of a popular publication on the war, and it was for me to help him turn this new disaster of Shiloh into a signal success. This required all the tact that I could muster so that he might not be discouraged, and at the same time our project should be saved from the blight of the deadly official report which, indispensable for the study of strategy and tactics, is lacking in the personal touch that makes a great battle a vital and interesting human event.

So, with his article in my inside pocket, I went again to see the General, and, without at first letting him know of its unsuitableness to the series, I managed to draw him into a description of the engagement. I then discovered that General Grant, instead of being a "silent man," was positively loquacious. The myth of his silence probably arose from his natural disinclination to discuss subjects of which he knew nothing and topics that might lead to embarrassment of his official action. He spoke rapidly and long of the two-days battle, and in the frankest manner of the controversial aspects of it.

Emboldened by this frankness, I put some rather searching questions.

"General," I said, "you know, of course, that you have been criticized for not having intrenched against Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh: is this true?"

"Yes," he replied; "at that stage of the war we had not yet learned to intrench. But we were not 'surprised.' Of course, some of the men instinctively threw up small redoubts in the woods."

Only a great man could have made such a confession. Here was not the impeccable commander of General Badeau's imagination.

Again, I asked:

"It is said that on the evening of the first day, when your forces had been driven back to the Tennessee River, the situation was saved by the arrival of General Buell's reinforcements from the Army of the Ohio."

"Nobody can tell about that," was the modest answer. "Of course, we were mighty glad to see Buell's troops. No commander regrets to see reinforcements. But we were by no means whipped nor demoralized, and were ready for a forward movement in the morning."

Here was no cocksureness, no desire to make a perfect record or to live up to a later reputation.

As he continued the narrative, now and then prompted by a question, he revealed the human side of his experience—saying, for instance, that in the pouring rain that succeeded the first day he had gone for shelter into an improvised military hospital. "But," he said, "I couldn't stand the amputations, and had to go out in the rain and sit for the most of the night against a tree."

He spoke in high praise of General Sherman, who, he said, had had three horses shot under him.

During his talk, with apparent casualness, I had been jotting down on the newspaper I had brought with me brief memoranda of the foregoing and other points of special interest; and when he had finished I mentioned these and told him that they were typical of what was essential in depicting the battle.

He seemed astonished at this, and took a quite impersonal view of the event.

I told him that what was desirable for the success of the paper was to approximate to such a talk as he would make to friends after dinner, some of whom should know all about the battle and some nothing at all, and that the public, which could easily discover the geography and the movements of the engagement,—which of course could not be omitted,—was particularly interested in his point of view, in everything that concerned him, in what he planned, thought, saw, said, and did. This was a new idea to him, and when I had told him that I was convinced that he could do what was desired if he would not try too hard, he said he would begin again. So he took back the official report, and the result was the admirable article that appeared first in the *Century* for February, 1885.

Afterward I had occasion to give him similar literary counsel, in general and in detail, with the result that his son (then Colonel) Fred Grant spoke of me in an interview as his father's "literary tutor." This was more credit than I was entitled to, but certainly no one ever had an apter pupil. He got out of the writing not only diversion from his troubles but the happiness of finding that he could do something new. He said to me once: "Why, I am positively enjoying the work. I am keeping at it every day and night, and Sundays."

In a letter dated July 15, he said:

> I have now been writing on the Vicksburg Campaign two weeks, Sundays and all, averaging more than four hours a day. Only now approaching Champion Hill, I fear my article will be longer than you want. . . .
>
> Will you be kind enough to inform me whether you would prefer having it confined within a certain space in the *Century*; and also whether, in the Wilderness battle, you wish only from the Rapid Ann to Spotsvillevania [*sic*], or whether you mean by the Wilderness the whole campaign north of the James River. If the latter I fear I will have to *strike*; not for *higher wages*; but because I do not want to do so much work just now.
>
> When the proof is returned to me I shall want to add probably as much as a page of your journal to Shiloh.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> U. S. Grant.

However, no addition was made to the Shiloh article after the proofs were sent to him. A duplicate set was sent to General Badeau, who made a few single-word corrections of no importance, such as "received" for "got"—by no means an improvement on the General's Saxon style.*

"Would the Public Be Interested?"

IN August, the four articles having been virtually finished, I renewed previous suggestions to the General that he should make a book of his material with prefatory, connecting, and supplementary additions, saying to him:

"General, you have now recorded most of the chief features of your military career. Why not go on and complete it and make a book, which, I am authorized to

* Badeau's relationship to the writing of the Memoirs is a subject much in dispute. He was with Grant both at Long Branch late in August, and later in New York.

say, the Century Company will be glad to publish on your own terms?"

After some talk I finally induced him to consent to do so, and obtained his permission to write to Roswell Smith, president of the Century Company, who was then at Saratoga, to say that the General was ready to consider the book with him. Early in September Mr Smith came to Long Branch, where he and I were invited to luncheon with the General by George W. Childs. Afterward we walked over to the Grant cottage near by.

I remember that, as we three sat on the veranda discussing the project, the General said naïvely—for he was entirely free from affectation: "Do you really think any one would be interested in a book by me?" To which Mr. Smith replied:

"General, do you not think the public would read with avidity Napoleon's personal account of his battles?" —going on to express his belief that the volume would have a very large sale. Then and there it was understood that the General would go on with the Memoirs and that the Century Company was to publish them on terms that should be satisfactory to the author.

How We Lost the Book

AFTER my intimate relation to the writing and shaping of these articles, and after I had induced the General to undertake the Memoirs, it was a matter of great personal chagrin that this notable publication should not have honored the list of the Century Company. This was the more regrettable since, on a later visit to the office of the company, General Grant said in my presence:

"I am glad that you are to publish the book, as I should not have written it if Mr. Johnson had not convinced me that I could."

Though we did not reap where we had sown, I am happy to have been of use in promoting a book of such value and distinction.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's account, in the "Life of Mark Twain," of how the book came to be given to Mr. Clemens's firm (Charles L. Webster & Company) leaves something to be desired. It places Mr. Roswell Smith in the attitude of treating the author in a somewhat niggardly manner, the fact being that the matter was wholly in the hands of General Grant, on whose terms it was to have been undertaken. Mr. Smith once said in my hearing:

"Ever since the war every one who has had to do with Grant has been trying to make something at his expense. I do not intend that the reputation of the Century Company shall be compromised by even the appearance of sordidness. We shall publish the volume on terms entirely satisfactory to him." The rest was merely a matter of details.

After the General's return in the autumn to the house in Sixty-sixth Street, New York, rumors of his serious illness being then current, Mr. Roswell Smith went with me to see him again, and renewed this assurance. He did not for a moment suspect that we had "a rival near the throne," and would have done anything the General might have desired in the matter. Later Mr. Smith was requested to submit a statement of what he would think a proper form of contract. He did so, expecting to adjust it to the General's wishes after consultation In response, four days later we were astonished to hear from Colonel Grant that his father had decided to accept an offer from Mark Twain. The General, who knew nothing of the customs or etiquette of the publishing business, had been won over by the humorist.

It was not a time for a contest, nor was it a book to be contended for in the customary fashion, and Mr. Roswell Smith, pocketing his disappointment, wrote a polite and generous letter to the General, conveying our regrets that we were not to be associated with so distinguished an enterprise and our cordial wishes for its success. Colonel Grant afterward told me that his father's decision had been influenced chiefly by the fact that Mr. Clemens had convinced him that the book should be issued by subscription, and that his own firm had been successful publishers of subscription books, while the Century Company had done but little in that line; and also by the promise of a position in his publishing house for Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.—which I believe came to naught.

As to the first offer of Mr. Clemens, the difference between it and ours was very slight, if any—in one case a larger royalty being computed on the net returns and in the other a smaller on the gross. Mr. Clemens made a later alternative offer of a considerable cash advance, a large percentage of the profits, and a guaranty of a certain sale. Had we known of this we should have been able to meet the situation. We were at the disadvantage that Mark Twain, who was a frequent visitor at the Sixty-sixth Street house, knew our terms and we did not know his.

Nevertheless, with all respect to Roswell Smith's motives, which were above criticism, it remains that his failure to secure this work beyond peradventure within the five months from the time he was invited to Long Branch in September until the signing of the contract in February was, from a business point of view, a signal exception in the successful career of a publisher of imagination, boldness, and resourcefulness. His omission to clinch the matter did not reflect the courage and enterprise of his associates, but he had the disadvantage of having as a rival a man of winning personality, shrewd business ability, and large horizon. The result cast a gloom over the younger members of the Century Company, who never ceased to think that in our hands this phenomenal book would have reached as phenomenal a sale as it did in Mr. Clemens's; for at that time the success of the War Series had put the Century Company in close touch with the public in the matter of military history. We thought it hard that another should have "plowed with our heifer."

The General's Magnanimity

THE quality I found most impressive about General Grant was his magnanimity. Examples of this were his reversal of his attitude, first, toward General Fitz-John Porter, and secondly toward General Lew Wallace.

Porter, it will be remembered, had been court-martialed for his failure to obey General Pope's orders to attack on the left at the second battle of Bull Run, Porter's defense being that he knew—what his commander did not—that the Confederate right had been strongly reinforced by the arrival of Longstreet's troops by way of Thoroughfare Gap. One can not but admire the persistence with which Porter, the Dreyfus of his day, kept up his fight for vindication, collecting new evidence and finally convincing Grant, who became his public champion.

To most men this judgment, made in the face of the general opinion of his friends, would have been difficult and embarrassing. To General Grant it was simply a matter of course, devoid of self-consciousness or credit. The same was true of his relation to General Wallace, whom in the Shiloh article he had blamed for not coming into the battle on the right with reinforcements which

he had called for. Wallace, who was an old friend of my family, requested me to ask Grant for a reconsideration of the facts, which I did. It was willingly accorded, and Wallace succeeded in demonstrating that the fault was not his, but was due to a misunderstanding of the verbal order and a mistake concerning the road to be taken. The offending text and faulty map in the Shiloh article were altered both in the revision for the Memoirs and for the book publication of the Century series.

I recall another instance of similar nature. At General Grant's first important victory, the capture of Fort Donelson, the surrender was made by General Simon B. Buckner of Kentucky, whose superior officers, Floyd and Pillow, had left while the fighting was still going on. It was in response to Buckner's proposal of an armistice that Grant wrote his famous words:

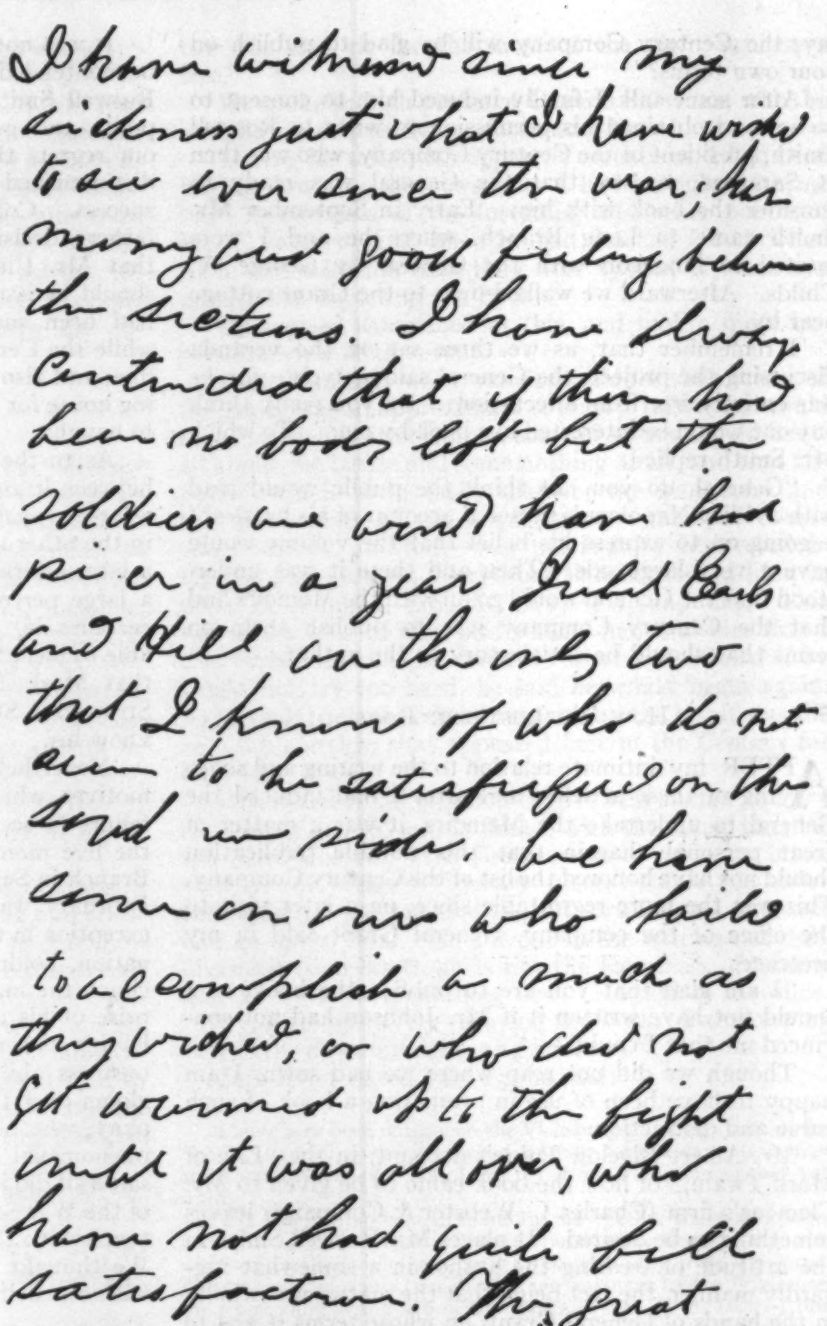
"No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Among the officers who remained to the last was General Bushrod Johnson of Tennessee, who because of his later escape was charged with having broken his parole of honor. When I called Grant's attention to the matter, he acquitted Johnson of this charge, saying that "Bushrod," as he was called, had given no parole, and that he had the right of any officer to escape. He had known Johnson in the "old army," and spoke highly of him as man and officer, and cited the fact that the Confederate victory of Chickamauga was due to his prompt and accurate judgment, made without orders, in breaking through a gap in the Union line left by the transfer of a division, when, instead of turning to the right, where he would have encountered General Thomas in a strong position, he turned to the left, piercing the line and compelling Rosecrans, the Union commander, to retreat in confusion to Chattanooga.

Longstreet, Johnson's superior in the battle, also spoke to me admiringly of this manœuver; and General Sherman, in whose class he was at West Point, told me he was "slow but reliable."

I had a special interest in remembering these statements, for "Bushrod" was the brother of my Quaker grandfather, and, though his casting in his fortunes with his wife's State was a sorrow to the family in Indiana, we were proud of his personal integrity, and took care of his motherless son during the war, and never let him or his playmates outside the family know that his father was fighting against the Union. Even in those strenuous days, blood was thicker than water.

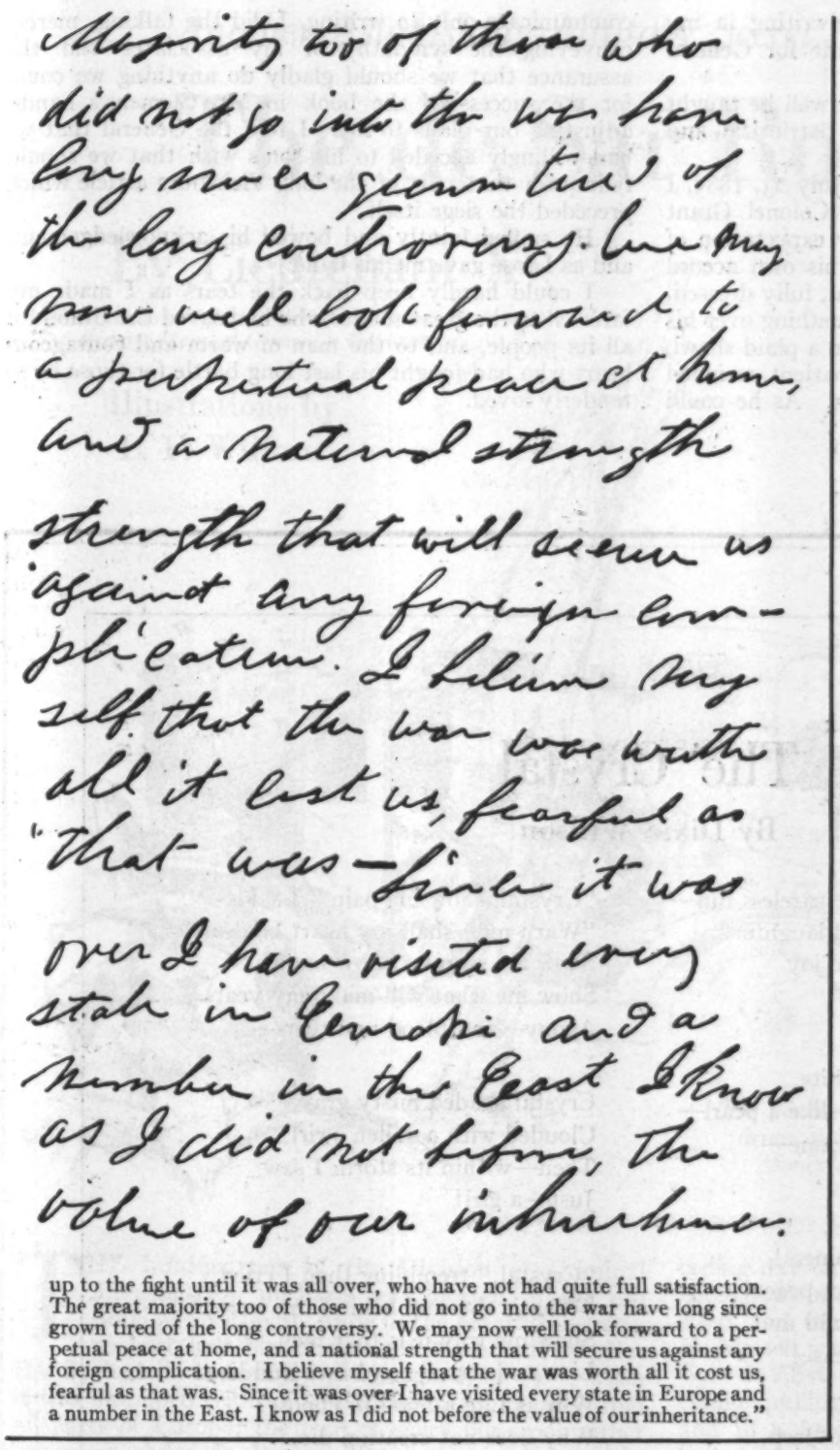
Another pervasive quality of General Grant's character that I observed was his deep devotion to his family. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and I had occasion to remark this at the times when I took a simple meal with the family. The General, though not effusive, showed his affection toward all. He had great confidence in the military ability of his son, Colonel (afterward General) Fred Grant, and (Badeau told me) spoke of him in the same breath with von Moltke. With all allowance for a father's predilection, it is possible that, had the son lived to take part in the World War, he might have justified this confidence. Never had a father a more devoted son—indeed, if I may venture to say so, the whole family gave him a respect and a tender care that was conspicuous and beautiful.



Facsimile of copy written by Grant in pencil during his last illness:
"I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war: **harmony** and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers we would have had peace in a year. Jubal Early and Hill are the only two that I know of who did not seem to be satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed

General Grant's Humor

I WAS surprised to find that a man of so serious an aspect as General Grant had considerable humor. Naturally, this was somewhat eclipsed by the anxieties of his increasing illness; but as late as September 16, writing me to say that the four articles were then com-



Majority too of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength strength that will secure us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was — Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East I know as I did not before, the value of our inheritance.

up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority too of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will secure us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our inheritance."

plete, he sent me the anecdote of Lincoln's remark about Alexander H. Stevens's overcoat reproduced on page 62.

The General loved a good story, and repeated with enjoyment General Ingalls's saying about the dog he had with him at headquarters in the Virginia campaign. When Grant asked him if he was going to take the dog into Richmond, Ingalls said, "I think so; he is of a long-lived breed." The General's comments on other officers in the war were spiced with picturesqueness. He had great admiration for Longstreet, whom he regarded as the best fighter in the Confederate Army. He expressed a poor opinion of General "Joe" Hooker as officer and man. But, though he had his dislikes, he bore no malice, and in his last days in his messages to the American people he rose to a spiritual height seldom reached in his broad-minded and all-embracing kindness toward his former enemies and in his patriotic feeling. This alone would have marked him as a great man.

And how the people did respond with sympathy for the heroic invalid! From Queen Victoria to the humblest of his countrymen, the world united in messages of sympathetic inquiry, and not the least significant and sincere came from the South. I was present in the Senate at Washington on the morning of the 4th of March, 1885, at the very close of the session, when, closely following the passage by the House of Representatives, a few minutes before, of a bill designed to restore General Grant to the army and place him on the retired list with the rank and pay of general, the Senate unanimously confirmed his nomination by President Arthur. It was one of the unforgettable scenes of a life-time. The clock had been turned back to admit of the consideration of the expected nomination within the prescribed time. The crowds in the galleries, like the people of the whole country, were aware of the mortal nature of the General's malady, and were eager for a generous recognition of his unique services. There was a hush as the message from the President was announced and read, and then a tempest of applause broke out such as I have rarely heard. Then, the public desire being satisfied, we turned with relief to the inauguration of President Cleveland. It was as if the nation were sitting at the bedside of the Great Commander.

Grant's Last Battle

DURING the months from the finishing of the four *Century* articles in September, 1884, to his death on the 23d of July, 1885, General Grant was fighting a double contest—one a brave defense to the physical agony of his increasing malady, and the other a mental struggle to complete the work that was to provide a competence for his family. If he lost one to the Conqueror of Conquerors, he gained the other, enriching the history of his country and leaving in his last days a shining example of high-mindedness. The nobility of him who at the close of the war said "Let us have peace" united his country as, up to his death, nothing had done.

Memorable among his sick-room messages is that of the dictated bulletin: "I desire the good will of all, whether heretofore friends or not"; and this, penciled on a pad to Buckner at Mount McGregor: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war: harmony and good feeling between the sections." These utterances were in keeping with the spirit of his whole life—with his desire at Appomattox that the Confederate soldiers should not give up the horses but "keep them for the spring plowing," and that officers should retain their side-arms. There has been so much fanciful misstatement concerning one incident of the surrender that I may add, quoting from General

Grant's signed words, in his own handwriting in my possession: "There was no demand made for General Lee's sword and no tender of it."

The story of this historic illness may well be taught in all our schools as a lesson of fortitude, patriotism, and generosity.

About a week before the end came, July 23, 1885, I visited Mount McGregor to speak with Colonel Grant concerning our articles and without any expectation of meeting his father; but the Colonel of his own accord arranged for me to see him. The General, fully dressed, sat on the piazza in the sun, wearing something over his head, I think a skull-cap, and wrapped in a plaid shawl, looking thinner than before, and with a patient, resigned expression, but not with a stricken look. As he could communicate only in writing, I did the talking, merely conveying the sympathy of my associates and the assurance that we should gladly do anything we could for the success of the book in Mr. Clemens's hands, adjusting our plans to his. I told the General that we had willingly acceded to his son's wish that we should relinquish that part of the long Vicksburg article which preceded the siege itself.

He smiled faintly and bowed his acknowledgement, and as I rose gave me his hand.

I could hardly keep back the tears as I made my farewell to the great soldier who had saved the Union for all its people, and to the man of warm and courageous heart who had fought his last long battle for those he so tenderly loved.

The Crystal

By Dixie Willson

"CRYSTAL, show me careless fun—
Show me light and laughter!
Show me how to seek the joy
I am reaching after!"

Crystal shaded tender white,
Touched with rainbows—like a pearl—
Then within, the vision came—
Just—a girl!

"Crystal, show me Happiness!
Show me pure and perfect peace!
Show me Heaven! I would find
Glory that shall never cease!"

Crystal shaded warm and deep,
Like a rose when leaves uncurl,
And within the rose there smiled
Just—a girl!

"Crystal, show me pain," I said—
"Warn me—shall my heart be dead?
Show me sorrow! Show me fears!
Show me what will make my years
Agony—and blood and tears—"

Crystal shaded misty gray,
Clouded with a sullen swirl,
Then—within its storm I saw
Just—a girl!

"Crystal," trembling then I cried,
"What's the soul behind the world?
Show me why it is that men
Live and strive—and love and lose!
Why is Life a boon to choose?
Why does not creation die
With the years that struggle by?
Sun and shadow—gray and gold—
Why does not the world grow old?"

Like a flame the crystal burned!
Then, as sunrise clouds unfurl,
Came a pure and tender face—
Just—a girl!

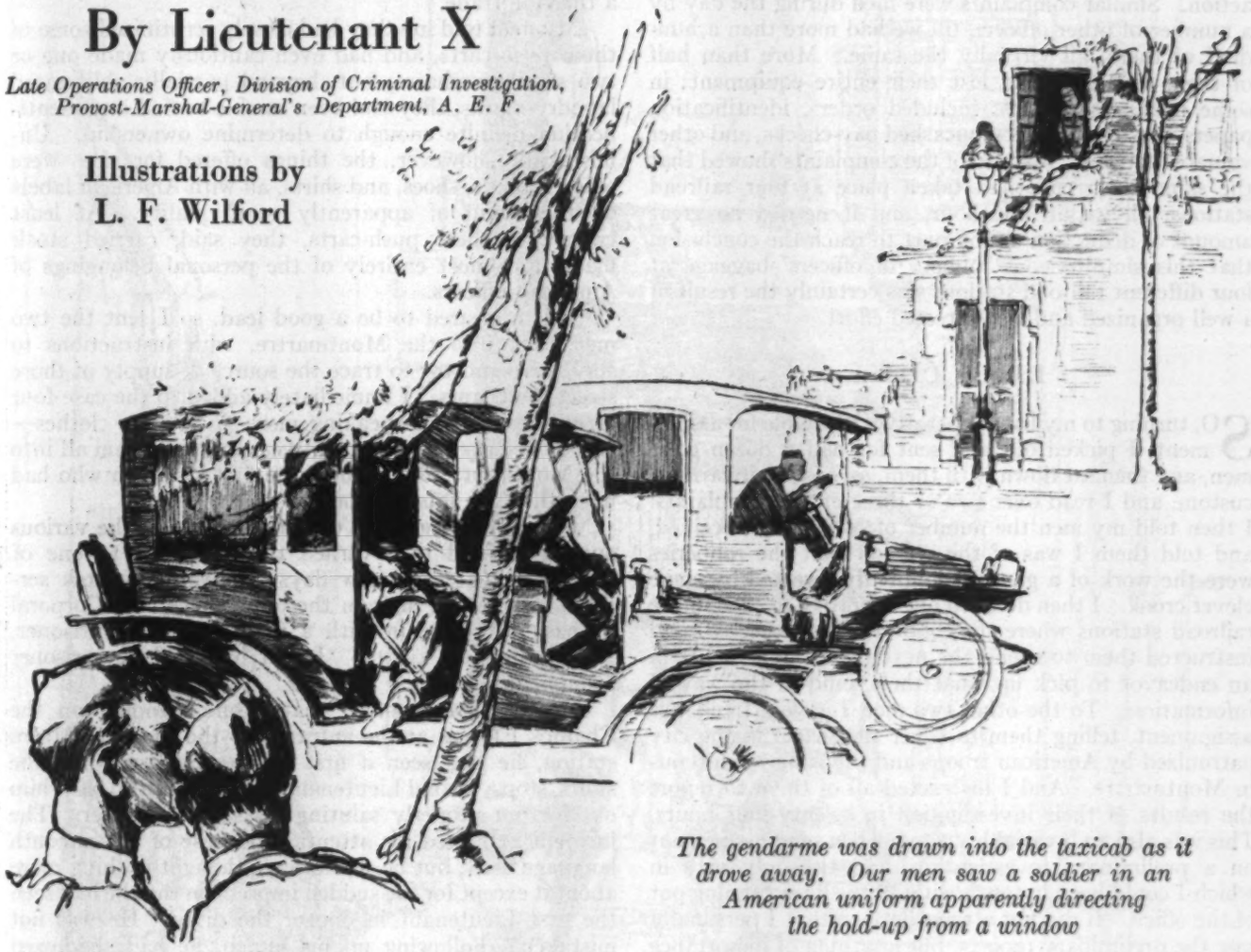
Another Astonishing Military Secret Service Narrative—

The de Sar Round-Up

By Lieutenant X

Late Operations Officer, Division of Criminal Investigation, Provost-Marshal-General's Department, A. E. F.

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford



The gendarme was drawn into the taxicab as it drove away. Our men saw a soldier in an American uniform apparently directing the hold-up from a window

THE headquarters of the Division of Criminal Investigation in Paris was located in the old hotel at 10 Rue St. Anne in the heart of the city, a short half block from the Avenue de l'Opéra. Hardly had its personnel been assigned, in 19—, when it was swamped with an avalanche of complaints from all parts of Europe: the trail of every big crook either began or ended in Paris. The best man-hunters in the American Army were detailed to this office, and its activities, directed by its Operations Officer, extended into Belgium, Luxemburg, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and England.

As I sat at the Operations desk one morning, a message came in to me from the outer office to the effect that some fifty American officers of all ranks had just arrived and were clamoring for some one in authority. My subordinate, who had received them, informed me over the wire that they declined to state their business. I told him to bring into my office the two senior officers present, and when he opened my door, at least twenty crowded in, all very much wrought up and all trying to talk at once!

When I finally brought order out of chaos, a Major, acting as spokesman for the group, told me that some hundred or more officers had arrived in Paris on the preceding day on leave trains, intending to stay only long enough to have their orders checked, secure a night's sleep, and then continue on to the various leave areas. He himself was one of a number who had arrived at the Gare de l'Est, and as he came out of the station he saw a camion pulling up to the entrance. An officer jumped off and in a loud voice instructed his driver to get his baggage and take it to the Hotel Continental.

The Major said he thought he saw here an opportunity to have his own baggage quickly moved, and he stepped up to the officer, a first Lieutenant, and asked him if he would take his baggage to the same hotel. The Lieutenant who had charge of the camion said he would be glad to do it if the Major could get his baggage out and load it on. This the Major undertook to do. Going back into the station to find a porter, he mentioned to a number of fellow voyagers how lucky he had been to find an American officer with a camion to deliver his baggage for him. Immediately a number of these brother officers hastened to follow his example, secured their baggage, took it out to the camion, and persuaded the Lieutenant to deliver it for them at the Continental and other hotels in the vicinity.

Finally, when the camion was pretty heavily loaded, the Lieutenant said he could take no more, and, promis-

ing to deliver his load as requested, he drove away. That was the last any of them saw of their baggage. The Major then stated he had run across a great many officers in the past twenty-four hours who had lost their baggage in the same way, though they had come in at different railroad stations.

I arranged for these officers to make a detailed written complaint of their loss, and promised them immediate action. Similar complaints were filed during the day by a number of other officers, till we had more than a hundred of them, all virtually the same. More than half of them said they had lost their entire equipment: in some instances the loss included orders, identification papers, personal trinkets, uncashed pay-checks, and other valuable articles. A study of the complaints showed that the same occurrence had taken place at four railroad stations, all within one hour, and it needed no great amount of deduction on my part to reach the conclusion that this simultaneous robbery of officers' baggage at four different railroad stations was certainly the result of a well organized and well directed effort.

Digging Deeper

SO, turning to my list of operatives available for assignment, I picked out and sent for half a dozen good men, and then sat down with them, as was my invariable custom, and I read over two or three of the complaints. I then told my men the number of complaints received, and told them I was of the opinion that the robberies were the work of a gang undoubtedly directed by some clever crook. I then detailed one operative to each of the railroad stations where the robberies had occurred, and instructed them to spend the next twenty-four hours in an endeavor to pick up what they could in the way of information. To the other two men I gave a free-lance assignment, telling them to cover the places in the city patronized by American troops and the gang rendezvous in Montmartre. And I instructed all of them to report the results of their investigation in twenty-four hours. This was also an invariable custom when sending men out on a preliminary investigation, and the only way in which I could keep in touch with all the lines running out of the office. It did not always happen that I personally saw the preliminary reports, but anything of importance was relayed in to me, and I could thus prevent a man going off, perhaps with incomplete knowledge, on a trail that I might judge too hot or inadvisable to follow.

The men who had been assigned to the various depots came in twenty-four hours later and reported. Each report was practically the same, and confirmed the complaints that had been made. They learned that these officers, eager to get their baggage to a hotel, loaded trunks, suit-cases, hand-bags, and so forth, on the camions till they would hold no more. Then, in each case, the Lieutenant, with a salute, had jumped up beside his driver and gone on his way!

The reports stated that at the Gare de l'Est the officer with the camion had agreed to take the baggage to the Hotel Continental and one or two other hotels in the vicinity; at the Quai d'Orsay the hotel mentioned had been the Grand; at the Gare des Invalides it was the Louvre; and at the Gare de Lyon the Mirabeau.

As the reports were a verification of the complaints, and about all I really expected from the preliminary investigation, I sent these men out again, shifting them to different stations, with instructions to stay out for forty-eight hours and dig a little deeper. As they departed, the two men on free-lance assignment were announced from the outer office. Their reports were better: working together as a team, they had been walking along the Boulevard de Clichy and the Boulevard Rochechouart when they noticed on the push-carts of some of the street merchants what was apparently American-made underclothing, socks, toilet and other articles. There was a street carnival going on in the Boulevard Rochechouart, the crowds were pushing back and forth. Punch-and-Judy shows vied with venders of statuettes and beaded flowers, and the street merchants were driving a thriving trade.

My men told me they had closely scrutinized some of these push-carts, and had even cautiously made one or two small purchases; but, beyond partially obliterated laundry-marks, they had been unable to find any identification definite enough to determine ownership. Unmistakably, however, the things offered for sale were officers' boots, shoes, and shirts, all with American labels on them and of apparently good quality. At least twenty of these push-carts, they said, carried stock made up almost entirely of the personal belongings of American officers.

This appeared to be a good lead, so I sent the two men back into the Montmartre, with instructions to stay there and try to trace the source of supply of those street merchants. I immediately added to the case four of my best French-speaking men—in civilian clothes—and two of my women operatives, and sent them all into the Montmartre to reinforce the first two men who had unearthed the information.

For a week I glanced over the reports of the various operatives, and then turned the case over to one of my subordinates. A few days afterward my desk sergeant telephoned in from the outer office that Corporal M had just come in with a first Lieutenant prisoner, and wanted to see me. I had him and his prisoner brought in.

Corporal M reported that, while standing on the Champs Élysées at the entrance to the Marbeuf Metro station, he had seen a first Lieutenant ascending the stairs, stop a second Lieutenant descending, and bawl him out for not properly saluting his superior officer. The incident attracted his attention because of the uncouth language used; but he would have thought nothing more about it except for the sudden impression that he had seen the first Lieutenant in one of the dives. He was not mistaken. Following up his hunch, he had shadowed him, eventually winding up in one of the small dives in the vicinity of the Place de Clichy. There he watched his man for an hour or so, and saw him meet and fraternize with several enlisted men. After a final interchange of whisperings, the Lieutenant had started out and down the Boulevard. By the time his man had reached the Opéra the Corporal had decided that there was something wrong with him, took a chance, and brought him into headquarters for me to look over.

Giving Corporal M the signal to withdraw, I asked the Lieutenant for his credentials, and when he produced the identification card of first Lieutenant D. B. Carroll, –th Infantry, and what purported to be authentic travel orders, I invited him to sit down, and apologized to him for this apparent error of my subordinate. He became a little heady and abusive, so I decided to interrogate him a little further. As I led him on, his tone became angry and his speech uncouth. He seemed to invite further investigation, and I sent him to the brig.

Late that night, when the routine work for the day was done and I was secure from interruption, and when all my men had gone except the few I needed for the dictograph and so forth, I had him brought down, and put him on the grill. The interrogation lasted until early morning, and as the dawn began to break I succeeded in convincing him that he lacked the personality, education,

Watching a suspected house in Montmartre, he saw the taxicab drive up and the baggage unloaded and carried inside

military knowledge, and other requirements for the rank he held. It required only a little further persuasion to make him talk and to give us the valuable information we wanted.

He admitted that his name was Hibbard, that he was a private in the army and a deserter from Battery D, –th Field Artillery, –th Division; that the officer's uniform, credentials, and personal letters in his possession had been taken from a trunk stolen from one of the railroad stations. He was stripped of his camouflage and refitted in keeping with his real status, and put back in the brig, to be held for further interrogation. The real Lieutenant Carroll was one of the officers who had entered a complaint with me three weeks before, who was then on duty with the Army of Occupation in Coblenz. I later brought him down to Paris to identify his possessions and give his affidavits.

Believing that now I had a clue to the baggage robberies, it was arranged that Hibbard should be held for a couple of days and then allowed to escape.

This was often necessary to round up others implicated, and was easily effected. The mess-hall at 10 Rue St. Anne was on the ground floor, and a working detail of prisoners was always used in the basement to

De Sar, leader of a desperate gang of deserters that preyed on civilians and soldiers alike in Paris after the armistice; de Sar was a criminal before he ever entered the Army

unload the food from the drays that backed up to the door, and to load on the garbage and ash-cans. If the escape of a particular prisoner were authorized, he was put on this detail and the guard was careful not to watch him. Of course, no prisoner was slow to take advantage of this fact, and Hibbard walked away one day, as we had planned he should do, at the moment when the guard's back was turned. But I had two men detailed to pick up his trail, and he was carefully shadowed from the moment he left the Rue St. Anne. After spending the night in one of the Welfare huts, he landed in what was apparently a rendezvous in the Place de la Republique, where he soon joined several other Americans, some men in Canadian and Australian uniforms, and a number of French men and women obviously of the under-world.

A careful surveillance for a few days succeeded in locating the dive in which he lived, with several of his companions and their women. The constant strengthening of the number of Department of Criminal Investigations men working on the case enabled us to cover all the seemingly important members of the gang, and soon various other clues identified this band with the wave of robberies that had terrorized the city and the theft of baggage from hotels and railroad stations. A Red Cross girl, arriving in Paris on leave from one of the rest areas in southern France, saw her baggage taken out of the car at the Gare de Lyon, saw it put on a hand-truck, and run out and loaded on a taxicab. Then, before she could make any protest, the taxicab was driven away from right under her nose! A little later two of my men, watching a suspected house in the Montmartre, saw the cab draw up before it, and watched while the baggage was unloaded and carried inside. They sent for reinforcements, surrounded the house, broke in, and recovered the stuff; but the men who had taken it there had escaped. The baggage was brought down to the Rue St. Anne, and the Red Cross girl, who, in the meantime, had brought her complaint to us, recovered her possessions in exactly one hour from the time of the theft—which established a record in our office for quick returns on a case!

I hesitated to order a clean-up, for the reports of our men had not indicated that they had found any apparent leader, and I was sure there was one. The case was allowed to drift along until, one evening, several members of the gang attempted to stage a hold-up in one of the outlying districts of the city. Hibbard was an active participant, and when they were surprised by the French gendarmes, they jumped into waiting taxicabs to make their getaway. The affair took a serious turn. As Hibbard and one other soldier jumped into one taxi, a gendarme leaped in to arrest them on the other side. Shots were exchanged, the gendarme was drawn into the taxi and as it drove away, our men, who were covering the gang, heard two more shots fired.

The men of the Department had made no attempt to get into the fray as they were watching a soldier in an American uniform who seemed to be directing the performance from the window of a house that overlooked the scene of the hold-up. While some of our men jumped back to the gang's rendezvous to await their return, two others made an attempt to get the man in the house, but were unsuccessful. He disappeared, somehow, evidently aided by French associates.

The next morning the Paris papers carried an account of the killing of one gendarme and the wounding of another by American soldiers. One gendarme had been found badly wounded on the street, and another had been thrown from a taxicab by American soldiers, and was dead when picked up; his skull was crushed in and there were two bullet-holes in his body. After this episode we covered every known member of the gang, and tried to cover all those they came in contact with, in a strenuous effort to locate the man who had directed the hold-up, working under the supposition that he was in reality the leader we were looking for. But before anything had been accomplished I was obliged to withdraw a number of men for assignment to some special cases which came up, and the de Sar gang stole another march on us.

The French Police Make a Complaint

WALKING into the office one morning, I was greeted by an official from the French police, who informed me that on the previous day eight jewelry stores had been simultaneously robbed, that American soldiers had committed the robberies, and had escaped in automobiles, which had been left at the curb with engines running and drivers at the wheels. This official was greatly excited, but he was unable to give any information of value. When the formal complaints of these robberies came in, however, it was stated that some of the drivers of these automobiles were apparently Americans, while others were dressed in the uniform of Canadian, Australian, and French soldiers.

There was no question that the jewelry-store robberies had been committed by the same gang that had robbed the railroad stations, so additional men were sent out to reinforce those still on the case, and were instructed to get a line on as many of the known crooks in this gang as possible, and keep tabs on them. The crooks were wary, and, well hidden by their French confederates, stayed under cover for several days; but, proceeding cautiously so as not to alarm them, our men picked up their trails

one by one. But the French authorities were not satisfied and demanded immediate action, and my superiors passed such caustic comment that I was obliged, much against my better judgment, to send out and have some of these crooks picked up.

Within two days we had four of them, among them a chap named Locksmith, in civilian clothes. Since he appeared to be the most likely subject, I picked him out for interrogation. It didn't take much time or persuasion to make him talk, and in his confession we began to get an idea of the type of crook we had to contend with.

He told a pretty straightforward story. He belonged to a gang, he said, that was led by an American soldier named Charles de Sar. There were nine Americans, two Australians, Grafton and Weir, and a French soldier named Marcel, who was chauffeur for the French General commanding the Military District of Paris. Marcel was a marvelously useful member: frequently driving staff officers, he had the opportunity of listening in on their conversation and so obtained valuable information; he also controlled the several French men and women of the Parisian under-world who were hangers-on of the gang.

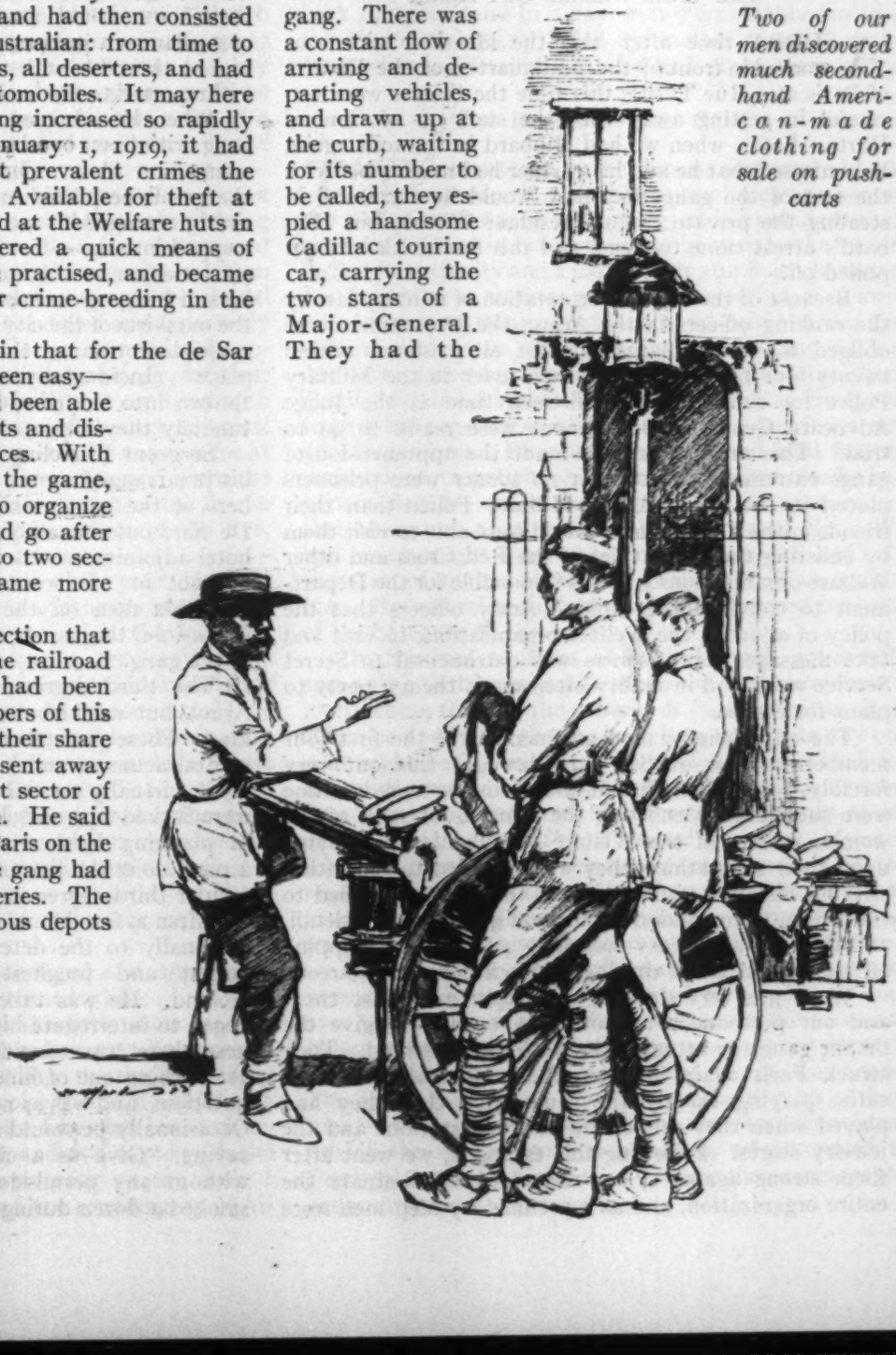
This had first started to form shortly after the St. Mihiel fight, Locksmith stated, and had then consisted of three Americans and one Australian: from time to time they had taken in the others, all deserters, and had begun by stealing and selling automobiles. It may here be stated that automobile-stealing increased so rapidly after the armistice that by January 1, 1919, it had developed into one of the most prevalent crimes the department had to deal with. Available for theft at every street corner in the city and at the Welfare huts in the villages, the automobile offered a quick means of escape to the crook wherever he practised, and became one of the principal agencies for crime-breeding in the A. E. F. in France.

Locksmith went on to explain that for the de Sar gang the theft of motor-cars had been easy—French members of the gang had been able to take them to suburban districts and dispose of them quickly for good prices. With the influx of other soldiers into the game, however, de Sar had decided to organize the gang on a business basis and go after bigger game; so he divided it into two sections, and their activities became more ambitious.

Locksmith belonged to the section that made the successful hauls at the railroad stations, and after the loot had been turned in and sold and the members of this part of the gang had been given their share of the proceeds, they had been sent away with forged credentials to a quiet sector of France for a two weeks' vacation. He said that he had just arrived back in Paris on the day when the second part of the gang had pulled off the jewelry-store robberies. The theft of the baggage at the various depots had been so simple that it was laughable. The various officers had helped wonderfully loading their own baggage on the trucks; the getaway had been easy, and the baggage all safely câched in the homes of the French confederates of de Sar within an hour of the time when it was stolen!

De Sar picked out such uniforms, credentials, and personal letters as were found necessary for their work, and the balance of the loot was turned over to their French women associates for disposal. He never allowed the gang to retain any automobiles after a robbery, because it was such a simple matter to steal what they needed for each job. In this case the camions were taken to the suburbs by some of the French, dressed as French soldiers, and sold to garage-keepers, who altered and disposed of them. France at that time was full of hybrid motor-cars, American chassées with French tops, English cars strangely adorned with French lamps, even innumerable American motor-cycles with French wicker side cars. Some of them were the result of the early days of frantic rescue of salvage, others were disguised because they were stolen, and it was impossible for the Department of Criminal Investigation police to tell the difference.

The de Sar gang scorned nothing that would travel on four wheels; and one afternoon Hibbard, who, it will be remembered, we had held for a few days at 10 Rue St. Anne and then allowed to escape, was passing the Hotel Crillon—the headquarters of the Peace Conference—with another member of the gang. There was a constant flow of arriving and departing vehicles, and drawn up at the curb, waiting for its number to be called, they espied a handsome Cadillac touring car, carrying the two stars of a Major-General. They had the



Two of our men discovered much second-hand American-made clothing for sale on push-carts

audacity to plan the immediate theft of it. Hibbard's companion approached the chauffeur, engaged him in conversation, and tried to sell him a German Luger pistol. Technically, salvaged enemy material was government property, and the chauffeur, who had not been in the lines and who coveted the souvenir, stepped out of the car and behind a large stone pillar in front of the hotel, to complete the transaction where they would not be under the observation of the curious.

He had no sooner disappeared behind the pillar than Hibbard, dressed in his first Lieutenant's uniform, jumped into the driver's seat, started the engine, and whirled away up the crowded Champs Élysées. Even then the chauffeur did not suspect that he had been tricked; he thought Hibbard was one of the Major-General's aides who were frequently asked to drive the car. So he lost considerable time before he notified the guard at the hotel. By that time Hibbard was out of sight, and in the midst of the confusion that followed General Bliss came out of the Crillon with members of his staff, and a highly wrought-up transportation officer had to inform him that his car had just been stolen!

The Gang Breaks Out Again

A SHORT time after this the identical trick was worked in front of the headquarters of the District of Paris at 7 Rue Tilsitt; this time the thieves were successful in getting away with the staff car of General Harts. Later, when we had Hibbard in the toils again, he confessed that he and his partner had made a bet with the rest of the gang that they would be successful in stealing the private car of President Wilson; but Hibbard's arrest came too soon and this final trick was not pulled off.

Because of the strict interpretation of military law by the ranking officers in the Army, the Department was obliged to prefer charges against all prisoners within twenty-four hours and turn them over to the Military Police for safe-keeping until such time as the Judge Advocate General's Department were ready to go to trial. This army procedure made the apprehension of gangs extremely difficult, for no sooner were prisoners placed in the hands of the Military Police than their friends in the French under-world were able to visit them by enlisting the sympathies of the Red Cross and other Welfare organizations. It was impossible for the Department to convince the ranking Army officers that the policy of allowing the Welfare organizations to visit and take messages for prisoners was detrimental to Secret Service work and in reality often made them a party to plans for escape.

The apprehension and confinement of the first four members of the de Sar gang brought this out very forcibly, for Locksmith and one of his partners in crime were successful in enlisting the interests of some of the women in one of the Welfare organizations. Playing upon their sympathies, they were enabled to get within striking distance of liberty—got themselves detailed to the Prison Commandant's office on grave-digging detail, and then it was an easy matter to get away by dropping off the prison truck driving through congested streets.

Work was very thick in our Department just then, and our personnel was not large enough to give the de Sar gang the attention its activities deserved. They struck Paris again in a simultaneous robbery of ten cafés, playing exactly the same trick that they had played when they robbed the railroad stations and the jewelry stores. Following this escapade, we went after them strong again. Plans were laid to eliminate the entire organization, and as a preliminary step men were sent out to bring in Locksmith and one or two others who were known. They were soon in the toils.

I had a talk with Locksmith the morning after his arrest. I pretended to take him into my confidence—told him that I was an infantry officer wanting to get home, that I didn't know much about crook-catching, and that I was hard up for personnel. I said if he, Locksmith, would become a stool for me and help me round up the others, I'd make things easy for him. As the expression goes, Locksmith thought I was a "dead" one, swallowed the whole thing, and offered to take one of my men to the rendezvous of the gang. One of the smallest men in the service was chosen to go with him, and they left the office—Locksmith, of course, not knowing that I had covered them with a dozen picked men. Locksmith led his custodian straight to the secret quarters of the gang in the Place de Clichy.

Entering a narrow street, they stopped before a door that was the side entrance to a café, the proper signal was given by Locksmith, and he and his companion entered. Six members of the gang were gathered around the table, working over a map of Paris, laying out the next job, which had already been planned for them by de Sar, figuring out their streets and deciding just where their cars would stand. Locksmith introduced his custodian as a prospective member of the gang, and left him at the table with the others while he went upstairs and reported to the leader, Charles de Sar.

When he returned downstairs the members of the gang withdrew, one by one, leaving Locksmith and his companion alone. In the meantime, Sergeant B, in charge of the picked men who had been covering Locksmith, arranged his men around the place, and he himself stepped into the café. He was just in time to overhear a conversation in which de Sar ordered three of the members of his gang to take Locksmith and his custodian to the outskirts of the city and leave the custodian where he could do not harm: the river was mentioned as the best place. (Incidentally, a good many of my men were thrown into the river at one time or another, but fortunately they all got out alive.)

Sergeant B, feeling that it was time for action, gave his prearranged signal, his men closed in, and six members of the gang, taken unawares, were apprehended. De Sar, unfortunately, escaped; but the café and the hotel adjoining were searched and much stolen property brought in. It was decided at headquarters to put these six men on the grill that night, to determine, if possible, the names and aliases of the other members of the gang.

The third degree is not only not tolerated in the Army, but would be unavailing with characters of this kind. These particular men were stubborn, without much mental acumen, and hours of questioning were without avail: virtually no real information was obtained. They were locked up, and I spent the balance of the night in planning further action. I decided to carry out a plan along the line of the psychological effect of spectacular third-degree methods as used in the movies.

After a few hours' sleep and a bite to eat, I went personally to the detention room and picked out the largest and toughest of the six—a man named Noland. He was taken to my private office, where I began to interrogate him. Under his mask of stubbornness there was considerable intelligence, but I could get nothing out of him. He wouldn't even answer my questions, and was as nonchalant and breezy as could be. Occasionally he would smile and reach over to my desk, saying, "Give us a cigarette, will you?" and take it without any permission on my part. He must have smoked a dozen during the time I was trying to interro-

gate him, puffing away coolly, apparently not the slightest bit annoyed by my questioning.

At the end of an hour, having got nothing from him, I proceeded to put the rest of my plan into operation. I stepped up to him and with my pen-knife ripped the sleeves of his shirt two or three times. I did the same to his breeches; then with my hands I tore these slits so that they made jagged gashes in his clothing. Two of my assistants began to work on him with gauze bandages, and made a beautiful job that reflected credit on their training in first-aid work. His right arm was bound and carried in a sling, and two heavy bandages on his right leg and one on his left leg, with a large head bandage held in place by adhesive tape, made him look like a fresh war casualty. I then took a bottle of red ink and splashed it on him in such a way as to stain the bandages noticeably. Some of the ink ran over his face, dropped on his uniform in large splashes, and in a few minutes he had the appearance of a man who had spilled a good deal of blood. My next move was to lay on the desk two or three heavy jimmies and a large automatic pistol.

The other members of the gang were brought into the outer room and seated close to the door, so they should miss nothing. When they had been placed according to schedule, a prearranged signal was given, and the two assistants in my room began a quarrel in which a great deal of loud talk, much shifting of furniture, and my apparently threatening, brow-beating language could be distinctly heard in the outer room. All this noise of a general rumpus created a good deal of excitement in the room where the men were waiting.

At last the ink-bespattered subject was placed on a chair in a far corner of the room, with a solemn warning that if he opened his mouth or made a sound he would become a candidate for the hospital in reality. I then signaled the outer room, and the five men were ushered in. They eyed me and their pal, bandaged and apparently much the worse for wear, and it was immediately apparent that there was something in psychology, for their eyes plainly showed a vague curiosity not unmixed with fear. Then, to take full advantage of the psychological effect of silence, not a word was spoken by any one for at least ten minutes, in which time I paced up and down the room, ruffling my hair and staring at each of the five in turn. Presently I pointed to the smallest of the five, and said to him:

"You understand, don't you, that your criminal activities were a factor in the war which was not unforeseen? You understand, don't you, that the hunt for criminals can not be conducted on a tea-party basis? You realize, do you not, that the Secret Service intends to clean up such crimes as you have committed? I warn you now that whatever you say will be used against you, but I strongly advise that you make a clean breast of your part in the activities of this gang!"

He looked promising, and I signaled for the other four men to be taken out. The new subject remained in front of my desk, with one of my assistants on each side of him. I said to him:

"You see your partner in the corner, don't you?"

He cast one look at his bandaged and apparently battered comrade, and his face turned white.

Quick to take advantage of the little show we had staged, I signaled for the bandaged man to be removed to another room. Then, turning to the remaining prisoner, I changed my tone of voice to one of friendliness and invited him to sit beside me. I handed him a cigar, held a match for him to light it, and as I toyed with the apparently blood-bespattered automatic on my desk, I told him I had almost completed the rounding up of his gang, and asked him if he did not want to make a confession of his part in the gang's activities.

He looked at me for a moment, then dropped to his knees and, in a voice that betrayed the coward in him, pleaded with me not to beat him up. "I'll tell you everything I know," he said. "I'll even help you to get the others in the gang who have not been caught, so long as you don't beat me up—honest, I will! I can't stand it!"

I told him that no one had been beaten up—that his imagination had run riot with him; but he was thoroughly frightened, and begged piteously to be allowed to help me. I accepted his offer. Turned over to my two assistants and a stenographer, and carefully interrogated by them, he made a lengthy confession—not only did he disclose the names of the other members of the gang, French, Australian, and American, and give a detailed résumé of their activities for some three months past, and disclose their rendezvous and hiding-places, but he also unconsciously gave a clue to a mysterious murder that had baffled us, and told us that Locksmith was the man who had killed the French gendarme in the taxicab in the getaway after the unsuccessful hold-up, and a man named Quentin had shot the other gendarme.

When he had completed his confession he was sent back to prison, and in a day or two was stabbed with a mess-knife and nearly killed by another member of the gang who had learned that he had given them away.

The Brains of the Gang

TAKING advantage of the information secured from this confession, I was able to send men out hot on the trail of the balance of the gang, and in two days they brought in Quentin, who proved to be next to the leader, de Sar, in authority and a particularly stubborn character. Interrogation at various times over a period of a week failed to get anything out of him, so we confined him and continued the case. Within a few days we had de Sar. My men picked him up at the Bal Tavern in the Place Pegal, and brought him in on the technical charge of having his papers looked over. He was wearing a sergeant's uniform. He was brought in and held for my personal interrogation, and when I examined him he had perfect orders—orders so faultless to all appearances that there was no alternative but to release him. We had never caught him in any criminal act, and had only the word of one member of his gang as evidence against him. He was released, but thoroughly covered by some of the best men in the service.

De Sar was cautious and tricky, and, apparently suspecting that he might be shadowed, he led my men a merry chase through the suburbs of Paris for many days. When he finally felt that he had given the slip to any one who might be following him, he headed straight back for his rendezvous in the Montmartre, and within twenty-four hours had gathered together the remnants of his gang. Against some of these we had evidence. My men sent in a hurry call for reinforcements, closed in on the rendezvous, and got them all. They were quickly placed in cars and brought to headquarters—American, Australian, and French soldiers and several Frenchwomen.

Because of the peculiarities of the French law, we were obliged to turn those of French nationality at once over to the French authorities, who made the necessary *proces verbal*, copies of which were given to our Department, to be used in the prosecution of the Americans. The Australians were turned over to the English authorities for punishment, and, with the nine Americans comprising the de Sar gang rounded up, we proceeded to check up on their activities and prepare their cases for the Judge Advocate to prosecute.

De Sar's outfit was the most perfectly organized of all the gangs operating on a large scale in France, and de Sar himself, providing the brains for the band, turned out to be a very interesting individual. Like so many of the men we had to deal with in the Department, he had a bad record at home. He was cautious and sly, and ruthless toward his enemies. He possessed marked executive ability, planning all the activities and directing each job from a point of vantage, watched the stir made at the getaway, and then appeared at the rendezvous to receive the spoils and make an equitable distribution.

After de Sar had planned a job, it was just as carefully rehearsed as a play. We found that he had rehearsed the robberies at the railroad stations, that the four trucks had driven up simultaneously to the four stations, that in each case a member of the gang dressed as an officer had jumped off, called to the driver to get his baggage, and that they had then taken on the baggage of a few officers, and had actually delivered it to the hotels. The rehearsal worked so smoothly that the larger robbery immediately followed, and was successful.

Spying Out the Land

THE café thefts had been accomplished with the full knowledge of where the proprietors' savings were kept. Members of the gang had gone into the different cafés, bought drinks, and given a large bill which necessitated the proprietor's going to his câche for change. One of the gang would jokingly follow, usually into the proprietor's own sleeping quarters at the back of the café, would offer him some American cigarettes and candy, ask him if he had had a son at the front, and, winning his way into his confidence, would see where he kept his supply of money, how large it was, and whether or not there was jewelry—as there often was—with it. Fortified with this knowledge, the simultaneous robberies were profitable and easy, as the cafés were in different parts of the city. So exact were they in pulling off these robberies that, like men going over the top to an attack, their watches were synchronized. The most revolting part about these café robberies was the wholly unnecessary brutality used in some cases by the gang toward the proprietors. Having secured the câche of money and valuables, they went out of their way to beat up the unoffending proprietors, and in one instance locked an old woman in a closet where she was nearly suffocated.

The American members of the gang were de Sar, Quentin, Noland, Hibbard, Casserni, Hayward, Butcher, and Locksmith. The name of the ninth member of the gang, the little fellow who turned evidence, is withheld to keep faith with him, as promised. For several months he acted as a stool for me, I gave him a chance to make good, gave him assignments, and put him on the pay-roll. If he had played straight I would have put him in a casual company and sent him home with a clean record. He had an old mother and three sisters at home, and I wanted to do what I could for him. But at the end of four months he tried to sell me,—not knowing that all this time I had kept him shadowed because I wasn't sure of him,—and I had to have him taken up and put in jail. I never turned his name in as implicated in the de Sar gang, and so saved him a sentence of twenty years; but he is serving five years now on a lighter charge.

When the trials of the de Sar gang by General Court Martial came up, we were able to present sufficient evidence to convict them. They were all given sentences at hard labor, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years, and the French authorities heaved a sigh of relief with their apprehension and confinement. But while they were still in prison in France, awaiting transfer to Leavenworth Prison, they were the leaders in various mutinies and escapes. As in the case of Bender (see April McCLURE'S), the Military Police seemed unable to hold de Sar and Quentin. The former escaped and was apprehended five times before he was returned to the United States. His escapes were less spectacular than Bender's, the only one with this element in it being the time he got out at 10 Rue St. Anne by way of the ventilating-shaft, which started from a bath-room on the fourth floor connecting with the two rooms where prisoners were temporarily confined awaiting hearings, and dropped to the street lever. De Sar worked his way down this one day, and, biding his time, slipped out of a basement entrance when no one was looking. He was easily picked up after each escape.

Quentin was the leader in an attempt to tunnel out of the Prison Petit de la Roquette, called the "Bastille" by the A. E. F. Assigned to the sanitary detail working out of the cook-house, Quentin and his gang had hours every day in which to work at this tunnel. The inspection officer of the day, once inspection was over for the morning, did not put in an appearance again until noon, and then not again until night. There were any number of kitchen police, and the cooks didn't give themselves the trouble to keep an eye on all of them. These prisoners worked at the tunnel seven weeks, and then were caught only because one of my men, over at the Bastille to pick up a prisoner, saw four garbage-cans with fresh dirt on the top, reported and brought about an immediate investigation. It appears that they had been sending out their loose dirt in the ash-cans and garbage-cans all this time, and the end of the tunnel had been brought within thirty yards of the street.

Quentin was de Sar's chief lieutenant, and at his trial by court martial he admitted that he had served time in the Lancaster Boys' Reformatory, and that on his release from the reformatory he had become associated with others in the theft of several automobiles and was only one jump ahead of the police when he enlisted in the Army for the duration of the war. At his court martial he was charged with violation of the 58th Article of War, with one specification, that of desertion, and with violation of the 93rd Article of War, comprising eight separate and distinct specifications, and also with violation of the 96th Article of War, comprising three specifications. To all the specifications he pleaded "not guilty," but of all the charges and specifications he was found guilty by the court that tried him. He was sentenced to be confined at hard labor for twenty-five years, to be dishonorably discharged from the service, and to forfeit all pay and allowances due or to become due. The action of the court was upheld by the reviewing authority, and the findings in the case of this soldier were published in General Court Martial Orders No. 223, Headquarters District of Paris, A. E. F., France, March 18, 1919.

This is a sample of the court-martial records of each of the members of the de Sar gang, although the charges, specifications, and sentences vary with each case. There were a number of crimes with which the Division of Criminal Investigation credited the de Sar gang but were unable to take the necessary time to secure all the evidence, and so had to be satisfied with the capture and conviction of the outfit on the established charges.

It should be told at this time that General Pershing was the most lenient of all the Allied commanders. In many cases tried by General Court Martial, overwhelming evidence was submitted that should have resulted in conviction and a death sentence; but in only a few instances were men sentenced to death, and rarely was the death sentence carried out. Almost invariably the final authority—General Pershing—changed these sentences to life imprisonment.

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Manhattan Bridge, one of New York's five spans between Manhattan and Long Island; with a glimpse of Brooklyn Bridge at the right

Manhattan through Three Centuries

A Review of New York City's Growth and Achievements, Looking Forward to Her Double Anniversary

By S. S. McClure

THREE years hence New York City will celebrate a double birthday. For 1926 will be the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the nation and the three hundredth of the founding of the city. There will be a country-wide recognition of the former event, but the city of New York should join the two occasions in a signal commemoration. For such a celebration New York does not need to deck herself with a monster exhibit sent hither for the purpose by all the nations of the earth. It will be more fitting for her, as the queen city of the United States, the epitome of the nation's history and development, and as the greatest of all cities, to say to the people of our own and other countries:

"Come hither; look at me, and pass judgment upon me as to whether or not I have been a diligent worker in the civilization of which we are all a part."

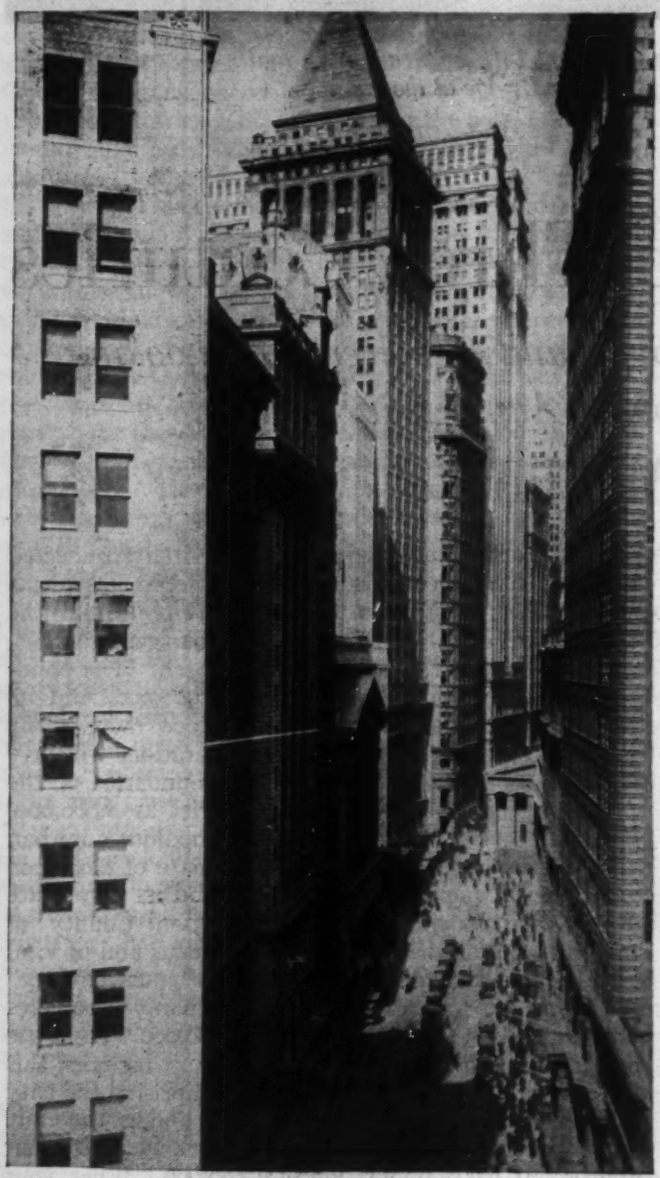
The exposition of what New York City has achieved in the three hundred years of her own history, including the hundred and fifty of the nation's,—the presentation of herself as she is,—will be a sufficiently splendid and marvelous celebration of her double birthday.

Mount to the top of one of Manhattan's highest towers and you will see the greatest city in the world spread out at your feet. Within its own boundaries is an area of 315 square miles, more than 200,000 acres; while clustered around, hugging its sides and vitally connected with it by fundamental interests and incessant streams of traffic, their most important sections embraced in the Port of New York District, are its suburban communities, as much a part of the city as the city's self. The population of New York City is about 6,000,000, and its suburban area adds more than 2,000,000 more. The City Directory for 1923, now in preparation, will give the population included within the boundaries of the city and the Port of New York District as 8,000,000. Since this does not take account of the populous suburban region to the north and east, the estimate of 8,000,000 as the present population of the city and its immediate environs is moderate. The registration County of London, which is the London of the census and of vital statistics, and therefore is comparable with our "Greater" New York, has an area of a little less than 75,000 acres and a population of, approximately, 5,000,000. What has come to be known as "Greater London" includes this area and an "outer ring" of suburbs comprising the City and the Metropolitan Police District, and is therefore comparable with an area for New York including our suburbs. It has a population of 7,500,000. When your eye ranges from your Manhattan tower, you see the homes of more than one fourteenth of the people of the United States.

New York is unique in its cosmopolitan character and in the spirit of homogeneity with which it infuses its people. Looking down on those teeming streets and those solid miles of buildings alive with activity, you see a city that is, first of all, representative of the nation, a city that is the adopted and much loved home of men and women from every State and every city of the country. Unlike the great cities of other countries, it is far less the city of those who were born within its borders than of those who have sought it as a home because they greatly desired it.

Not only is the metropolis a representative American city in its native population, but in its history it is an epitome of the story of the country. In its earliest years it had its frontier hardships—its troubles with Indians, its struggles in the taming of the wilderness. It subdued and brought to its service its outlying regions, pushing its boundaries ever outward; it grew, as did the country, in wealth and energy and civilization; it had its slaves, as did the South; it cast slavery from it, as did the North.

From its infancy New York has been a place of many tongues and races. While it was still a Dutch village it was necessary to print town notices in four languages, and it is recorded that two and a half centuries ago some observant person counted the different languages spoken in its streets and heard sixteen. Nowadays New York City is an epitome of all the races of the earth. In New York City you can eat in all the tongues of the Tower of Babel. Among the 2,000,000 foreign-born residents there are representatives of every nation, speakers of every language in the world. It has more foreign-born Italians than either Genoa or Florence or Venice; more Irish than Cork; it is a mighty Jewish city, a great Polish city, a great German city; it houses at present more Russians than does Petrograd.



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The Broad Street "Cañon," near its junction with Wall Street, now the world's financial center

All of these vast numbers New York gathers in her arms, and yet, holding them to her breast, is still the greatest of American cities. For she toils in a thousand ways to make Americans of all these aliens and to infuse them with American spirit. She puts their children into the public schools,—in one school there have been registered children having parents of twenty-seven nationalities,—teaches them English, gives them American standards of living, American hopes and ideals and ambitions, shows them the path of opportunity and hope, and inspires them with the spirit of democracy and of devotion to the country that has given them a larger and better life.

Never before in all its history has the world seen such a miracle of transformation as all this works upon the foreign born and their children. Signal proof of this is found in the service rendered and the spirit shown by the foreign born of the city and their children during the World War, when thousands upon thousands of them fought in France with as high a spirit of patriotism and devotion as any soldier with generations of American ancestry behind him, while their families at home hung the Stars and Stripes and their service flags from their windows until the walls of narrow East Side streets bloomed like a garden, enthusiastically supported the government's war program by every sacrifice they could make, and bought war and thrift stamps and many million dollars' worth of Liberty bonds.

No Better Harbor in the World

TURN, now, from the city itself to its surroundings. There is no better harbor in the world than the Upper Bay of New York. Its thirty or more square miles of area make it commodious; it is perfectly protected from storms; its approaches from the ocean are rapid and easy.

There is unrivaled commercial advantage in the 770 miles of water-front, seven times that of London, that the city possesses. The recently created Port of New York Authority is making the plans and organizing the development for the realization of those potentialities. It is simplifying, unifying, and creating railroad terminals, belt-line connections, warehouses, tunnels, subways, port facilities, the whole calling for an expenditure of $325,000,000—more than four times the amount being expended by the Port of London Authority. The anniversary year will see it in the mid-spring of its development.

Recent figures for the freight handled in the channel between Manhattan and the New Jersey shore place it at more than 68,000,000 tons in a year and its value at more than $7,000,000,000. In 1921 some 5,000 vessels, totaling more than 17,000,000 tons, entered the port of New York, and almost as many cleared from it. They carried, in and out, merchandise to the value of more than $2,500,000,000. In the same year the United States customs revenues amounted to $308,000,000, of which $205,000,000, two thirds of the total amount, was collected in the New York customs district. For two centuries the port of London has been the greatest port

in the world; but the port of New York is rapidly taking from it that proud preëminence.

So, also, is New York City taking the place that London has long held as the financial capital of the world. In 1920 the sums passed through the London Bankers' Clearing-House amounted to $196,000,000,000. In the same year—it was a record year for both—the New York City bank clearings amounted to $252,000,000,000. New York's clearings run about seven times those of Chicago, the American city most nearly approaching it in the amount of its banking business. The deposits in the banks of New York on January 1, 1921, amounted to a little less than $10,000,000,000. Its real and personal property exceed $11,000,000,000. In 1920 the people of New York State, more than half of whom, owning almost four fifths of the real and personal property, live in New York City, paid 23.69 per cent of the total income tax collected by the federal government in the whole United States.

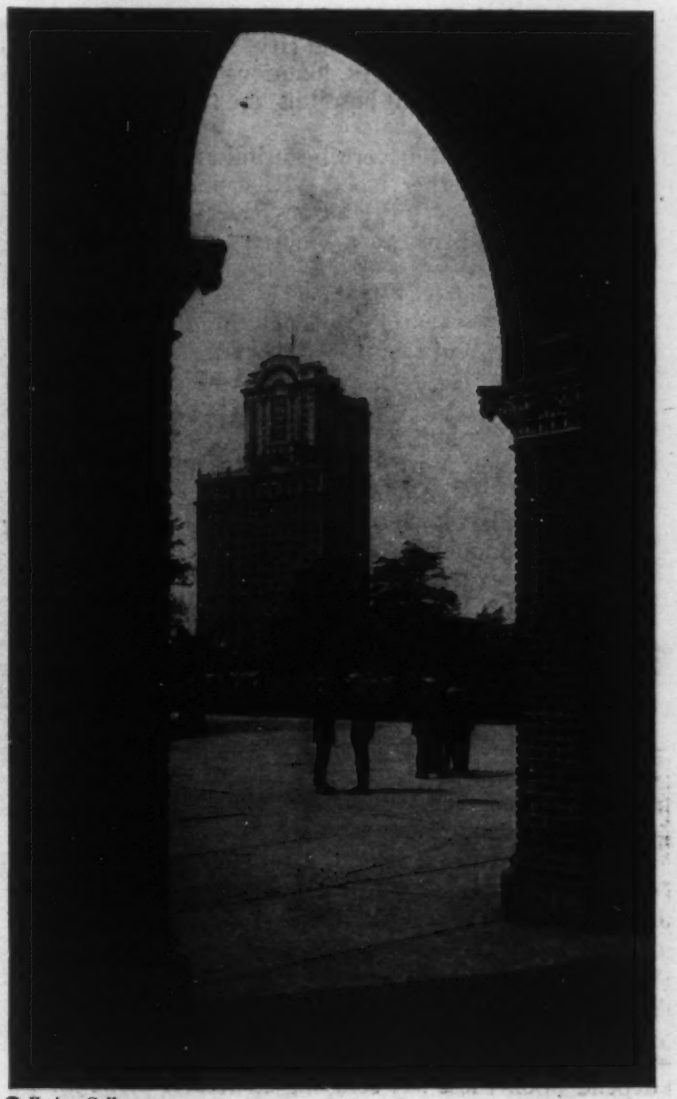
If the people of New York City have amassed enormous wealth, it is because they have with incessant toil of brain and hand created values. Turn your gaze from the waters that lave the city's feet, look down on the city itself, and note the rivers of traffic, the immense multitudes of people that are brought into the city by ships and railroads, and carried up and down and around by elevated, subway, and surface cars. It is a busy, working multitude, beginning its toil early in the morning, and not ceasing, a goodly portion of it, until the next morning. These crowded streets are the busiest of any city in the world. A count of vehicles made not long ago showed Columbus Circle to be its most thronged crossing; during twelve hours there was an average of 3,267 vehicles an hour.

London's busiest corner was Picadilly at the Ritz Hotel, where the average an hour during ten hours was 2,873. Through the two railroad terminal stations there came to and left New York, in 1920, 186,000,000 passengers, an average of more than 500,000 a day. That is, each day the metropolis receives into her capacious arms a multitude as great as the population of a large city—receives them, cares for them, keeps them busy, sends them on their way again, and scarcely knows they are there, so absorbed are they into her own millions. In 1921, 2,500,000,000 passengers were carried by the subway, surface, and elevated car lines of the city—a number considerably greater than the population of the entire world.

New York City is the country's leader in art and literature, in the drama, in architecture and music, in book publishing, in the making of newspapers and magazines, in manufactures. The value of its manufactures exceeds that of any other American city, and is 9 per cent of the nation's total. In the neighborhood of a million of its people are engaged in industry, and more than $3,000,000,000 are invested in the various kinds of industry within the city's limits.

Her Famous Streets

COME down now from your tower of survey and fill your eyes and pleasure your mind with the thousand interests this imperial city can show you. Here is Broadway, a hundred and fifty miles long, with its feet at Battery Park and its head in Albany, a street of varieties and contradictions, of splendor and shabbiness, a street that in its course becomes all things to all men, a polyglot street whose business signs betoken a many-raced city, a street especially beloved of New Yorkers, a street that is almost an epitome of the great city itself. In its first blocks it is as old as the beginnings of the city, and



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An early view of New York seen by incoming foreigners: the Whitehall Building through the arch of the Immigrants' Ferry

farther uptown it is older still. Where it now runs between rows of apartment-houses, it was once, long before and a long time after the white man came, an Indian path leading from village to village and furnishing the highway down which traveled Indians from farther north. Wall Street, perhaps the most famous half-mile in the world and the heart of the world's greatest potential power, turns off Broadway among the downtown cañons. Its name and its quaint early history are dear to New Yorkers because of all it meant to the little handful of settlers who laid the foundations of their city. Now, as you walk at the foot of its towering stone walls, you can look up at the work-rooms of men and corporations who have under their control the machinery of the world.

Splendid among the famous boulevards of great cities, Fifth Avenue stretches northward from Washington Square, historic, beautiful, magnificent. It also changes its character many times in its course. Fine old historic homes, modern palaces, luxurious shops, noble churches, imposing edifices of many kinds, by turns meet your eye as you pass from block to block. To stroll up Fifth Avenue from Madison Square to Central Park is to take a walk through all the bazaars of the world. China and Japan and India, the cleverest artificers of France and Italy and Spain, the workers of Holland and Belgium and Scandinavia, Germany, England, South America, have sent hither their most beautiful wares. As you go on

past Fifty-ninth Street the shops give way, and Central Park, the lovely heart of the city, stretches north and west, while marble palaces, luxurious apartment-houses, imposing churches, and hospitals line the Avenue on the east.

Very different, but very beautiful and inviting,—the great city in another mood,—Riverside Drive extends along the shore of the Hudson River northward from Seventy-second Street, a magnificent driveway between trees and lawns—on one side blocks of fine apartment-houses rearing high their stone walls, on the other the burnished waters of the placid Hudson, with the Palisades rising beyond against the western sky.

New York's Skyward Growth

WHEN New York City began to outgrow its early limits and to feel crowded on its original Manhattan Island, the necessity it faced so spurred the imagination and challenged the daring of architects that, to meet the occasion, they created a new style of architecture. After they realized that in unbroken vertical lines they had found a new expression of beauty, the towers of the sky-scraper began to show an austere loveliness. One of them, the Woolworth Building, an ingenious marriage of an old order and the new, of the Gothic and the sky-scraper, has often been declared to be one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and certainly none more impressively lovely has ever been erected for commercial purposes. Some of them, narrow of base, towering in height, trim, taut, and severe in outline, sparing of ornament, their unbroken lines carrying the eye and the imagination up and up hundreds of feet, are as beautiful as temples. The sky-scraper had its origin in New York, and in that metropolis it has had its most distinctive, most beautiful, and most varied and interesting development.

But the architecture of New York City does not depend upon these sky-scraping structures alone for its allurement and interest for citizen and visitor. The lovely twin spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral; the sheer beauty of St. Thomas's; the imposing mass of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, as yet unfinished, rising above the rocky acclivities of Morningside Park; the United States Custom House, with its noble sculptured figures—the work of Daniel Chester French—across its front; the group of buildings at 156th Street and Broadway, including the homes of the Hispanic and the Geographical societies and the Indian Museum; the buildings of the College of the City of New York—an impressive, harmonious group rising, on the St. Nicholas Avenue side, with beauty, originality, and distinction high above the retaining-wall, the long, spreading wings of the main building curving back from the central tower; the many structures housing the activities of Columbia University, a group so large and imposing as to be almost a small city in itself; the pillared spaciousness of the Pennsylvania Terminal and, across Eighth Avenue, the dignity and nobility of the Post Office building; the City Hall, perennial in its loveliness; the Grand Central Terminal, simple and impressive; the columned galleries of the Hall of Fame, dominating University Heights; the huge but noble bulk of the Municipal Building, unique and interesting in outline and design—these are only a few of the outstanding examples of New York's architecture that help to make it a city so greatly worth seeing, an exposition in itself.

Vast energies go constantly into the construction, the repairing, the amazing growth of New York. A prodigious stream of capital flows unceasingly and with an ever-increasing volume into these enterprises. Into the building of the two railroad terminal stations went $200,000,000. The five great bridges that span the East River, across which travel every day about a million persons, cost more than $113,000,000. With these and other bridges and ten great tunnels, the boroughs are bound together, across and under their separating rivers, into one vast organized entity. The vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River, upon which work was recently started, is to be 9,300 feet long, to have an annual capacity of 15,800,000 vehicles, and to cost $28,000,000. The cost of buildings started in the first nine months of 1922 amounted to $415,900,000.

While New York has been making herself the greatest city in the world, she has also been making herself one of the healthiest. Along with other great centers of population, she holds in her corporate consciousness the memory of years of dirty streets, unsanitary houses, and hygienic conditions that resulted in a high rate of mortality. But New York was among the first to apply to community service the discoveries of medical and sanitary science as these have been made known in rapid succession during the last half-century. This has brought about in the last twenty years a notable reduction in the death rate—from 20.57 per thousand in 1900 to 12.93 per thousand in 1920. The death rate for London in that year was 16.8. Among American cities, Chicago alone, with a death rate in 1920 of 12.74, had a death rate lower than New York. The rate of infant mortality—that of children under one year—was 81 per thousand in New York City, the lowest rate of American cities and the lowest of the great cities of the world.

Chief among the reasons for the exceptional good health with which the citizens of New York are blessed is the fact that the city, through its Department of Health, organizes so efficiently its care for its citizens. It quickly quarantines communicable diseases, incessantly carries on a vigilant warfare against tuberculosis, keeps an always watchful eye on the water and milk supplies, pays much attention to child hygiene, supervises the food supplies, and carries on a constant education of the public in the matter of conserving the individual and the general health and preventing disease. So efficient are all these instrumentalities that missions come from other cities in this country and in Europe to study their methods.

Its Wonderful Water-Supply System

ONE important reason for the remarkable health status of New York is the city's water supply. One of the city's mighty achievements, this great river is brought underground from huge reservoirs draining a carefully watched water-shed in the Catskill Mountains having an area of 250 square miles. It is carried under the Hudson River, then southward a distance of ninety miles to the city limits, whence thirty-five more miles of tunnels underneath the roots of the city and under its rivers carry a supply, together with that from the Croton water-shed, of 800,000,000 gallons daily.

Another reason for the city's good health is its salubrious climate. No other great city possesses a climate of so many enjoyable and so few objectionable features. Its high percentage of days of sunshine and blue sky, its clear air, and its freedom, ordinarily, from extremes of heat and cold make it a delightful place to live in or to visit at any season of the year.

The people who built so great and so admirable a city would have had to be of a different breed if they had not sought to make it a center of education and culture. Numberless societies of nation-wide membership whose

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An airplane photograph of Manhattan's sky-line at the southeast edge of the island, the Battery at the left

purpose is to further the interests of art, of music, of literature, of philanthropy, of education, of the drama, of mental and manual training, of knowledge of every sort, of craftsmanship of a score of kinds, of professional vocations, have their headquarters in New York. The city is a vast storehouse of those treasures that men gather at enormous expense of time, money, and effort, and deposit in beautiful buildings for the pleasure and benefit of the public.

Education and Art

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art, although but a little more than fifty years old, ranks with the great museums of Europe in the variety and importance of its collections, which are of incalculable value. They include examples of the fine and decorative arts of ancient and modern civilizations from three thousand years before Christ to the present day. Among its notable collections are the Riggs collection of arms and armor; the Ballard rug collection; the Crosby Brown collection of 3,600 musical instruments; the Hearn collection of American and other paintings of the nineteenth century; the Cochran collection of Persian and Indian art; the large and varied and priceless collection of J. P. Morgan, filling an entire wing. The museums of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences include a Children's Museum and a Central Museum which houses valuable collections of paintings and other art objects and is rich in prehistoric American relics.

The Museum of the Hispanic Society of America has a special library and a collection of rare interest, including ancient maps, old prints, illumined medieval books, a "Don Quixote" collection containing every known edition of that work, exhibits of Spanish fine and decorative arts from Roman to present times. The Museum of the American Numismatic Society has a numismatic library and a large and varied collection of coins, medals, and decorations. The Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, contains more than 1,800,000 specimens of the culture of the American Indian, covering a course of time from the present back through unknown thousands of years to an antiquity so great its time can not even be guessed. The Aquarium, housed in one of the most interesting historical structures of the city, contains the largest, most comprehensive, and most valuable exhibit of aquatic life in the world. It numbers some 6,000 specimens, and has a library of a thousand volumes relating to aquatic life. The Museum of the New York Historical Society, with its library, museum, and art gallery, contains a rich collection of books, prints, paintings, and objects of various kinds illustrating the history of the city and the State, while collections of relics of historic interest are housed in the Van Cortlandt Mansion, the Jumel Mansion, and the Dyckman House.

The American Museum of Natural History occupies an enormous building containing as varied, comprehensive, and important an exposition of the myriad phases of nature as can be found anywhere. Its collection of cut and uncut gems, the gift of J. Pierpont Morgan, is the largest and most valuable in the world. The French Institute houses an important exposition of French culture. The Botanical Gardens of the Bronx and of Brooklyn, containing respectively four hundred acres and fifty acres, have notable exhibits of growing plants from many parts of the world. While in the Bronx Garden stands the Botanical Museum, with its special library and its herbarium with a million and a half specimens.

The Public Library, with its beautiful central building and its forty branches, is exceeded in the size of its book collection in this country only by the Library of Congress. In point of use, it is the first library in the world. The central building contains a million and a half volumes in its reference department and a million volumes in its circulation department. A million persons use its reference department every year and from

six thousand to ten thousand visit the library every day. The circulation department lends 10,000,000 books a year. The building cost $9,000,000, and the land upon which it stands is of equal value. The boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens have their own library systems, each with a large central building—that of Brooklyn having a million volumes—and, respectively, thirty and twenty branches. The library of Columbia University houses a very important collection. Other educational institutions have their own libraries.

Famous private collections of art, such as the Morgan and Frick, which eventually will belong to the public, add to the city's importance as a center in artistic matters. Aside from the many commercial art galleries, on whose walls there are always exhibits of value and interest, important exhibitions are held by societies and clubs. In the recently opened Art Center building, housing several societies of decorative and commercial art, there are permanent and special exhibits of the work of their members. Famous examples of sculpture are to be seen in various parts of the city. To mention only a few: The Sherman statue, by St. Gaudens, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, is accounted one of the three greatest equestrian statues in the world; Miss Hyatt's statue of Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive is in spirit and artistic quality the equal of any of the many images of the Maid of Orléans to be found in France—a replica of it stands in one of the French cities; the MacMonnies bronze presentation of Nathan Hale, Browne's noble equestrian figure of Washington, the St. Gaudens Farragut Memorial, French's impressive groups across the front of the Custom House, and the sculptures symbolizing twenty centuries in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine are only a few of the many that are worth seeing.

A Great University City

AS in art and literature, finance and commerce, so also in education, New York City is a center and leader for the whole country. Here are schools and teachers for every subject under the sun. There are night continuation schools for young people who have had to go to work with school courses unfinished; Cooper Union, with its $4,000,000 endowment and its classes in scientific, technical, and artistic subjects, constantly filled to overflowing; private and semi-private schools and academies by the score, from kindergarten to collegiate grade; schools and academies for training in art, music, the drama. The public-school system is administered on a vast scale. Its budget for this year is more than $80,000,000. A million pupils are taught in its six hundred buildings by more than 23,000 teachers. In one of its high schools, the largest high school in the world, there are this year 8,000 pupils and 285 teachers. The salaries of the public-school teacher in the school year ending in the spring of 1920 amounted to $40,000,000.

In its scope and size Columbia University leads all the educational institutions of the country. It has an endowment of $34,000,000. Its grounds cover twenty-eight acres on which are nearly twoscore buildings. Its faculty numbers over 1,500 and its enrolment last September exceeded 32,000, more than double that of any other university in the country; while the College of the City of New York gathers 20,000 under its Gothic towers. Thus New York City has a college and university student population during the school year of 67,000 young men and women. In numbers of students and faculty members, in scope, in equipment, in facilities, New York City takes its place among the greatest university cities of the world.

Among the students are young men and women from every State in the Union and from every quarter of the globe, a student gathering as cosmopolitan as the city itself.

The impression throughout the United States is that New York City is a wonderful place, the best in the country in which to find pleasure, entertainment, benefit, inner broadening and enrichment—if one has plenty of money. But the truth is that in this respect it is just as wonderful for a lean purse as for a fat one.

Beginning with the theater, it is hardly necessary to say that New York is far and away the leader in dramatic enterprises and entertainments in the United States, and vies with London for the dramatic leadership of the English-speaking world. London has 45 theaters and 38 music-halls and variety theaters—a total of 83, with a seating capacity of 110,000. There are also 790 other places—motion-picture theaters and public halls—licensed for public entertainment. New York City has more than a hundred theaters devoted to theatrical and musical performances and a total of 700 for these and motion-picture purposes, but excluding public halls, of which there are a large number. The total seating capacity of its theaters amounts to about 500,000. In the number of theaters for the spoken voice New York City leads the world.

The long operatic season every winter, with its huge aggregation of the most famous singers in the musical world, offers a rich opportunity to lovers of music. More than 1,700 churches house the organized religious life of the city. More than twenty religious denominations are represented among them, and as many more unusual cults and creeds.

For the entertainment and recreation of her citizens and visitors the metropolis provides an extensive, beautiful, and interesting series of parks. In the five boroughs they number, altogether, some 200 and cover 7,000 acres. Central Park, in the middle of Manhattan Island, famous because of the beauty, variety, and charm of its surface contour and landscape composition, has an area of 843 acres, a stretch of land in the very heart of the city that is of almost incalculable value. Some years ago it was estimated to be worth $200,000,000. The Borough of Queens has 1,000 acres of parks, and Brooklyn about 1,300 acres. Hundreds of miles of parked avenues and drives connect and extend the park system.

There is a widespread popular notion that the chief outstanding features of interest in New York City are Wall Street and the Great White Way, and that its people spend their time gathering in quantities of easy money in the one place and getting rid of it with royal spendthriftery in the other. Never was so untrue an impression created about the population of any region. New Yorkers are hard-working people who toil with the greatest energy at tasks of hand or brain and who play joyously at every opportunity. The benefactions of the people of New York in money, in time and thought, and in personal effort are upon a scale as immense and arresting as the city they have builded.

New York's Charitable Nature

THE municipality itself is the greatest and most open-handed welfare organization in the world. Through its hospitals, its health, welfare, and charities departments, it dispenses yearly some $16,000,000. More than a thousand private organizations give time and effort, thought and money to the service of the population. Most famous among the private benefactions of those who have made New York City their home are the great Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations, with

their varied, vast, and ever-growing work for the good of humanity the world over. Every year there are gifts by New Yorkers, outright or by will, to colleges, churches, hospitals, museums, and other institutions of public service at home or elsewhere, totaling high up in the millions of dollars.

Such is the real population of New York, a people of tremendous energies, forever enlarging and remaking their city, giving it new form and features, pleased with it only when it is changing, developing, growing so rapidly that it becomes a new and different city almost before they know the old one; a people proud of their city and zealous for its welfare; a people eager to enjoy the material pleasures of life, but ardent for all means of intellectual and esthetic growth and enrichment; a people that works hard and gallantly and plays joyously with genial good nature; a people that is warm-hearted, open-handed, and sympathetic, and quick to do its share in good works. The city this people has built is a great spectacle merely as a city, a spectacle worth seeing, worth taking a journey to see. And as a spectacle it has a new aspect, a new significance, a fresh appeal, from every point of view. Look down upon it from one of its high towers, see its mighty buildings shouldering upward, its streets filled with their busy multitudes, its miles upon miles of marts and offices and homes spreading far into the distance, its railroads reaching out hands of friendly intercourse with distant cities, its thronged waterways, and the spectacle is thrilling, inspiring, astounding. See the city at night, when it is garlanded with lights, its streets filled with a flowing stream of lights, the heart of it round about Times Square a vast blaze of light and color, rainbow lights flaming up the walls, flashing out in pictures, sparkling in cataracts and fountains and volcanos, leaping up to the topmost towers, glowing against the sky, and it seems like some scene of barbaric festivity.

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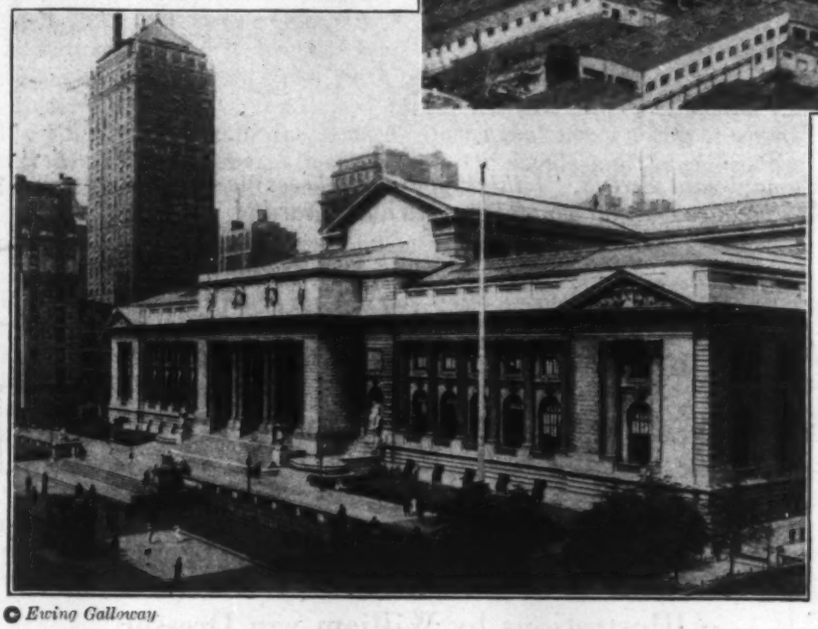
An airplane view showing the Woolworth Tower in the background at the left



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New York's famous Public Library; it occupies the two blocks on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second streets

The city presents the most beautiful of all its many aspects when it is viewed from the harbor in the hour when day changes into night, while the city is still at work. Against the smoldering sunset sky Liberty's torch leaps out, a great glowing star half revealing the massive figure upholding it. A fairy ring of lights flashes out from the shores of Brooklyn, Staten Island, and New Jersey, encircling the harbor, while back and forth across its ships and ferry-boats weave their brilliant shuttles of light. The huge sky-scrapers of lower Manhattan sink into the gathering shadows as their thousands of windows glow with light, numberless multitudes of stars gleaming in the soft darkness and mounting up and up to the stars on high, a gold-broidered tapestry hung from the very heavens.

It is a scene worth journeying far to see, a scene unique among all the sights of the world, a scene so beautiful and impressive that it lives in the memory; for it is that vast organized energy that we call New York City at its gentlest and loveliest moment.

This greatest of cities, epitome of our own land, representative of all the peoples of the earth, does not need to ask the nations of the world to send hither their products for an exposition in honor of her anniversaries. She is herself an exposition of them all, and especially and in high degree of the greatest of them, our own country.

A generation ago the impression of New York on the mind was that of a somber city clad in dull reds and browns. So much of the newer architecture is in clear, pale colors—some one has called its tall buildings "the pastel-tinted towers of New York"—that the general effect is bright and inspiriting. New York's hard-working citizens have built a great city; and the dynamic energies that created the metropolis grow constantly in strength and volume as with resistless force they push the city outward, build it upward, tunnel beneath it, fling mighty bridges across its rivers and bore tubes beneath them.

Realizing her greatness, her power, her beauty, her multitude of interests, to make adequate celebration of her double anniversary she needs only to invite the people of her own and of other lands to come hither and see the account she can give of her three centuries of life.

"Mama," said Serena, "I think you ought to see me act; because I'm going on the stage in a few years"

Take a Happy Journey Back to Youth With—

Serena and the Cave-Men

By Alida Sims Malkus

Illustrations by William van Dresser

NINE-YEAR-OLD Serena, being a properly aggressive feminist, deliberately rode her bicycle over the very feet of the boy with whom she was enjoying a difference of opinion.

"Yeah, why doncha watch outa the way? Why doncha watch out where I'm goin'?" she shrieked back defiantly as he bit the dust.

Serena and Alexander, who was ten, had been engaged for half an hour in a heated argument as to whether it were strictly legal for Serena to wear a Red Cross uniform. And as at the end of the half-hour Alexander still remained maddeningly unconvinced, Serena resorted to violence.

Now, when a yell of rage burst from Alexander, Serena turned at a safe distance to pedal back, shouting, "I guess if a doll can wear a Red Cross uniform I can too—I s'pose my doll's a active member of the Red Cross, huh!"

With which withering irony she flew past and down the street, thus making sure of the last word. In inarticulate wrath Alexander smote the zinnia bed in front of Serena's home, viciously snatching off the heads of the flowers and gouging up the dirt with his heels.

It was hot summer vacation time and Serena's energies demanded outlets. Vitality sparkled from her wide-eyed glowing face, from her glinting curls. Her shapely calves were muscular with much exercise.

Now, as she trundled along, an idea, born of the dispute, was taking form in the back of her consciousness. But as the ice-cream-cone man went by just then, she naturally forgot all about it for the time being.

She did not remember it until the next morning, when the day was already old in misadventure, and she and Caroline, her shadow, had been banished to the back yard. It was unjust, for Serena had been very generous. Her generosity was, indeed, the beginning of the trouble.

Starting off on her roller-skates to Caroline's house, she had seen Caroline streaking up the street to meet her. The jerky rise and fall of Caroline's head and shoulders, and the straight course of her progress, told Serena from

afar that Caroline had but one skate and was propelling herself with her free foot.

A pedestrian would have thought that Caroline was able to attain sufficient speed in this manner, but Caroline did not think so. Nor did Serena. So, tying their adjoining legs together with their hair-ribbons, they fastened the odd skate to their combined feet, fitted Serena's left foot and Caroline's right each with a skate, and, after a few false starts, were off. With a skill attainable only by much practice, the Siamese twin skaters swung along, right, left, right, left, the center foot serving in some mysterious and indescribable way as a sort of third tricycle wheel. Their shrill *yoo-oo, yoo-oo,* warned the postman, who swerved angrily out of the way just in time to escape being upset with his bag and bicycle. But as the children rounded the down-sloping curve by Serena's house they collided with an ill-starred milkman. His own clatter had kept him from hearing their approach, and the three sprawled in ignominy and milk.

But now on the back-yard trapeze Serena swung leisurely back and forth, downfall forgotten. Hanging batlike by her heels, her toes firmly caught behind the ropes, arms outspread, she surveyed a delightful world where all was topsy-turvy indeed. Her face was scarlet, and the veins on her forehead stood out, but her expression was one of beatific content. The position was a favorite one with Serena. It exhilarated her strangely, and she seemed to find it conducive to thought. At least, it was always stimulating.

As she swung, her shiny curls went swish, swish, back and forth through the dust.

"Ser-ee-nah," called a voice from within the house, firmly—the voice of Mrs. McDougall, Serena's mother. "Get down. I don't want to have to wash your head again this week."

So, with an expression that showed plainly her opinion of tyranny, Serena sat down beside Caroline on the back steps. There was an intolerable five minutes, for when excitement languished Serena did likewise. She ended the depressing interval by jumping to her feet with the declaration that they "gotta do something."

"Yes," Caroline assented. "Le's have a show," she submitted timidly. As this same thought had occurred to Serena while she swung on the trapeze, she fell in with the idea enthusiastically. The allurements of a three-ring circus or a dog and pony show were weighed, but Serena decided upon a play for Red Cross relief in Russia. She'd show Alexander what she dared do with Red Cross uniforms!

TEN minutes later she and Caroline emerged from the house, got up with towels pinned around their brows, crooked crosses of red crêpe-paper pasted thereon, maids' aprons tied under their arms. The two young ladies wasted no time, and shortly were ringing every door-bell in the neighborhood and offering tickets for their show.

"How much?" inquired Serena's first victim, an amiable housekeeper near home.

"Well—er—fifty cents for big people."

"Dear me, that's a good deal, I'm afraid." The unfortunate lady was holding half a dozen tickets in her hand. "Let me see," and she read aloud: " 'Present this coupon for one cake of yeast at the Pioneer Grocery before August 1st.' "

"That don't say what we're going to have," interposed Serena hastily. "We haven't decided yet. An' you can get some yeast for the tickets, too. Well, then, five cents, if you think fifty is too much."

While many tickets were being sold, two neighbor boys were tasting the sweets of a secret rendezvous within a new-made cave in a vacant lot next to the Barker home.

"Hot dawg, *guy!* Thum cave!" said Blaney in polite and honest tribute to his host.

"Gotta have a place of your own," grunted Charles, the host, as modestly as he could.

They were, you see, in the pleistocene era of human development—an era generally reached between ten and twelve or fourteen.

The cave was about five and a half feet deep, and was fully six feet square. Light filtered in through cracks between the boards roofing this darkly fascinating spot. A ladder leaned against the wall.

"Gonna furnish it?" asked Charley's guest.

"Yeah; gonna fit it all up this winter—carpet, stove," with an eloquent wave of the hand, "so's we can have a reg'lar private club here." And for the pair the cave was straightway transformed by that wave into a real Ali Baban treasure house, soft-cushioned, silk-draped, filled with riches.

"Gee!" A respectful silence.

After enduring as much imprisonment underground as even they could find thrilling, Charles, the older Troglodyte, said they'd have to be going.

"I gotta carry my papers," he explained importantly. "Guess I'll haf to blinefold you again, Blaney."

He picked up a large and soiled army handkerchief and tied it tightly over the smaller boy's eyes, whereupon his pink outstanding ears lay back, pale and submissive.

"I'll go behind—you needn't be afraid," and he pushed the blindfolded boy into a hole, the mouth of a tunnel, which opened behind the ladder when the cave owner took away a slab of wood.

On hands and knees, in the pitchy blackness, the

Right, left; right, left—
the Siamese twin skaters
swung along

cave-men crawled and crawled through the soft, damp earth.

"Watch out for your head, there," cautioned Charles in muffled tones from behind. "There's a pipe. I pushed her out of the way some, but you haf to duck. Wasn't so hard diggin' here, 'cause the plumbers did a lotta work here first.

"Stan' up!" in a gruff whisper; and, when Blaney stood cautiously: "Step up, guy, you dumb-bell!"

And, groping up a step or two, the visitor found himself on hard ground. His companion took him by the hand, led him around for five minutes, and when he was finally brought to a halt and his eyes uncovered he discovered that he was standing back of the garage from whence he had started half an hour before on his personally conducted tour of the underworld.

Before him leered the loam-besmirched face of his guide.

" 'S'nawful long passageway," remarked Blaney admiringly, but with relief. The distance had indeed seemed a hundred yards to him, but it was in reality only twenty feet.

Only, did we say? Let the critical grown-up who accuses the growing boy of being "just naturally lazy" stop and consider the monumental nature of this twenty-foot tunnel and six-foot cave.

What persistence in the face of difficulties, what energy and hard labor went into digging them! What generalship on Charles's part to get assistance and yet keep the undertaking secret. The king who killed the slaves that built his treasure-house, the pirate who made his crew walk the plank after they had buried the pieces of eight, felt as Charles did.

With what sly perseverance was the dirt carried out by pailfuls as it was burrowed away, and dumped, a sticky, yellow, clayey mass, on the other side of the fence, effectually blighting, by the way, the Barker vegetable-garden.

Charles was looking off into the vacant lot next door.

"It was sure a lot of work to plan that cave and tunnel," he was saying with pardonable pride. "Design—that's what it took, design. Hadda hide the entrance good. Hid it so good, couldn't find it myself at first. Went right by it twict the first day. But I didn't even dare be seen in that vicinerty, so hadda change to the approach by tunnel. Some diggin', what? I got a map of it, so my hairs an' associates can find it in case of accident to me."

"Well, gee, didn' I dig a lot of it?" demanded Blaney aggrievedly. "An' I never even saw over the top of the cave, either, and you said I was to be a member."

"Yes, you are; but I haf to organize first and collect doos. Every one's gotta pay in doos, in addition to labor, before he can be a reg'lar member. Course, if you want to join now, why I'm takin' in doos all the time; but membership's limited, of course—"

When Blaney had left, Charlie darted across the lawn, ducked under the fence, and, parting the bushes that dotted the vacant lot, was hidden among them. He pushed aside a board and lowered himself into the cave once more; and this time the trip took not longer than thirty seconds.

MEANWHILE Serena and Caroline had sold a dollar's worth of tickets and had to go home to manufacture more. As they came out of the house with a most executive air, they met a group of three young gentlemen who had halted their bikes directly in front of the walk and were engaged in mysterious conversation.

We have already met all three of the boys.

There was Charlie Barker, the back of his head and his coat unaccountably dusted with loam. His mother could not understand how he got his clothes so covered with dirt. Charlie's adolescent features were already taking on the Yankee shrewdness of his forebears, and his ears and eyes were both just a trifle too small. His father was in the real-estate business, and the Barker home was the show place of the neighborhood.

And there was Alexander, Serena's antagonist of yesterday. Alexander, the minister's son, was an amazingly clean, round-faced, handsome child, with a turned-up nose that gave him, at the same time, both an innocent and a superior expression—an expression undefined by his peers, but nevertheless much resented, except when they capitalized it for their own ends. And sometimes that virtuous look came in very handy when the gang needed a spokesman.

The third boy was Blaney, whose right name was Thomas Jefferson De Laney by his christening. He was

"Stan' up, guy, you dumb-bell!"

a hopelessly tousled little boy, whose tongue interfered, whose feet interfered, who always fell over everything possible. Blaney was an open and avowed suitor of Serena. For one glance from her violet eyes he would turn a hand-spring, or try to; and for a smile from her roguish lips he had sold his agates. No further can a fellow go in the spring-time, season of marbles as of love.

Blaney was as awkward and affectionate as a puppy. He did his best in an exacting world, where there were forever ears to be washed, lessons to be recited, and stunts that froze his blood to be performed upon the trapeze before the eyes of his adored one. And for Serena he was secretly crocheting a collar; it had started out to be a dress, but he had been engaged on the task for more than a month, and had been persuaded that a collar would do.

At sight of Serena now his whole being was galvanized with expectancy, and, matters of state forgotten, he turned his back upon the boys.

"Ah-hah," exulted that young lady, descending upon the three, her mouth stretched in a triumphant grin, "I thought we daren't wear these caps and crosses! Well, here we are!"

"That's just bath-towels; that's no uniform," observed Alexander brutally.

Charles stood off at one side, an expression of utter boredom settling on his face at sight of the "unhatched flappers," and a supercilious look of toleration for the weakness of the smaller boys in finding anything of value in girl company or conversation.

"What'th the pink paper for?" inquired Blaney, seeing the "tickets" in their hands.

"We're goin' to raise five hundred dollars for the Checkered Slowbacks, so they can have somep'n to eat," bragged Serena.

A Herald, bearing on a cushion a pink satin slipper, size 7A

At sight of actual cash in hand, Charlie's ennui disappeared as if by magic.

"When's this here play gonna be?" he asked, offhand.

It seemed that this detail had not been considered, and upon hearing that Alexander slapped his knees and doubled up with offensive mirth.

"Well, how in the world, I ask you, do you think these people are gonna come to a play when you don't even know when it's gonna be yourselves? Ol' Serena-haw-haw, Serena tomboy!" he jeered.

Alexander was still smarting over the way Serena had ridden him down.

Serena haughtily intimated that this important point was not to be made public till she got good and ready; but she and Caroline hastily returned to the house and fell to an earnest debate on details too long neglected.

Charlie Barker, with sleuthlike caution, sought the secret entrance to his cave, taking no satellites with him. Once within that haven, he extracted a little purse from his pocket and poured out the money in the palm of his hand. He counted the coins carefully, and then went over them twice to assure himself that ninety cents was indeed the extent of his capital.

"Pretty low—pretty low," he concluded aloud, referring, no doubt, to his finances, not, alas, to his thoughts. "But just you wait," and he shook a knowing finger at the wall. "She'll double it, by jinks; she'll double it!"

A WEEK of frenzied rehearsing and costuming, quite without parental assistance, had brought the show into shape, Serena decided, and the Checkered Slowback children that much nearer their dinners.

Out in the McDougall garage Serena was superintending the last touches to the stage setting for "Cinderella in Flower-Land." Across the driveway, in the full glare of the midsummer sun, were rows of seats. Four kitchen chairs and a rocking-chair constituted the reserved seats, and Serena was only deterred by force from removing the wicker settee from the porch to provide more. Planks that teetered precariously on soap-boxes furnished the family circle.

At two of a withering August afternoon the audience came up the drive. Strangely enough, those who bought tickets did not appear. But several mamas had sallied forth from cool and darkened rooms and the comfort of loose dressing-gowns.

"We got umbrellas—we got umbrellas for you!" shrilled Serena, stage manageress and leading lady, dashing from behind the garage where the neighbor's hen-coop formed one side of a dressing-room. In view of this supreme foresight for their comfort, the adult audience was unable to back out, in spite of the heat.

Seated with great formality in the front row, the grown-ups were confronted by the garage doors in the rôle of a drop-curtain. The usher, a red-headed little atom, also an enchanted vassal of Serena, carefully collected a nickel from the ticketless.

"Little kids is only a penny, but for six years you have to pay three cents and for ten you have to pay a nickel. And big people can give ten if they want to." And he pried a cent from every hot, moist little palm that clutched a coin.

Frantic were the activities going on between the hen-coop and the garage. The actresses had undertaken to use grease-paint, and their already heated countenances were beginning to drip.

"Oh, isn't it fun to use paint?" exulted Caroline. "My mother says 't no one should use paint what doesn't haf to. But you haf to when you act. And you can when you are old enough to wear tight shoes and brass-ears."

"What's them?" queried the Ugly Sister.

"Be still. Don't you know the boys will hear you? And the audience will, too!" hissed Serena.

CINDERELLA and an Ugly Sister (one was a very pretty little girl with golden curls, the other quite satisfactorily plain) were rehearsing their parts earnestly in a stage whisper. Serena was squeezing back and forth through an aperture in the garage—an aperture made by lifting a plank that had been loosened at the bottom. This was the only stage exit or entrance, for coming in over the footlights could not be considered, Serena's theatrical experience not yet having taken in a Follies performance.

"Right off the ice—ginger ale, strawb'ry pop, crackerjack. Step up, ladies and gen'lemen!"

Out in front ten, fifteen minutes passed, during which the day waxed hotter and hotter, and the audience did likewise. When he considered all were good and ready for him, along came Charlie Barker, carrying a large basketful of bottles of cold pop, frosted with beads of moisture.

"Right off the ice," said Charlie, "ginger ale, strawb'ry pop, crackerjack. Step up, ladies and gen'lemen—fi' cents for one and each!"

A look of rapture and relief settled on every face, and no one, not even the mothers, proved too proud to drink from a bottle.

"Is this for the Russian relief too?" asked the mother of the stage-manageress and leading lady. She was most thirsty and uncomfortable, and her thoughts were in the house fashioning a little garment she had been cutting out when her daughter had said, "Mama, I think you should take advantage of this opportunity to see me act, because you know I'm going on the stage in a few years."

Charlie met inquiries about the destiny of his profits competently. "Well, every one has to raise all the money he can," he admitted, with an air of modest diffidence.

Some of the kiddies had slipped off the benches and were toddling away rapidly.

"Hey, where you goin'?" called the soda boy.

"He's goin' to get thum money for pop," explained an urchin who was blissfully alternating crackerjack with lemon soda. "I dot five cents left yet," he confided further. "My mother she gived it to me for the starving childrens—but I'm sorta starving, too," he concluded cheerfully, munching away at crackerjack.

The minister's son sat beside his mother. In his pocket were three nickels, which were further protected in a tightly clutched fist. Alexander had no particular interest in the show. In fact, he had threatened several times to "bust up her old show. Old Serena tomboy—I'll get even—I'll show her yet!"

Next to Alexander sat Blaney De Laney, entirely content to be basking in the near vicinity of Serena. Blaney's charming mama sat upon his other side. She treated the entire first row to a bottle of pop, and the two boys moved back a row so as not to spill anything on their mothers.

"That's enough pop and crackerjack for you, Thomas Jefferson," warned Mrs. De Laney. "Be careful, now. You know what happens when you eat too much of that stuff." There was a maternal tendency, you see, to forecast trouble with Blaney's stomach.

THE enterprising merchant, having sold out, had disappeared through the hedge, but had re-emerged in an incredibly short time, bringing another load. Evidently the stock had been laid in with forethought, and results were justifying the venture. Just at this moment the drop-curtain bulged out upon pressure from within, warning the audience that the play was about to begin.

Scraping over the pebbly drive, the doors burst apart, sending a shower of mitrailleuse into the faces of the front row, and discovering to the audience a wood-

land dell. The usual theatrical effect was reversed, however, the stage being in shadow, the orchestra and the family circle brilliantly illuminated by the summer sun.

But this did not cramp the style of the actresses, who launched forth into a tirade against a defenseless Cinderella, standing head and shoulders taller than her stepmother and sisters. The latter then departed for the ball through the exit provided by the loosened plank; but, the stage-hand having relaxed his vigilance, the plank sprang to like a trap-door, pinioning one fat leg, which stuck out from behind the pine boughs camouflaging the exit. Followed suppressed squeals from the actress and unrestrained joy from the audience, whose merriment was not quelled until the leg was freed by the prompt action of Caroline, assisted by the usher—they were waiting in the wings for just such an emergency.

"Is that for the Red Cross, too?"

Cinderella, meanwhile, ignoring the leg, continued to sit beside a very realistic fireplace arranged in a corner. The fireplace was built of adobe bricks, and within it smoldered a few sticks which sent out an unbelievable amount of smoke and warmth, the little flickering heat-waves inside adding their bit to the great shimmering heat-waves without.

The children upon the back seats were happily devouring crackerjack; but something had happened to fully a dozen others, who, after being seated, had disappeared before giving up their admission money to Johnny. One by one they had slipped away, with furtive glances back toward the opera-house, escaping the usher on stealthy tiptoe.

While Cinderella was poking ashes, Fairy Godmother suddenly appeared, materializing with some difficulty through the pine boughs, which were the wings. It was about to strike midnight!

Alexander had been twisting his head to look down the drive, and at this point he saw what he was looking for. Charlie appeared around the end of the hedge, wigwagged mysteriously, and at the signal Alexander slipped from his seat, and, beckoning several "kids" to follow, cautiously retreated to where, around the corner of the mock-orange hedge, a crowd of youngsters of from three to ten were imbibing strawberry pop and ginger ale, and chewing gum.

The scene was no surprise to Alexander. He had known beforehand all about what was likely to be there.

Charlie had approached him just that morning.

"Goin' to the show this afternoon?"

"Aw, I s'pose so."

"I'm gonna make some money this after."

"Are yuh?" Alexander was only mildly interested in money.

"Yeah! Say, I'll tell you what. There's a lot of little kids goin'—all the kids in our block, and they'll have anywheres from a nickel to a dime or maybe more. They're too little to know much, and if you wanta bring um down and get um to buy we can get sum-a that money."

"That's to get in the show with," remarked Alexander idly.

"Dumb-bell! Sure it is. But if you catch 'em first we'll get all of it, nickels and dimes both. See? I got 'bout sixty bottles of root beer and pop, made just yesterday."

Charles had already been spasmodically driving a profitable trade in this particular variety of hooch, thanks to soda-pop tablets and bottles of sorts collected from back yards—hair-tonic and catsup bottles being his favorites.

But Charles had to have assistance. And at last Alexander grasped that here was an opportunity to get even with Serena and bust up her ol' play. Alexander lusted for revenge. Charles lusted for money.

"We gotta right to op'rate in the drive if we wanto, haven't we?" Charles had yet to deal with concessions.

So Alex had told all the children to be sure and save their money for pop, and was not backward now about claiming his reward. Speedily he was cooling a heated throat with long, gurgling draughts of strawberry pop. He rubbed his stomach, which was very apparently distended.

THE play meanwhile progressed merrily, the actors too engrossed with their own performance to give a glance to the audience. The first act was over. The curtain was pulled across the stage and with creditable expedition drawn back again to show the ball scene, a fête champêtre, upon which Cinderella made a dazzling entrance in an exquisite pink frock, over which her dark curls hung entrancingly. Her fairy feet were shod in pink satin slippers, size 7 A. The infatuated prince was looking at her face and not at her feet, however.

The patient mamas, among them Serena's mother, had grown so fondly interested that they were even unconscious of the effort of holding the sun-umbrellas Serena had provided them. Only when Act III began did a commotion behind cause them to turn around. In an effort to get out and see what he felt was going on in the rear, Blaney had knocked the end of his seat off the box that supported it. The audience had mysteriously dwindled to a mere handful of nine spectators.

"Goodness, where have the children gone? Alex-a-an-der!" called the minister's wife, rising to investigate. But before she could discover the scene hid by the mock-orange hedge, the discreet Alexander appeared down the drive with a box of crackerjack divertingly extended to his mother.

"I just went to get you some; we et ours," he explained.

"No, thank you, dear; you and Tommie eat it." And she led the way back to their former seats.

The faithful Blaney, however, continued on around the hedge, and there discovered a circle of children who, sticky and spotted, were enviously watching Charles count out his nickels and pennies upon an empty tray. Swollen with the magnate's sense of power, he no longer made any pretense of hiding his operations, but gloated brazenly as he cast up his accounts, basking in the glow of deferential admiration surrounding him.

"Hey, you kids, the show's nearly over. Come on, now; the best part's comin'," called Blaney.

"Say, you—you didn't pay your nickel yet," and he pointed an accusing finger.

"I spented it," cried one triumphant infant.

"I haven't dot any nickel," announced a cheerful little girl.

Pop and crackerjack had proved more alluring than the play, or than benevolence to starving children across the seas.

A slow comprehension began to dawn upon Serena's faithful supporter; but, before he could become articulate, his mother advanced upon the spot, and at her approach Charles disappeared through the hedge. Mrs. De Laney corraled the youngsters and drove them back to see the last act, which was now on. Alexander followed languidly—he had lost interest in the performance. He was not even very much interested in getting back to Charlie and extracting the rest of his loot.

Cinderella was being discovered. Blaney sat beside Alexander. The sun was hotter and hotter, as it is wont to be around four of an August afternoon. The Prince, preceded by a Herald bearing a cushion on which stood a pink satin slipper, was touring the stage in an exhaustive endeavor to find the owner of the tiny trophy. The Ugly Sister thrust out a diminutive foot, and the Herald, kneeling, gravely attempted to force it into the 7 A satin sheath. The operation was so successful that skinny little leg and all seemed to be lost in the slipper's length.

"Not she!" announced the Herald in a ringing voice. "Foot's too big," he added in a conversational tone intended to carry conviction to the audience.

After rejecting the other sister and the cruel stepmother, he at last approached Cinderella sitting modestly beside the ashes. She extended her foot, which, with some effort,—lacking a shoe-horn,—was pushed into its rightful covering.

AT this moment a strange and distressing sound, next an involuntary and anguished outcry, arose in the front ranks of the audience. There was much confusion.

"Oh, Blaney, how could you?" wailed Blaney's mother, mopping first at him and then at Mrs. Perkins, till that injured lady betook herself to the faucet, in the faith that water would do more than sympathy. Too much home-brew, crackerjack, and sun, and one infant stomach had rebelled. Mrs. Perkins and her gown had suffered.

Alexander, fresh, unruffled, and unspotted, although he seemed a trifle pale, stood calmly to one side, while Blaney, red-faced and incoherent, submitted to a vigorous and needed swabbing.

"But mama, mama!" he was stammering intermittently, only to be hushed up by his mortified and busy parent.

"Didn't hurt him much," observed Alexander critically. He regarded his own neat person with emphasized satisfaction.

"Oh, no, that's the worst of it," moaned Mrs. De Laney. "My dear, I'm so sorry; Thomas Jefferson is so careless."

"B-but I d-didn't drink thtrawberry pop," got out Blaney for the second time.

"Don't say that again," replied Mrs. De Laney, hurrying him away. "You've ruined Mrs. Perkins's skirt. Come along in, now." And the luckless child, tongue-tied with disgrace, was propelled hastily into the house and on into the bath-room, where he was turned over to the energetic manipulations of the maid, while his mother flew to greet a caller.

Under this calamity the show had passed away, and every one went home.

Back at the McDougalls' house, the stage manageress, the usher, and Caroline were casting up accounts.

"Johnny, how much did you collect?" asked Serena.

"Fi'-ten-fifteen, no fi'-ten-fifteen, twenty-twenty-fi' cents and six cents."

"Why—why—that's only thirty-one cents!" The stage manageress and chairman for New East relief glared at him with contempt as if he meant to be talking of dollars. Then a sickly, apprehensive expression appeared on her face, and her lip trembled.

"Johnny, you musta mislaid some more money somewheres in your pants," suggested Caroline.

"I never!" swore Johnny in anguish, for he had been known to borrow coins which somehow were never returned. " 'Tsall I took in. I just put it all in my pocket. I never bought a thing."

"Well, don't you know what you took in?" accused Serena, with a withering glare, as her wrath began to rise. "Oh, he can't count. That's what we get for having some one who can't count."

This third degree was too much for even a red-head, and his tears began to flow.

"Maybe Charles it's his fault, maybe it is, 'cause—"

"Why's it his fault? Where was Charles?" demanded his relentless persecutors in a breath.

"Well, he was sellin' pop and gum over there, and crackerjack, 'n' I was thirsty too, but I didn't buy nothin'."

"I didn't, neither," said Caroline. "We didn't have any pop at all."

Silence ensued—the idea percolated.

"Who bought his things?"

As facts were wormed from the half suspicious but unanalytical Johnny, and a realization of the foul deed smote them, the Red Cross committee rose in its wrath and, marching forth from the garage, stage-paint and all, traversed the back yard between Charles's house and their own. But the profiteer had disappeared.

Indeed, Charles had picked up his things and scooted. Once around the corner, he made straight for his father's garage and disappeared behind it, reappearing a moment later minus the tray and the basket of empty pop bottles.

He looked around him to satisfy himself that no one was watching his movements. The coast seemed clear; Charles stole up the driveway. But he did not see Alexander's head peering around the corner of the Barker garage. Ducking suddenly behind the side porch, the porch next to the vacant lot, Charles moved aside a latticed gate that gave under the porch. Rakes and garden tools were kept under there; also a cobwebby, unopened basement window drew a faint light therefrom.

Crouchingly Charles scrouged his way under the

porch, and, after pulling the lattice in place, made for a crude trap-door over a yawning black hole.

The approach by tunnel! The secret entrance known only to Charles was almost exactly opposite the cave in the next lot, and the tunnel was probably the only subway in that city. Charles had one foot inside, when a whistle just outside turned his head, and there was Alexander's face at the opening.

"Hullo! Where you goin'? I saw you come in here, and I just thought I'd come too."

'I got a good old iron-tin roof all right!" There was a foot of water in the bottom of the cave

Alexander looked extremely innocent, though he knew perfectly well that he had discovered Charles's secret. He did not wait to be invited to come in, but crawled hastily through the opening, and pulled the lattice into place behind him.

CHARLES was angry, but the knowledge that he had been caught in the very act of absconding with the afternoon's profits gave him pause.

Alex's eyes were fixed on the entrance to the tunnel.

"Gee, the approach by tunnel!" he said.

"Well, don't talk so loud. Come on," Charles replied. "Now you sneaked after me, you might as well come on along with me. If you go out that way you'll give the whole thing away. Might as well come along. Folla me into the cave, an' we can talk there."

And, lowering himself feet first into the tunnel, Charles disappeared from view. Alex's curiosity got the better of any distaste that he might have for the dark, and he followed suit. This was no rabbit's-burrow entrance, to be crawled into on hands and knees. Alex dropped upright into a man-hole, and then crouched to enter the tunnel proper, through which Charles was already crawling ahead of him.

Little cool roots, earth-clotted, dangled into Alexander's face. He felt rather faint in the pit of his stomach, and had to stop and gasp for air several times.

"Are you comin' all right?" Charles's voice came back throatily.

The approach by tunnel took fully six minutes to negotiate, and several for Alex to recover from. So that at the very moment that Serena descended upon the Barker premises, Charlie Barker and Alexander sat within the cave club-house, gleefully going over the events of the afternoon, while rain-drops pattered, at first slowly and then more and more briskly on the "roof."

"Snug as a bug we'll be in here—you just wait! This half is gotta piece a tin roofing, and it can't leak, and I'm gonna cover the whole thing with tin. Gee! I got two dollars and a half in a coupla hours this afternoon. No trouble atall!" magnificently.

"Yeah," agreed Alexander rather limply. To be sure, there were reasons why Alexander should be limp, though he—

"I think I'd better go, though," he added; "it's lightnin', an', besides, it's rainin' down my neck."

"Aw, sit over here. You're right under a crack."

A terrific peal of thunder at this moment was followed by a downpour of rain, and in a moment streams of water were tearing briskly down the walls of the cave and spattering through the cracks between the boards. The boys dragged the bench under the one good piece of tin roofing and huddled together. It grew dark in the cave, and the floor became very muddy and then turned to a puddle. Conversation languished and the water rose.

"I wonder where Charles is all this time and in all this storm," Mrs. Barker was saying as she peered out of the window. "The rain will do the lawn a world of good," she added complacently. The lawn was her pride and the show possession of the neighborhood.

"Oh, Charlie's safe," chuckled his father. "You don't ever need to worry about him."

The rain had developed into a veritable cloudburst, a Niagara-like downpour. A call of distress from the cook sent Mr. and Mrs. Barker hurriedly to the basement. Water was trickling rapidly down the walls of the foundation, and appeared to be leaking in from that closed window that gave under the side porch, while from some

other unlocated source water was streaming in so rapidly that there was already more than half an inch on the lower parts of the cement flooring.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Barker. "And I've just paid those plumbers a fortune—had the lawn all ripped up and the sod laid back!"

The cook meanwhile was trying to stem the flood, and was shooting the rapidly rising tide down the gutter with a broom; but the water came in faster than she could sweep it out. That plumbing Mr. Barker was talking about had suffered unanticipated strains, and was "laying down" on its job.

A half-hour had passed since the heavy downpour started, and it was still raining steadily, but in a calmer mood. Charles and Alexander stood upon the bench in the cave, moist but not wet. There was a foot of water in the bottom of the club-house.

"Lucky we was in here, wasn't it?" remarked Charles cheerfully, after a silence of at least ten minutes. "I got a good old iron-tin roof all right."

"Uh-huh," shivered Alexander, "but I think I better go now; my mother'll be waiting supper. Charlie," with sudden firmness, "I'm not goin' through the tunnel. It's awful dark in there, and it's muddy, too"; he drew back an exploring hand.

"Well, we'll haf to go up the ladder, I guess," Charlie conceded, "and you can go under the fence and you'll be right by the lane."

When they got out into the still determined drizzle, Charles, head down, dashed for the garage; but his foot sank into an unexpected hole, and he sprawled on the soaked grass. Scrambling up, he halted not till under shelter of the garage eaves he stopped to gaze back to the dark bourne whence he had come, with the sense that that hole presaged evil. It did.

A strange trench traversed the lawn. The pride of his mother's heart was cut in half by a ditch fully fifteen feet long—a ditch leading straight from the side porch, across the yard, to the field on the other side of the fence. It opened up the secret passageway.

"Charl-ie-e-e-e-e," called his mother from the back porch. "What are you doing out there in the rain? Come right in and help. The cellar's flooded. That pipe has broken again, and your father thinks you know something about it."

And she had not yet seen the lawn. When she did—when she did—

The hour was fast approaching when his proud excavations were to cost Charles dear. He could even, and in the midst of far different pains, suffer over his dad's anguished (and varying) announcements of what that tunnel was costing him in dollars and cents.

At the same hour, over at the De Laneys', Mrs. De Laney was recounting to her husband the story of Blaney's wretched mishap and Mrs. Perkins's catastrophe. As she talked, the culprit himself came into the room, clean, rosy, and equal at last to defending himself.

"But, mama," he said, with the dignity of the turning worm, "I wath not thick at all; I never throwed up. It wath Alecthander that did it."

WHEN supper was over that night, and it had stopped raining, Serena and Caroline marched across the park to the Perkins home to deliver the Red Cross funds to Mrs. Perkins, who was chairman of the Relief Committee. Serena had contributed four cents to increase the thirty-one cents to "an even number," and this, added to what was taken in by the sale of the tickets, made two dollars and eighty-five cents.

Mrs. Perkins was sitting on the porch, and the children gave her the money, explaining that there would have been more if the audience had all paid in their admission. They wouldn't say who it was that went and interfered or anything. The chairman accepted the money graciously; she assured the producers that it would be a great addition to the treasury.

A few days later, upon answering a ring at the door, she found Serena and Caroline again, waiting on the threshold with a look of brisk efficiency. No time was lost in getting to the point.

"We thought we'd better get a receipt for the money," stated Serena; "you know—that money what we gave you for the Checkered Slowbacks."

"A receipt?" queried Mrs. Perkins.

"Yes'm; you might forget and use it for somethin' else or somethin' if the laundryman came, you know, or a beggar, or somethin', and then no one would ever know—and then, my daddy says you should have a receipt for everythin', anyway—and, well-a, we'd have somethin' to show."

"You shall surely have something to show," replied Mrs. Perkins, amused but puzzled, and not knowing how much cause they had for distrusting human integrity.

The little girls got their receipt, and as they went down the steps and rounded the corner they saw Charles Barker and Alexander Perkins coming. At their approach the theatrical manager and her assistant pressed to the far side of the walk, each with one hand holding her skirts ostentatiously away from the brute sex, each with the other pinching her nostrils tight, in a familiar tribal gesture of scorn, silently and successfully registering moral and physical repulsion.

They knew the whole truth.

When I Think of You

By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

WHEN I think of you
One single pang I feel,
As if an archer drew
An arrow at a mark,
And oh, that aim is true!

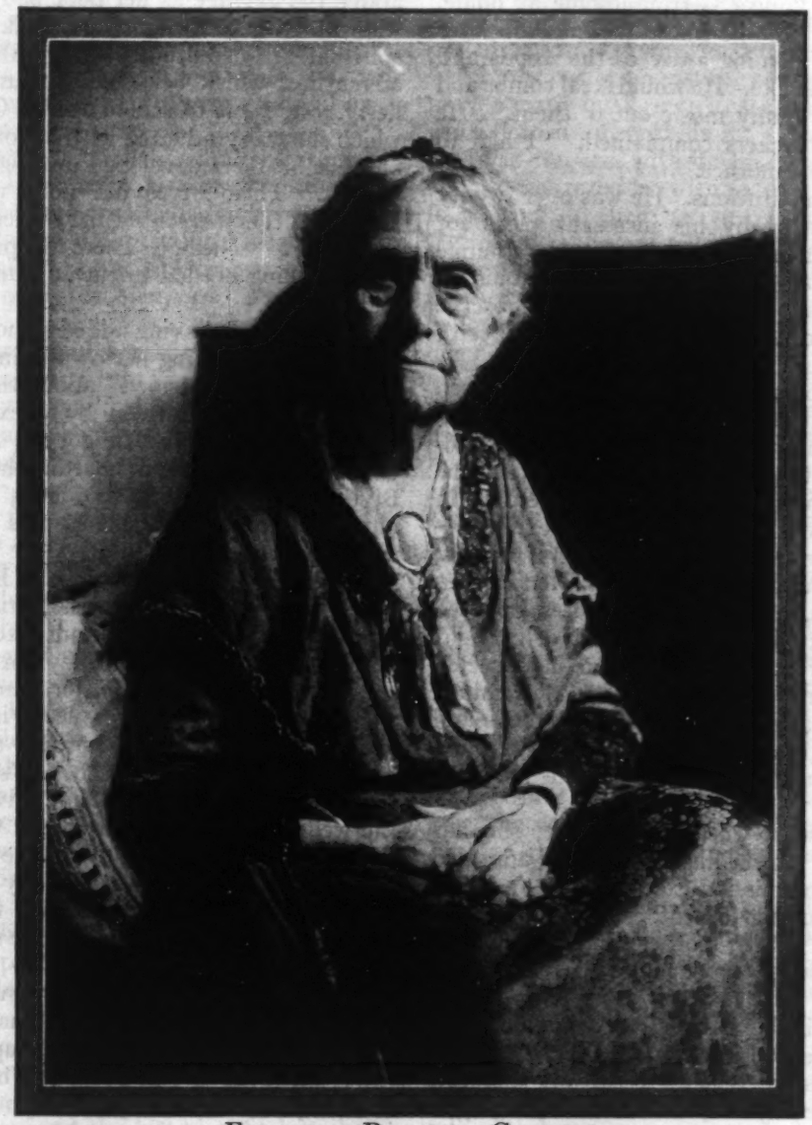
Then all my longings pass
As vain across my heart
As shadows in a glass,
Or the little, little rain
Upon November grass.

Restoring Lost Lives

The Story of a Woman Who Single-Handed Has Brought Back Happiness and Opportunity to Scores of Crushed Men and Women

By Zoë Beckley

THERE is a negative and terrible side to the rule: "To them that have shall be given." It seems that if your need is tragic enough, no help shall be accorded you. There are Bide-a-Wee homes for dogs and pussy-cats; societies to prevent cruelty to animals; Salvation Armies for human down-and-outers; charity organizations see to the poor; and there are individuals and associations to aid persons in and out of prison. But who helps those who, either through temporary catastrophe or inhuman greed on the part of kin, are wrongfully imprisoned in institutions for the insane?



ELIZABETH BARTLETT GRANNIS

Who has been called "a bundle of lace and chiffon with the spirit of a lion inside"

The only agency I know that's interested and working for these unfortunates is a little, dynamic wisp of a woman eighty-three years old, whose mind is still at zenith and whose spirit is a sort of perpetual challenge to the up-and-doers of the world. Elizabeth Bartlett Grannis she is, of New York City, who for forty years has waged single-handed battle for these people, restoring more than one hundred lost lives to a workaday life, fifty-seven of them within the last five years. That she has done it against powerful opposition, which has gradually turned to resigned tolerance and even some encouragement, only emphasizes the truth of the tragic charge she makes—that society's grimmest crime goes least combated.

You have probably heard of Elizabeth Grannis before, but not in this rôle. It is as an editor and publisher, as a getter of bills through the legislature, as a prohibitionist, suffragist, founder and president for thirty-six years of the National Christian League for Promotion of Purity (the only organization in the United States with a national charter that gives it the right to establish auxiliaries in foreign countries), and as a social reformer generally that she is best known.

On the side, so to say, and between other undertakings, this indefatigable "bundle of lace and chiffon with the spirit of a lion inside," as William Thaw once described her, has done this work and is now toiling to make such work less necessary in the future. She did not undertake it of her own accord—she was too busy with a hundred other things. People came to her, begging her help and influence, knowing the indomitable quality of her will, the wisdom of her methods, and the winning charm of her personality withal.

"The whole trouble," she told me, sitting at her piled-up work-table in her old-fashioned West Twelfth Street house, "is that it is so incredibly easy to have a person committed to an insane asylum. It is necessary only to have two physicians certify to the patient's unbalance. In all walks of life are persons whose service can be dishonorably bought, or whose credulity can be played upon for wicked purposes.

"I am trying to have a bill passed which will insure to any person accused of unbalanced mentality the right to be tried by jury. This should do away with many unbelievable cases of unjust incarceration such as exist to-day under the loose laws prevailing."

To illustrate this, let us cite a few of Mrs. Grannis's protégés, chosen at random. For obvious reasons, names are fictitious and institutions can not be set forth. The

facts must speak for themselves—and they do, for of the fifty-seven persons whose liberation has been secured by Mrs. Grannis in the last five years, all but two have become and remain absolutely self-supporting or have married and made comfortable homes. The two who were returned to institutions were alcoholics, unable or unwilling to work.

Jimmie's "Queerness"

CASE I was Jimmie. Jimmie's mother was typical of a class of women who do not understand their children. Jimmie was "queer"—troublesome at home, his mother said. She "didn't know what to do with him." He was always running away to the woods and whistling at birds and the like. He would steal combs and cigar-boxes "and made funny music out o' them." He wouldn't study. His teachers complained. "I had to send him away," said his mother.

Jimmie grew up in institutions. He was over twenty when his mother, worried by his incessant pleas for release, and thinking in her heart that maybe Jimmie might help support her at that, came to Mrs. Grannis for help. The first step was to visit Jim, talk to him, observe and diagnose him in her own way. People say you can't fool Elizabeth Grannis much.

Of course, the hospital authorities wanted to keep Jim. He was a good entertainer, helped out at all the institution "parties" and shows, was amusing, good-tempered, and easy to take care of. Convinced that he had his full quota of brains and was no more erratic in spots than most of us, Mrs. Grannis took her next step—the accumulation of testimony from teachers, friends, and other credible witnesses. This necessitated endless visits and conferences, always more or less opposed by those in charge, but never to the point of outright antagonism. Little by little they grew used to seeing the slight figure of Mrs. Grannis with her determined air, her ringing tones, and her Paris-looking frocks and bonnets. New England "gumption," tact, and a certain friendly forcefulness and determination were her only weapons.

From Jimmie's case to the present time, she has never resorted to legal proceedings and never appealed to the State Lunacy Commission except once—and then she won her plea and got her patient.

Mrs. Grannis and Jim's mother finally piled up enough evidence to induce the doctors to release him IF—

This IF was a formidable barrier. It demanded that Elizabeth Grannis be responsible *for the maintenance and for every act* of the released. Characteristically she drew her pen through the "every act," and signed the paper. Commotion followed, which the small lady with the large forcefulness quelled by declaring: "No one in his or her right senses would be responsible for another's every action." She substituted her promise to find employment for the youth and to keep her eye on him in her own home until he was self-supporting.

Upon these conditions, Jimmie was delivered into her hands, and before many weeks he got a position as organist and choir-master in a Brooklyn church. He wrote for publication, made musical instruments, conducted revivals, and was not unknown as a small-scale plunger in Wall Street. He married a charming college-bred young teacher who knew his entire history, and has lived happily with her and their two sons for more than twenty years. Could "normalcy" ask for more? Yet, had it not been for Elizabeth Grannis, this citizen would have remained for the rest of his life in his "palace prison."

"The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted"

THIS case led to others. Soon the little lady in Twelfth Street was bombarded with letters from a girl we shall call Gilda Blythe, whose story Miss Braddon or Bertha M. Clay would have rejoiced to write, under the title "Death in Life" or "The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted." And some modern movie director, searching dusty shelves for melodrama, would probably have discarded it as too improbable.

Gilda had been dropped in babyhood, and she became a hunchback. Intellectually she was as far above the average as her poor body was below it. She was sensitive and sometimes sulky, and in a sort of spiritual self-defense used to make up romances and adventures which her family characterized as "Gilda's lies." She went to school and to Oberlin College, from which she was graduated with honors. Her parents died, and her brothers developed into ogres of selfishness and cruelty. Their wives did not "want a crippled girl around." They resented her "queerness," said she was "uncanny," "selfish." There was property involved, too, the one thing needed to turn an unhappy situation into real tragedy.

Miss Blythe, having added stenography to her college learning, was making her own living. Her family, however, said she "gossiped" about them—and maybe she did. She annoyed them by unexpected visits and in other ways. She must be got rid of.

One night at her boarding-house appeared Miss Blythe's two brothers, a doctor, a policeman, and a nurse. The commitment papers were ready. Gilda must come.

Frightened to the marrow of her bones, Gilda protested wildly, went hysterical, cried for help. So she was strapped and bound and taken in a carriage to a hospital, and thence to the asylum for the insane, where she remained, dead in life, for four mortal years.

Mrs. Grannis to the rescue. First the long talks, the analysis, the piercing observation and careful reflection. Then the long crusade for the girl's freedom, armed with the affidavits of friends. Thirty-five persons, in all, cast the weight of their testimony for Gilda Blythe—one of the most difficult cases to release ever known in Mrs. Grannis's long experience. Finally the gates opened, and the hunchback girl found herself under Mrs. Grannis's care in Mrs. Grannis's home. She stayed there for seven months.

"She was," says Mrs. Grannis, "one of the best stenographers I ever had. "Finally she got herself a better-paying position with the superintendent of a city department in New York. When she had worked there a year, I called upon her employer, whom I knew to be a man of wisdom and humanity, and asked if he had ever had any suspicion of the girl's sanity. The most effective answer he could have made was his look of astonishment at my question.

"I have to deal," he said, "with people of every degree of intelligence. It has trained me to detect mental defects unerringly. That Miss Blythe has ever had anything mentally wrong with her is preposterous. She is one of the most dependable of my workers."

"Gilda Blythe was in to see me only the other day," went on the little restorer of lost souls in her sprightliest manner. "She is not only an active and earnest member of the League (for Purity), but, in addition to her secretarial work, she now teaches English to foreigners, and proudly introduced me to one of her latest pupils, a Chinese woman physician."

So that is Gilda Blythe.

Rescue of Two Young Women

NOW let us take Miss Crane, a chool-teacher in one of our largest cities. This young woman accumulated a savings-bank account. Her brother coveted it, to go into business. Miss Crane thought him too young and inexperienced to intrust with her money. The mother sided passionately with the boy, and together, somehow, they persuaded the necessary two doctors to sign papers to the effect that the daughter was unbalanced and incapable of managing her affairs, financial and otherwise.

You will hold up horrified hands and exclaim: "It can't be done! No mother so inhuman exists. No doctors could be so imposed upon!" Our answer is that it happened. Miss Crane went to an insane asylum, and remained in durance just under three years, when Elizabeth Grannis came upon the scene.

The details of Miss Crane's release parallel the others. Suffice it that she emerged from her incarceration and was taken into the old house on Twelfth Street that had harbored so many other of life's victims. She tried to get work, but could not. She was a college woman, a teacher. She knew only teaching, and she knew it well.

"Now listen to me," said her friend and deliverer. "You must go back to teaching. You have never been insane: you are perfectly qualified to take up your work again. Go and demand your reinstatement on your former license; say only that you have been away for three years—and refer everybody to me, if necessary."

We do not believe the Recording Angel has placed a black mark upon any one's record for this withholding of the whole truth. For some years, now, Miss Crane has been back at her old work of teaching, and her record with the education board is a black-and-white condemnation of the system that kept her for years behind the walls of a mad-house.

And now to Mary Brown, whose parents, dying, left her with a comfortable little income in the home of a farmer to board. At about her sixteenth year the farmer died, and for a time the widow kept the girl on, at home and at school, and attended to her education. But after a while the farmer's widow wearied of drudging on the old place, seeing nothing, doing nothing but keep house for herself and the girl who was no kith or kin. Into her mind seeped the poisonous temptation of the girl's money. The woman plotted, and in time it eventuated that Mary was "sent to the hospital"—at least, that was how the neighbors got it. The "hospital" was in reality an institution for the insane, which kept Mary Brown for ten whole years. Scores of letters were written by the desperate girl to friends, who never were heard from because they never received the letters. At last, however, word reached Elizabeth Grannis, and again the slow machinery of release was set in motion.

Just as it was about to accomplish its end, Mary was transferred to another institution and all the laborious proceedings had to be started over again. This happened an incredible number of times; but the perseverance and fighting power of the little crusader was as inexhaustible as the Biblical widow's curse. Mary Brown was at last free to go to the temporary shelter on Twelfth Street.

Eventually Mary went south with a family as housekeeping manager. Then for a while she picked and packed oranges in Florida and became a farmerette. To-day she is in the employ of a wealthy family as keeper of their home and supervisor of their orange grove, is doing well and being happy, as testified by picture postcards, letters, and many little gifts.

Another case—a man this time—Herman Brinck. Herman was a politician in a small way in one of the cities of the East. He did not act as his ward chiefs ordered, and was told that if he didn't mend his ways he would surely "get in Dutch." Herman was imprudent, went on being independent and playing politics in his own particular way. One night he was caught in an alley by his bosses' gang, blackjacked and beaten, and hauled to the station-house as a dangerous disturber.

Even this did not cure Herman of his independent ways, and, to make a long story short, he found himself one fine evening behind the gray walls and barred windows of a "hospital," where he was to have treatment for brain disorder. His mother, after many failures, appealed to Mrs. Grannis for aid, and there ensued a long, wearisome battle against the powers that be. The powers proved many in Herman's case, and the transfer idea was worked to its utmost limit. Through five asylums his case was dragged, with the final result that Herman came out and was provided with passage, with his old and faithful mother, to their native Germany. At last accounts Herman was the prosperous head of a business where his American training and "hustle" made him respected, and the head of a family over which the old mother hovers in love and pride. So much for Herman Brinck, condemned and committed as insane.

Libbie Grant was the wife of a small-town business man, and the mother of two little sons. As years went by, the husband's fancy wandered, as is not conspicuous by its rarity, and he longed to be rid of Libbie. Libbie got wind of the affair, and objected. (Some women do.) Mr. Grant called it "insane jealousy," and made out quite a case to the neighbors, the family, and finally to the two necessary doctors who signed her commitment as mentally deranged.

Friends bestirred themselves in Libbie's behalf, but failed just short of obtaining her release. In despair Mrs. Grannis was sought and persuaded to take up the fight. In her usual fashion, she did so. Things were a bit easier now; that is, she was becoming so familiar a figure in this work that doctors and nurses no longer opposed her with their former strength. And the guaranty she was made to sign was less exacting. Anyhow, Libbie Grant was liberated and taken to Mrs. Grannis's home.

There, one day, came an elderly gentleman who wanted a companion and helper for his invalid wife.

In her girlhood Libbie Grant had been a stenographer, but she was now eager to get any position she could, so it was suggested that she try for this one. The old man liked her, and wanted to take her home to his paralyzed wife at once; but Mrs. Grannis insisted that he be told the young woman's story. He was then sent to talk with her a second time, and again decided that she was entirely trustworthy and competent. Libbie Grant was in this couple's home two years, serving them faithfully.

But Libbie longed to do different work, and on her savings took night-school lessons in a near-by town to refresh and perfect her shorthand. The old couple missed her, but were glad to see her get on, and to-day she is earning an excellent living as secretary and manager to a business firm.

How He Got His Money

FLORENCE WHITE was still another "case"—perhaps the most interesting of all Mrs. Grannis's human salvages. Miss White's brother is a prominent physician in New York. This man appears to have resorted in a wholesale way to the simple method of

having persons committed as insane so as to obtain their money. His father-in-law and two elderly aunts had been placed in such institutions and died there, their money passing into the hands of the doctor.

Sister Florence's share of the estate was also desired by him. But Florence was cool and wise, and gave her brother no opportunity. His day came, however; for Florence suffered a serious illness, and, while she was still weak and easily wrought upon, the usual visitors burst in with the usual signed paper and the carriage waiting at the door—quite in dime-novel fashion. Clad only in night-gown, dressing-robe, and slippers, her hair down her back and her nerves uncontrollable from sickness, Florence White was taken to the asylum in which she spent eight unspeakable years—not from unkind treatment, but from the mere fact of incarceration in that inferno of the mad.

Some one whom Mrs. Grannis had befriended told of Miss White's case, and again did the little lady of Twelfth Street put on her Paris bonnet and her satin gown, her small French slippers, and her inevitable kid gloves, and fare forth for her asylum visit. Again did her tact and persistence win, and again was a human soul brought from darkness into the light of day. Miss White, a woman of fine presence and excellent education, felt that if she could get to Australia, where she had relatives, it would not be difficult to earn her living. Mrs. Grannis accordingly advanced the necessary funds, and the girl set off, her heart singing with hope and gratitude.

Enter the satanic brother, who cabled the immigration authorities at the Australian port not to permit his sister to land, she being a dangerously insane person. But Miss White was not so easily beaten. From her trunk she rummaged Mrs. Grannis's written promise to be her guarantor, her banker and moral backer, the release from the asylum, and other papers, which, together with her convincing manner and straightforward tale, prevailed upon the Captain to go on to the next port and put her ashore there.

To Miss White's dismay, however, she found her relatives hostile, having had word from the brother in America that sister Florence was impossible and a danger to receive.

Again she refused to be crushed. She made her way to another big city—in New Zealand this time—and, on the strength of her education, fine bearing, and prepossessing personality, obtained a place as companion to an elderly rich woman. She stayed with her till her death.

It goes without saying that Florence White repaid her benefactor every penny of her debt, with interest, stayed faithfully in touch with her, and let no Christmas, New Year, Easter, birthday, or festival of any sort go by without its due remembrance. She is back in America now, the trusted and beloved governess and companion in a wealthy family—just in what city we had best not say.

Does our record grow monotonous? We could go on citing Mrs. Grannis's protégés indefinitely, monotonously, to the number of more than a hundred. Go to her home any day and you will find upon her table a bunch of roses, a pile of letters, a gift of some sort just arrived from one of her saved souls, monotonously numerous—the monotony of the record sounding the lone crusader's trumpet-challenge to the conscience of a society that permits such stories to be monotonously frequent, monotonously easy to bring about.

The System Is Wrong

A FAMOUS alienist whom I was once interviewing for a newspaper, with not the least personal reflection intended, said to me:

"It is perfectly easy to have a person committed as insane—yourself, for instance. I could have you sent within the hour to any one of a dozen insane asylums in or near New York; not because there is necessarily anything wrong with your mind, but because the system is wrong. What effect would your protests have? If you took the thing calmly, it could be called sulking—one of the commonest symptoms of derangement. If you raved and cried and were violent, that would be still more convincing. There are certain tests, of course. But insanity is both possible to feign and possible to 'read in' even when not there.

"Its diagnosis is not an exact process, like taking blood tests or the pulse. It is delicate and difficult, and there is great leeway for the doctor's guess-work. If, for some consideration or other, two doctors should want you placed in an asylum, their joint declaration would outweigh all the protests and proof of sanity you would be able to muster."

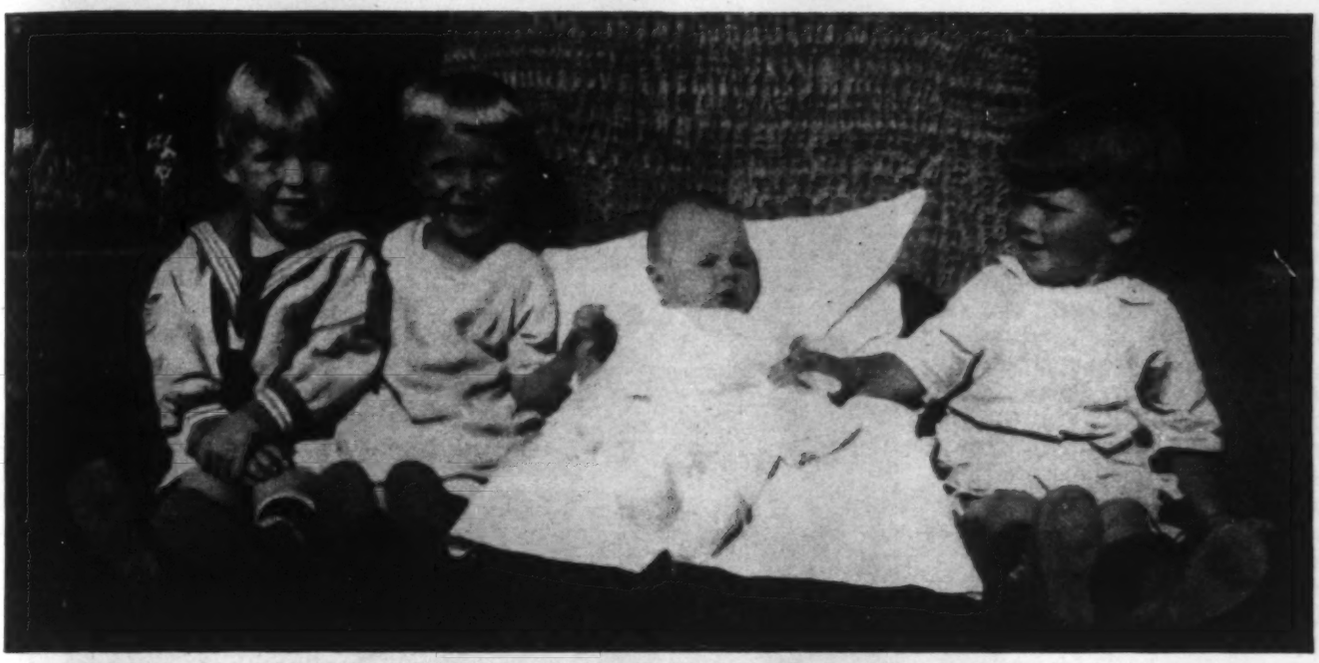
I never forgot this statement, and I believe, if the physician should chance upon these lines, he would recall it vividly.

The comparative ease with which a mistaken diagnosis can be made under the present law is why Mrs. Grannis is fighting for a change in legislation, providing a jury examination for those alleged to be mentally deranged.

"The economic phase of it," says she, "is most important, too. It is a serious matter that the state must pay five dollars or more per week per person for his support in an institution, when he is perfectly competent to support himself outside its walls. Many of these inmates could be earning from $40 to $200 a month for services they now give for nothing to the state. Tax-payers are thus paying for many who have dependence forced upon them."

Of late years—the last two or three, to be exact—Mrs. Grannis has not been required to sign the guaranty of responsibility. The person is merely released in her custody, on her promise to look after him or her and see that employment is found.

To-day, too, many doctors, lawyers, ministers, heads of institutions, and members of welfare organizations are lending support to Mrs. Grannis's campaign for a better lunacy law. When we consider that she has done all this virtually single-handed and without any weapons other than her own personal force and long record of public service, and that out of more than a hundred rescued only two have failed, the fact is as noble a tribute to the woman as it is a damning charge against the present law.



Four California cousins, all Twilight Sleep children

Twilight Sleep and the Baby

A Ten Years' Record of Happy Mothers and Healthy Children

By Edna Purdy Walsh

OVER a period of eight years McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has published authentic records of Twiligh Sleep. No article the magazine ever presented attracted more attention than its first account of the subject, published in June, 1914.

The demand for new facts concerning it, and for the introduction of Twilight Sleep in this country, became overwhelming; and, owing largely to the pressure of this demand from the women themselves, American physicians visited Freiburg, studied the method at first hand, and introduced it quietly in numbers of hospitals.

The practice of the method has extended until we have records from some physicians of hundreds, from others of thousands of cases of Twilight Sleep. The criticism of Twilight Sleep has centered on the alleged danger to the unborn infant.

What, then, as nearly as may be determined, is the mortality of Twilight Sleep babies as compared to that of babies born without Twilight Sleep?

In 1919 the average rate of infant mortality for the United States, as well as it might be computed, was stated as 86.6 deaths in a thousand births (8.6 per cent) according to I. S. Falk of the Yale School of Medicine in his "Essays in Vital Statistics," published in the *Public Health Nurse* for April, 1922.

The average rate of infant mortality in our two largest cities in 1921 was 71 deaths in a thousand births for New York (7.1 per cent) and 89 deaths in a thousand births (8.9 per cent) for Chicago.[1] Johns Hopkins reports a fetal mortality of 7 per cent; and Slemmons in California had 5 per cent.[2]

Thus, in the country at large, and in the two most populous cities, the infant mortality ranged from 5 to 8 per cent—as nearly as we may ascertain the truth of the situation.

Lois Mae Murphy, a Twilight Sleep baby, at the age of one

Among the babies born under Twilight Sleep, the Long Island College Hospital, under the care of John Osborn Polak, had an infant mortality of 2.5 per cent in 1,000 cases.[3] In Kansas City, under the care of Dr. George Clark Mosher, the infant mortality of the latest 500 cases of Twilight Sleep babies is 2.8 per cent.[4]

In Chicago, at the Mary Thompson Hospital, Dr. Bertha

[1] Statistical Report of Infant Mortality for 1921 in 573 cities of the United States American Child Hygiene Association, Washington.

[2] *American Journal of Obstetrics*, February, 1922.

[3] Address A. C. Beck, 72d Session American Medical Association, June, 1921.

[4] "Ten Years of Painless Childbirth," George Clark Mosher. *American Journal of Obstetrics*, February, 1922.

Van Hoosen has conducted 2,031 cases of Twilight Sleep. The infant mortality in these 2,031 cases is 2.3.[1]

Dr. Polak's 1000 cases had received pre-natal supervision—medical supervision. In his opinion, pre-natal supervision and good obstetrics are the leading factors in a constructive program for reducing infant and maternal mortality, and he regards scopolamine-morphine anesthesia as an incident of the technique of good obstetrics.

An interesting comparison has been made by Dr. Polak's associate, Dr. A. G. Beck of Brooklyn, in a series of 3,000 maternity cases—the first 1,000 without pre-natal care, the second 1,000 with pre-natal care supplied by the Visiting Nurses' Association, the third 1,000 being the cases of Twilight Sleep deliveries with pre-natal medical supervision to which we have already referred. The infant mortality rate among the mothers without pre-natal supervision was 76 infant deaths in 1,000 births (7.6 per cent). The infant mortality rate among the mothers who had pre-natal care from the Visiting Nurses' Association was 47 infant deaths in 1,000 births (4.7 per cent). The mortality rate among those who had pre-natal medical supervision—these being the babies who were delivered under Twilight Sleep—was 2.5.[2]

In the discussion of this report, Dr. Joseph B. De Lee[3] of Chicago said: "I wish to bring out the low fetal mortality of these cases; 2.5 per cent mortality in children that were born after the seventh month. That is a wonderful result, probably unequaled."

"Twilight Sleep has come to stay," says Dr. Sidney Jacobson of New York, who has recently returned from a visit to Europe. "In a certain German clinic the medical director told me that he had now upwards of 10,000 cases of Twilight Sleep on record. These have a lower percentage of infant mortality than the other cases. He states that in the Twilight Sleep cases the infant mortality is less because the infant does not make efforts to breathe too soon,—before it is born,—and therefore does not aspirate fluids into its lungs. I believe," said Dr. Jacobson, "that Twilight Sleep will do for obstetrics what anesthesia has done for surgery."

"In the evolution of medical science there are many things that undeservedly fall in disrepute, while others are from the first in danger of never having a fair hearing,"[4] says Dr. W. Osborne Greenwood of London. "Among the latter class is the administration of what is popularly called 'Twilight Sleep.' Most of the supposed contra-indications to the use of this method which were set forth but a few years ago have not only been completely disposed of, but several of them are now admitted to be indications for using it, and no well informed practitioner any longer ventures to advance them as reasons against the administration of the treatment.

"There is one objection, however, that appears to die very hardly with the profession—the idea that the method inherently and inevitably means risk to the infant. Let me say at once that an experience of over 650 cases (including most of the complications of pregnancy) have taught me that risk does not exist if the *correct technique be followed*. At the same time, incompetency or inexperience may certainly turn the scale towards risk for the infant in some cases. But then, the like may be said, for instance, of almost any procedure in surgery.

"The removal of a renal calculus would never be attempted by any one who was not familiar with and in constant experience of abdominal surgery. But it would certainly be

Two-year-old Ethel Bromfield, of Chicago

A Chicago boy who was born under the Twilight Sleep method

Vivian Russell, at three and a half months, testifies to the health of Twilight Sleep babies

[1] "A Safe and Practical Method of Administering Scopolamine-Morphine in Obstetrics." Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen. Report read at the Chicago Gynecological Society, January 21, 1921.

[2] Address A. G. Beck, 72d Session American Medical Association, June, 1921.

[3] Society Transactions, 72d Session American Medical Association.

[4] W. Osborne Greenwood, M.D. "The Welfare of the Child in Twilight Sleep," *The Child*, edited by T. W. Kelynack, November 1921, London.

unfair to condemn the operation itself if disaster followed its performance by one who had had no previous experience of it. Therefore those who practice the administration of Twilight Sleep must be familiar with all the details of the correct technique.

"Having said this, I want to add that not only is there no risk to the infant, but there are actually material benefits to be gained. Even the most enthusiastic user of this treatment admits that the infant, through placental circulation, receives a small dose of the scopolamine and morphine (or omnopon). With the correct technique, however, this amount is kept within safe limits, and under these conditions the infant is protected from the pain, shock, and exhaustion incident to birth. It is my firm and reasoned conviction that many infants are lost yearly from no other cause than the pain and shock of a difficult and tedious birth. Virtually all this could be saved by the correct use of Twilight Sleep. Over and over again have I proved the truth of this assertion."

From the lecture platform Dr. Polak recently said that in his ten years' practice with scopolamine-morphine he had not seen a single infant death which could possibly be attributed to its use.

"After ten years' experience I can say that with intelligent care there is no danger to the infant from scopolamine," he said in an interview on the subject in October, 1922. Indeed, after all qualifications have been made, these comparative statistics speak for themselves.

Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, who supervised 2,031 Twilight Sleep births at the Mary Thompson Hospital in Chicago

How the Drug is Obtained

SCOPOLAMINE was first obtained, according to Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, in 1889, from the plant now known as scopola. Its value as a safe anesthetic during surgical operations was soon proved in Europe. Its introduction in this country began in 1903, twenty years ago, when Dr. Emil Ries of the Post-Graduate Hospital in Chicago first employed for surgical operations this new anesthetic, scopolamine-morphine, the use of which he had observed in Germany.

Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, a young woman physician and surgeon who was then occupying a clinical chair in the College of Physicians and Surgeons on the West Side of the city, at this time began to study the use of scopolamine-morphine in general surgery with Dr. Ries. Dr. Ries is not an obstetrician; and, following her study and experience with him, Dr. Van Hoosen used the drug only in surgical practice.

However, in the course of 1,000 surgical operations with scopolamine-morphine, in the years 1904-1909, Dr. Van Hoosen performed fourteen serious operations that were necessary for the survival of expectant mothers and of their unborn children, which had nothing to do with the patient's maternal condition—operations for advanced appendicitis, for tumors, cysts, venereal infection. Surgery under these circumstances always has elements of danger both for the unborn child and for the mother. Yet Dr. Van Hoosen saved every one of these desperate cases without an interrupted pregnancy. Every mother recovered and bore a living child.[1]

Dr. Van Hoosen read a paper describing this achievement at the meeting of the International Congress of Medicine in September, 1909, at Budapest.

Her distinguished report met the warm appreciation of Dr. Gauss of Freiburg, who urged her to try scopolamine in all obstetrical cases, giving her an enthusiastic report of his own work. In 1914, after Dr. Van Hoosen had acquired an experience of ten years' use of the anesthetic in surgery, and an experience in obstetrical attendance extending over twenty-five years, she felt that she was qualified to undertake the use of scopolamine-morphine in cases of childbirth with safety. The account of Twilight Sleep at Freiburg which appeared in June of that year in McClure's Magazine, in her view, dispelled much of the prejudice against "painless childbirth," and she obtained the indorsement of the staff and board of the Mary Thompson Hospital for the use of scopolamine-morphine in its obstetrical service. Since that time Dr. Van Hoosen has helped 2,031 women to bring their babies into the world with the modern relief of "mental sleep" by the use of scopolamine-morphine.

The records of Dr. Van Hoosen's 5,000 surgical cases and 2,000 maternity cases with scopolamine-morphine are accessible to all in the Mary Thompson, the Frances Willard, the Cook County, and the Post-Graduate hospitals of Chicago.

The question has been one of research. Among the names of other investigators, that of Dr. Van Hoosen stands out as one who has paid eighteen years of night and day study and practice to proving the value of Twilight Sleep, so that we who read this story can benefit. Following Germany's Twilight Sleep, America's Twilight Sleep or "mental sleep" in childbirth may be properly said to have originated with her work.

No Mystery About Its Use

THERE is no mystery about the use of scopolamine-morphine in the American hospital where I have watched its administration. The method, as I have seen it, is often as follows. The patient enters the hospital, preferably a day or so before labor. At the onset of

[1] Report of operations on expectant mothers. Reprinted from the report of the 16th International Congress of Medicine.

labor she is given one-hundredth of a grain of scopolamine and an eighth of a grain of morphine. She is then conducted, after preparation, to the "Twilight crib," consisting of a two-section bed with canvas sides to exclude light and noises.

If labor progresses rapidly, one hundredth of a grain of scopolamine is repeated every half-hour for two or three doses; but if it is a first child and the labor is slower, one hour is allowed to intervene between the doses. The degree of anesthesia is tested by asking the patient the time of day or to do something requiring coördination of the voluntary muscles.

Thorough psychological tests have been made by Dr. Shaw, Consulting Psychologist of Northwestern University, on patients under scopolamine-morphine. All impressions, pains, etc., suggested to the patient seem, in these tests, to be only partly carried to the brain, and there they fall by the wayside before they can be transmitted to the brain itself. For instance, in one case in the Frances Willard Hospital, the attending physician remarked, "Scopolamine-morphine is a vegetable product"; and the patient, only superficially comprehending the meaning, responded, "We had peas, beans, and corn for dinner."

The remarkable fact proved, however, is that the patient wakes in perfect composure and rest.

We may properly describe scopolamine-morphine as an anesthetic which simply severs temporarily the responses of the body from the pain centers of the brain. It does not paralyze the body as do other anesthetics, and herein lies its advantage in childbirth.

"Why drug the body," says Dr. Van Hoosen, "when it is the brain alone that feels pain? I want my patient's body to work during labor. It *must* work. The old-time chloroform put the body to sleep, and danger ensued. I simply put the brain to rest, leaving the body to go on in all the normal, easy contractions of labor as God meant it to be, in order to bring the little life safely into the world. 'Mental sleep,' with absence of fear and pain, delivers a healthy baby; and a refreshed mother awakens the next morning with raptures instead of exhaustion, to find a wonder baby she has not suffered for to the *n*th power of cruelty in giving it birth."

Many Hospitals Have Adopted Mental Sleep

THE Frances Willard Hospital, in Chicago, is a noted Twilight Sleep Hospital. The Cook County Hospital administers Twilight Sleep in obstetrics according to Dr. Van Hoosen's methods. The Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, uses nothing but Twilight Sleep in its obstetrical departments. Dr. Babcock of Philadelphia, Dr. Polak of Brooklyn, Dr. Gardner of Cincinnati and Middletown, Ohio, Dr. Miner of Oak Park, Illinois, Dr. Mosher of Kansas City, Dr. Wall of San Antonio, Texas, Dr. Arthur Hobart Bill, and Dr. Watt of the Cleveland Maternity Hospital are among the physicians who administer Twilight Sleep, or "mental sleep," to their patients. Dr. Phifer of Wheatland, Wyoming, has given Twilight Sleep for many years.

In the Chicago Lying-In Hospital, Dr. Joseph B. De Lee administers scopolamine-morphine in all cases where labor proves likely to be prolonged or severe. Before the patient becomes conscious of pain, ether to the obstetrical degree is given during the last stages. Immediately after delivery, the patient again receives scopolamine-morphine. Since the dosage is different from that employed at Freiburg or that used by Dr. Van Hoosen, he does not call the method Twilight Sleep—although the method is virtually a modified Twilight Sleep. This method is also followed at the Chicago Lying-In Hospital by Dr. Anna Lapham, Dr. David Monash, Dr. David Hillis, Dr. Edward Cornell, and Dr. David Horner.

Dr. Emil Ries of the Post-Graduate Hospital, Chicago, long ago proved the safety of scopolamine-morphine in surgery, either alone or with other anesthetics.

One unadmitted cause of opposition to Twilight Sleep should be mentioned. In the pressure of general practice, doctors often do not remain with confinement cases throughout labor. Now, Twilight Sleep, like other anesthetics, to be given properly, demands attendance by a medical person throughout labor. When Twilight Sleep is practised in the hospital, a medical attendant is constantly present. Needless to say, that should be the case with all confinements, with or without anesthesia. But in the present state of obstetrical practice in the country it is not customary.

The mother of a baby born in a California hospital administering Twilight Sleep writes thus of her experience.

"My thoughts and those of my husband immediately turned there in anticipation of my baby's birth." After the patient arrived at the hospital, "nurses praise the results achieved by the 'Twilight doctors'. One tells me she came to this hospital just to observe 'Twilight Sleep.' A visiting specialist from the East is proudly shown some of the happy Twilight mothers. Confidence pervades every room. When my time came, I forgot to be frightened—all so quiet, everyone so sure.

"In the hospital, waiting, I had talked with several of the very new Twilight mothers. They were so happy, so entirely free from weakness or pain. Their babies were doing splendidly. Then my time comes; I am taken into the Twilight room. The light is softly shaded. Doctors and nurses move about quietly. I have some slight pain, which they assure me will be over in a few minutes. The nurse pricks me with a hypodermic needle. I am asked a quiet question or two. I now know these are the memory tests, to determine the dosage required, but I remember little about them. The outstanding fact in my memory of that night is the doctor's leaning over me; he places a light cloth gently over my eyes. 'Now go to sleep, and we'll have your baby for you when you wake up.'

"And so it was. No unpleasant sensations. I simply relaxed and went to sleep. A few minutes after he said that, I opened my eyes, too lazily comfortable to understand the soft morning light filtering through the tree branches outside the windows. I lay quiet, unrealizing. Then nurse and doctor came and stood by me. A few minutes? It had been nine hours. From nine o'clock at night until three in the morning, doctor and nurse had never left me. Both were there several hours later when I awoke. My baby? Assured that my little girl had been born during the night's merciful twilight, my comfortable relaxation continued. In truth, I have felt perfectly well ever since that first dim waking. I could have left the hospital, it seemed to me, the third day. My baby was wonderfully healthy and has remained so."

Are Twilight Babies Healthy?

IT is interesting to add that in the California town where the writer of this account lives, there are a number of Twilight babies. In a "better baby" week contest in this town a few years ago, an out-of-town unprejudiced baby specialist, knowing nothing of the circumstances of the babies' birth, ranked the babies of the town according to this schedule: 70–80, fair; 80–90, good; 90–100, excellent. They were classed by age. *All Twilight babies scored over 90. The highest in each class was a Twilight baby.*

There is one very powerful and ancient source of objection to the use of Twilight Sleep in childbirth. In spite of the great plea in the Book of Common Prayer for "all women in the perils of childbirth," there undoubtedly exists in the general public and in many doctors an irrational and instinctive objection against the decent relief of women in these perils.

"In 1847," says Mr. Andrew B. White,[1] "James Young Simpson, having advocated the use of anesthetics in obstetrical cases, was immediately met by a storm of objection. This hostility flowed from an ancient and time-honored belief in Scotland. As far back as the year 1591, Eufane Macalyne, a lady of rank, being charged with seeking the aid of Agnes Sampson for the relief of pain at the time of the birth of her two sons, was burned alive at the Castle Hill of Edinburgh; and this old theological view persisted even to the middle of the nineteenth century. From pulpit after pulpit Simpson's use of chloroform was denounced as impious and contrary to Holy Writ: texts were cited abundantly, the ordinary declaration being that to use chloroform was to avoid one part of the primeval curse on women. Simpson wrote pamphlet after pamphlet to defend the blessing which he brought into use; but he seemed about to be overcome when he seized on a new weapon, probably the most absurd by which a great cause was ever won: "My opponents forget," he said, "the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Genesis; it is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the universe, before he took the rib from Adam's side, caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam." Now a new champion intervened—Thomas Chalmers; with a few pungent arguments from his pulpit he scattered the enemy forever, and the greatest battle of science against suffering was won."

We have quoted the contemporary record of a California correspondent, telling her own experience under Twilight Sleep. Contrast this with the experience of one of her friends at the hands of a medical opponent of the relief of pain in childbirth.

"My young friend planned to go down to the coast for Twilight Sleep, but the railroad strike prevented this, and, frightened and apprehensive, she wanted me to stay with her at the local hospital. The doctor, a generally acknowledged leader of his profession in the country, is not a believer in anesthetics in motherhood. 'It is a natural process and should not be interfered with,' he says. This physician stayed at the hospital all night, but slept in a downstairs room, visiting my friend but once, and was with her only during the last two hours of her twelve-hour travail. She begged for an anesthetic when the physician came. He congratulated her on her pain, saying, 'The worse it is, the better it suits us.' Ether was given during the last half-hour. After a night of agony my friend's baby was born. Healthy? I suppose so; but the marks of the forceps will be on her little head for many a day, as the scar of the stitches will remain on her mother's body. But worse are the scars the pains have made on her mind. I have been at the hospital daily. She is getting along 'nicely.' She will be 'all right' in a few days. She was torn, bruised, and strained. When she closes her eyes she seems to feel the pains again. Were it not for the promise of Twilight Sleep, she says she would never have another child. But this doctor, who is not a believer in Twilight Sleep, condemns it vigorously."

In the last eighty years the world has seen an immense advance in the world of medicine, but obstetrics has not kept pace with the rest of medicine. "During the seventeen years from 1900 to 1917 the typhoid rate has been reduced to one-third the former rate, the diphtheria rate reduced more than one half."[1] According to statistics assembled by the National Tuberculosis Association from the United States Registration area, in the twenty years from 1900 to 1920 the tuberculosis rate has been reduced more than one half. In the United States no indication of a decrease in the maternal death rate at childbirth has yet appeared.

"I think we may take it as settled, without further discussion," says Dr. Henry Smith Williams[2] of New York, "that the agonies of childbirth do not benefit the mother. No one has claimed, I believe, that they benefit the child. Shall we not say unreservedly, then, that painful childbirth in this age of scientific medicine is an unwarranted anachronism? And when we have said this, why not go further and say that it is a reproach to medical science, and a blemish on our boasted twentieth-century civilization?"

[1] A history of the warfare of science with theology in Christendom. "Theological opposition to Inoculation, Vaccination, and the Use of Anesthetics." Andrew D. White.

[2] Dr. Henry Smith Williams. "Twilight Sleep." Harper & Brothers.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *advises that Twilight Sleep be practised only by such physicians as have had a thorough practical experience in the administration of the method in an accredited hospital.*—THE EDITOR.

In McClure's Next Month

Read "Mr. Piper Hires a Pirate"

AND Thomas Topham, in the funniest movie story that ever came out of Hollywood, tells how Piper's pirate crew set out on the high seas and converted an innocent million-dollar film production into a national sensation that involved the forces of law and order all the way up from the local police to the United States Navy. Don't miss this masterpiece of delightful humor next month.

Eight other fascinating stories in

McClure's Magazine for June

"Fine Feathers Make Fine Actresses" Was Joe Stern's Philosophy—Adrienne Just Had to Have Her Chance on Broadway—And So Begins the Drama—

The Hall-Mark of Merit

By Helen Drew

ADRIENNE MADIERA fidgeted nervously in Joe Stern's office. She wondered at herself. It seemed such a daring thing to do—to seek an engagement with the great Joe Stern.

But the opportunity was great! Nothing less would have brought her here. Stern was looking for a girl of just her type to fill a certain part in a new play. And, though it was not a title rôle, it was big enough to lead to greater things. The girl who did well in that would stay on Broadway.

To stay on Broadway! It was dazzling to think of. To be sought after instead of seeking. To be able to choose! It was to walk in glory. For years she had been on the road. One-night stands, with all their hardships; ugly rooms in cheap hotels, with their ghastly wall-paper, their melancholy furnishings, and their grimed, fogged windows. A pitcher and a bowl for a bath-room. Meals in cheap, noisy, dirty restaurants, or sandwiches and tea on the pine bureau. Day in and day out—continuously—year after year. Ugh!

The two girls seated across from her began to converse. One of them was a smart, fair-haired aristocrat with eyes of youth and determination, and clothes that breathed prosperity and charm. She wore a simple hat, miraculous in its style, while her furs proclaimed their birth in Russia and their fashioning in France.

Adrienne's eyes took in the value and potency of this girl's clothes; then they returned to her own. Here! Why? She looked despairingly at her shoes, worn loose from much walking. She tucked her feet back quickly, putting one foot over the other. She glanced down at her gloves. The finger-tips were fraying. Involuntarily she changed the position of her hands, posing them under her shabby purse. Then, dissatisfied, she turned them over, the palms crossed and resting on her bag. She looked across. The other girl's gloves were of some soft, dull fabric, beautifully made, and exquisite in their light mocha tint. Again she changed the position of her hands.

She glanced uneasily at the second girl—red-headed, handsome, modishly gowned. The supercilious, easy assurance came from nothing less than a supreme self-confidence born of prosperity. Her expensive fur wrap alone testified to the presence of a full purse and a contented mind.

Adrienne looked back at herself with greater concern and despair. She picked at her sleeve. Then she frowned—a frown of surprise and concern. She had not known that the edges were so badly worn. Why, there were tiny holes that she had not seen.

THE conversation between the two across the room reached Adrienne.

"Well, there's one thing about Joe Stern," the red-headed one was saying; "he does make up his mind quickly."

"Yes," agreed the fair-haired aristocrat; "but it's a lonesome virtue." She smiled half contemptuously. "He has so few virtues."

Her companion acknowledged it. "But I will say this for him: he knows how to dress a show."

"Yes; clothes mean a great deal to Mr. Stern."

"Everything. He appreciates clothes. Now, some men—" She sighed despairingly. "You could waste all your time dressing up, and they'd never know the difference. But Joe knows. And I always come here because you don't have to waste your time trotting around. All you really have to do," she rattled on, "is just to get dolled up. Stylish hat, furs, gloves. Oh, he notices details, I'll say!" She paused to check up her own details—powder, hair veil. Then she sat back, visibly satisfied.

A NOISE at the door caused them all to turn as a fourth girl entered.

She presented a somewhat startling appearance. Her fluffy hair had been bleached until it resembled dead straw; her cheeks flamed cerise; her plaster nose marked a strange contrast to the scarlet lips beneath. To look at her was to long for smoked glasses. But her clothes were expensive. A dense black veil was suspended from a huge hat; sealskins hung from her shoulders, luxurious, expensive, graceful.

Adrienne looked—not at the girl, but at her sealskins. And a feeling of bitterness and resentment struggled within her like an angry, burning flame, corrosive, devastating to her self-faith. This girl, with her vapid brain and her insipid face, would probably command greater respect than would she with her experience and her devotion to her art—the art that was but an expression of the fire, soul, and personality that was herself. Then a sinking sensation of despair smote her. The shabbiness of her clothes had somehow increased. She tried to turn the edges of her sleeves under; but they wouldn't stay!

The red-headed one was again holding forth:

"A friend of mine 'way up in the profession was telling me that Joe Stern knows more about clothes than any manager in America. And it's a positive fact. He knows men's clothes as well—down to the very number of buttons on a dress-coat."

"Yes, I know," the blonde babbled. "He fired a prominent actor—if I cared to name him—because he didn't wear the right kind of studs. A little thing like that! But it means everything to Mr. Stern."

As Adrienne listened her resentment grew.

Another girl entered and seated herself.

Small, rather Oriental in appearance, exotic in her

bearing, there was a distinct individuality about her that made the others inspect her at length.

The newcomer waited, silently aloof. She, too, wore sealskins; but there was a distinction in the line and cut of her wrap that set it apart.

Adrienne looked—then back at her own shabbiness, which had become more conspicuous. Her garments suddenly ceased to be clothes and became rags—the badge of poverty, the admission of defeat and incompetence.

THERE was a commotion of voices from the inner room. The door of Stern's office opened, and a girl emerged, followed by Joe Stern himself.

"Well, I won't promise," Joe Stern was saying. "I'll think it over." His voice was rich, suave, and oily—the voice of prosperity, snobbishness, and cruelty.

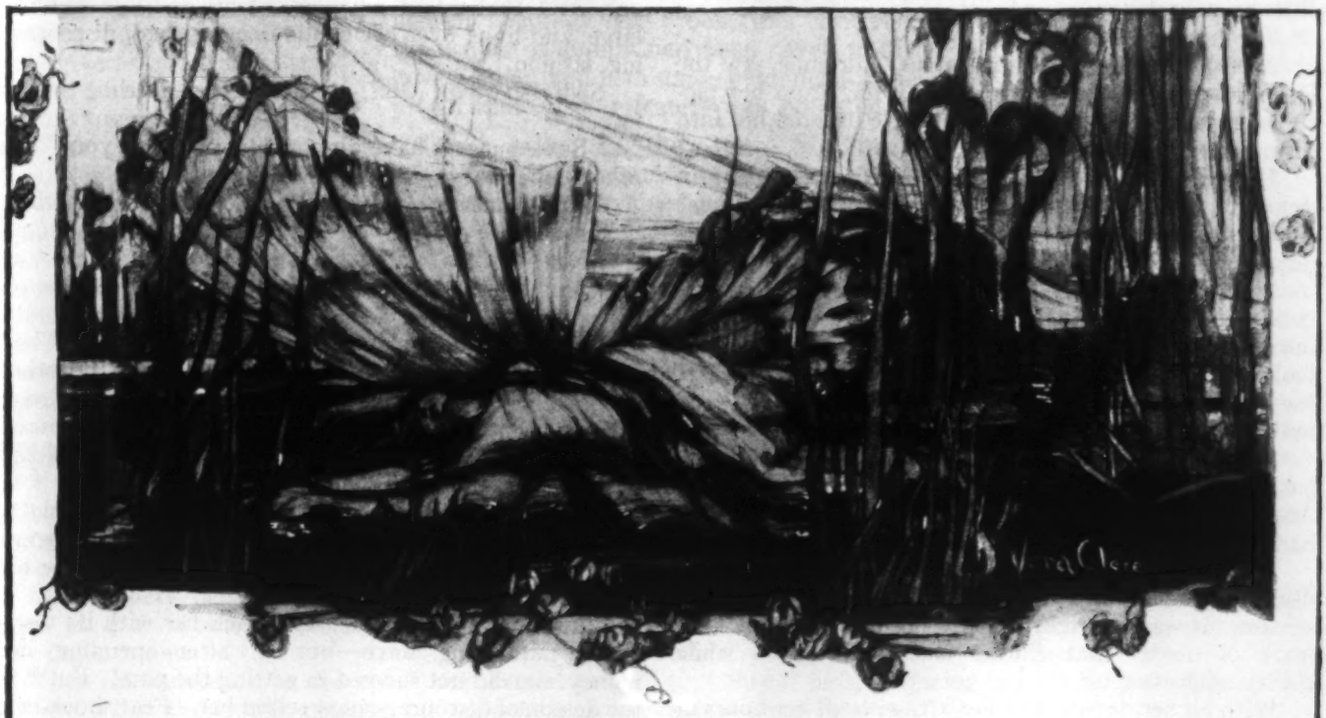
The manager was stout, with heavy features and black hair lying flat and slick. His eyes were remarkable—dark, brooding, aggressive, repellant, slightly bulging. They were eyes that hungered for show, display, ostentation.

He went to the telephone operator's desk, and in the room there fell a hush not unlike a tribute. Standing there, he gave his audience an unrestricted view of a suit remarkable in its magnificence and unusual in its style. Of dark gray diagonal cloth, it was bound with black silk braid. The coat was inclined to a tail effect, and the sleeves snuggled smoothly against his arms. It was the masterpiece of an ambitious tailor, and the pride of Joe Stern's heart. Light gray spats topped patent-leather shoes. Exquisite diamonds flashed from his fingers, his scarf-pin, his watch, which he consulted so frequently. An odor of perfume enveloped him. But more potent than the perfume was the indescribable glamour that hung over it all—the glamour that belongs to a uniform.

It was Joe Stern's ambition to be on equal terms with the world's most distinguished. He was always accepting chairmanships and serving on committees raising funds for the poor, in the hope of attaining intimacy with the elect. He was an ambitious chairman, building committees of the most influential timber, giving gorgeous luncheons at his own expense at exclusive hotels.

This chairmanship business had begun during the war, when class distinctions were forgotten in the mad fever of patriotism. Joe Stern never forgot the glory of those days—the Red Cross dinner at which he found himself, through some mistake, seated next to Mrs. Astor, too excited to eat, his eyes bulging wide in delight and eagerness.

FOR industry, energy, and determination Joe Stern had no superiors. Competitors? Yes; but none there were who labored more faithfully to realize their dreams of power, wealth, and distinction. Born in a



A Butterfly's Requiem

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

SPIRIT of too brief gladness,
Bright vagrant from the sun,
How frail and still you lie here now,
Your little summer done!

Sere grasses mourn you, drooping
Above your silent bier,
And on your folded wings the rain
Drops many a silent tear.

I too must weep for knowing
That you, with all bright things,
With love and joy and summer's pride,
Lie now with quiet wings.

tenement on the lower East Side, he had seized every opportunity to climb, using those a little better off as stepping-stones. He began as an usher in a little theater in Harlem, back in the old days of the stock company. From then on he had gone accumulating, venturing, progressing. A road company was the next important step. Then the final move: A New York theater, and Joe Stern began to enjoy his prestige and his power, branching out from one to many theaters.

Now he was prominent, distinguished, glamorous to those less fortunate than he. They turned to look after him now with something of awe—a tribute he saw and loved.

"Who is that?"—the question so frequently asked as he in all his glamour went by with unseeing eyes.

"That? Why, that's Joe Stern, the great producer," would explain one who had known him in former and less affluent years and who had bragged of his friendship.

"But you—didn't you used—"

"Sure; we used to be friends. But Joe's getting up in the world now."

And thus Joe Stern would pass, saving his cordial bows and smiles for those more distinguished than himself.

BUT now there was about him a manner suggestive of haste and commercialism as he came back from the operator's desk to the railing between the waiting-room and the door to the inner sanctum, and nodded to the little aristocrat.

"Come in," he said.

As the girl obeyed his summons, Adrienne saw the look—his sharp, observant eyes traveling from her picturesque hat to her well shod feet. He ushered her into his office.

Disheartened and embittered, Adrienne sighed in despair. Among these girls, what chance had she? Among this finery, what chance had rags? Amid all this display, what chance had ability?

Suddenly she arose. The others turned curious eyes in her direction—eyes that bored through her back and burned into her consciousness. She knew they were looking. She knew the look, too,—supercilious scorn, the look with which affluence regards poverty,—and inwardly she cringed.

"I'll not wait," she told the operator. "I'll—I'll come back again if—if you'll put me down for four-thirty." And as she hurried down the stairs she wondered: why had she said that? She had no intention of returning.

She reached the street, sick with her humiliation and discouragement. She wanted to be alone—to sob, to scream. It was not right that clothes should be the hall-mark of merit—that clothes should command while ability might beg.

With all her devotion to her art, with all her hours of study, self-improvement and denial, what was she? Clothes governed impressions, and the world was ruled by its impressions, carried away by its eyes.

Her anger seemed stronger than herself—an agonizing storm, confusing her thoughts, distorting her vision. So she scarcely noticed where she was walking; and so conscious was she of her shabbiness that she actually thought people turned and stared after her.

Why had she gone to Stern's office? Then the thing that she had lost sight of in her rage and despair rushed back. The opportunity to be on Broadway! A warm wave of confidence enveloped her.

AGAIN she was carried to the heights. Again she walked in glory. The fire, depth, and power of her imagination gave the thing reality. She was on the stage of a Broadway theater; she wore a Spanish costume vivid with color, soft and flowing with fringe. Her hair, dressed high, held a Spanish comb over which was draped a mantilla. There was a fan, a cigarette, warm color in her face. A toreador was making love to her. She repulsed him. But her cold disdain added heat to his fire. Then she coquetted, shyly, teasingly eluding him, till the fire of his passion inflamed her, and, catching fire from him—

The picture was stirring, real; but she descended to earth very suddenly—in time to avoid a collision with a pedestrian.

The picture had vanished; but its effect remained, stirring within her soul that consciousness of her ability, a consciousness that seemed now more real, more truly alive. She couldn't give up this opportunity. She must make good.

She had a little money she had saved to bridge over the time when she had no engagement—sixty dollars. With twenty-five she might hire a wrap for the afternoon that would so improve her appearance that she could hold her own against those other girls.

There was a shop that specialized in exclusive garments and furs. She turned her steps in that direction, hastening, congratulating herself on having thought of it. It was obviously the wisest thing to do. She walked rapidly now, and with greater assurance.

The man showed her the few wraps he had in stock, a stock sadly depleted by earlier customers. And the only coat that might have served her purpose was too large, and hung over her hands in a hopeless, discouraging fashion.

Sadly she took it off, disappointment settling on her face.

"But—but you have fur coats too, haven't you?" she asked hopefully. "I could use a fur coat."

"How much can you put up on one? Two hundred dollars?" The dealer sneered a little.

"N-n—no."

"Well,"—he shrugged,—"I gotta have the value on deposit."

She hastened out in humiliation and shame. Then she tried despairingly to think. She knew of no other shop. There were others, but she hadn't any knowledge of them. She had still less time, for she was determined by now to keep her four-thirty appointment. It would be best, perhaps, to buy a wrap.

She studied her reflection as she passed the plate-glass windows. Surely a wrap would do much toward making her look presentable. She ought to get one for sixty dollars, even less perhaps.

But if—the thought of fear struck her with its terrifying, paralyzing force—but if, after spending her money, she did not succeed in getting the part! But if—the demon of discouragement seized her. Fear shook her, weakening, devastating in its effect. But if, after spending the money and not getting the engagement— She would face then an acute emergency.

But again she remembered the opportunity, luring, haunting—the opportunity to act on Broadway.

ADRIENNE went on to the next shop, an exclusive specialty shop on Fifth Avenue, whose exquisite window display enticed her within against her better judgment and a feeling, a strange something she did not understand. On stepping from the elevator on one of the upper floors where she had gone in search of a wrap, she found herself in the fur department.

Apparently a sale was in progress, for the customers far outnumbered the sales force. There was a pile of coats, sealskins heaped over an isolated chair; a mountainous, luxurious pile it was.

The sight of them was a magnet to the eyes, and Adrienne was drawn to them by some compelling attraction. She put out her hand to touch the soft fur, to smooth it—softer than velvet, caressing to the touch. She turned the coat over—looked at it admiringly, wistfully—and ended by trying it on. There was no one to assist her. The few saleswomen were so busy that they did not even see her.

She stepped to the mirror, and at the sight of her reflection caught her breath. The coat transformed her. The rich, dark fur made her eyes luminous. She looked at her reflection, and instinctively her form straightened a little. Her carriage, always erect, seemed a little more truly courageous and victorious. Now she saw herself triumphant. She twisted around to view herself from different angles. Then her glance rested on the heap of furs thrown across a chair.

She stepped over to see, examining them, looking at the lovely linings of figured silks and soft colorings.

She had dreamed of wearing such garments—laces, jewels. And she would some day. Her dreams caught her and carried her off—a little daydream of magnificence and luxury. She saw herself beautifully gowned, exquisitely groomed; reporters, playwrights, managers, each vying with the other for her attention; movie contracts, sumptuous apartments, automobiles, maids!

How the Parson Played Detective

Another Dramatic Romance of the American Secret Service

"WHY feed this inexperienced clergyman to the cleverest crook that has ever baffled our department?"

Thus, in the latter days of the war, an assistant chief in the Secret Service was protesting to his immediate superior.

But the latter stuck to his queer idea of making a detective out of a minister of the Gospel. And when the Rev. William Maxim Stone relinquished his reluctant rôle of sleuth, Kennedy, the crook, was cornered, thousands of dollars had been saved to the government, and invaluable evidence for the prosecution of war frauds was obtained.

Don't miss, in the June McClure's Magazine, this account, by Sam K. Cowan, of a hitherto undisclosed Secret Service exploit. You will find it the strangest detective story you have ever read—stranger than fiction because it is the truth.

One of a Dozen Surprising Features in Next Month's Issue

The June McClure's Out May 25th

WITH a little sigh, a half-sob, despairing and despondent, Adrienne dropped the last coat with a weary gesture of resignation and walked mechanically toward the elevator. She entered the car and alighted in the millinery department below, halting before the cases to gaze in wistful admiration at the attractive new importations.

Then she moved on to the street, and turned to go uptown. But the crowds pressing up against the windows detained her; and all unconsciously, as she moved along, she tried to fold under the worn edge of her sleeve. At an unaccustomed softness of touch she looked down incredulously.

She drew in her breath sharply, with something of a hysterical sob of fright and surprise. There was a sinking sensation within her, turbulent and confusing. Everything seemed to be turning around. She was dizzy. There was a strangeness about it all—the strangeness of unreality that made comprehension difficult.

She stood still on the street, staring down in dumb, distressed wonder at the fur coat. Not a sign, not a suggestion, but that it was her own. Then she remembered having tucked the tag inside to get a better effect as she looked in the glass.

She must go at once and put it back. She turned to reënter the shop—then abruptly she halted. She couldn't put it back! She would be seen. The cold perspiration broke out all over her in a sickening spasm of fear. She would attract attention by going back now—even if the taking of it hadn't.

But she *must* go back.

The perspiration trickled down her spine in a chilling stream. Her pulse quickened. She was sick, nauseated with fear—terrified.

She turned toward the door.

A firm, imperative touch on her arm made her start in terror, and a low, businesslike voice in her ear chilled her heart:

"You're wanted in the office at once. And you'd best come quietly, lady."

And Adrienne looked up into the face of a husky and important young Irishman.

"But—but," she stammered in confusion—"I was just going to put it back." Across her face had come terror and shame in a scarlet flush. "I—I—"

She stopped in paralyzing, benumbing despair.

"That's all right, lady," the detective said soothingly, with an undertone of mockery. "You'll have plenty of time to explain at the office. But you'd best come quietly, like I said before."

Adrienne went, icy rivers streaming down her back, while fear and apprehension clutched at her throat like a strangling, choking hand. And as they walked toward the office she felt as if the world stood still and watched. Every one who glanced at her must know! It was an agonizing walk—and endless: the longest walk she had ever taken. And after what seemed an eternity they arrived.

REILLY unlocked the door, threw it open, and stepped back in dignified silence while Adrienne entered the office.

"Now," he said, facing her, "what's your lingo? I suppose you have one."

For a moment she stood silent, looking at him, her mouth dry, her voice gone. Words—she hadn't any. Fear struggled with shame, anxiety with hope. Her breath came short and quick, as if she had been running. There seemed to be a wildness and unreality to the thing—a something she could not quite grasp. She was mad; she must be dreaming. The thing couldn't be. Presently she would wake up and laugh at it all.

"I was looking to buy a coat." She stopped and listened to the strange words, the unfamiliar voice that came from—where? She looked around. Then gradually it came over her that she had been speaking—that the words were hers, the voice her own.

Reilly shot a glance at her, curious, skeptical, unbelieving.

"I came to buy a coat because I needed it. I tried this coat on, and turned to look over the others lying by

on a chair, and absent-mindedly I walked off with it on."

She spoke sincerely, convincingly.

Reilly sneered. "So you're one of the absent-minded ones, I suppose? They all say the same."

"Yes, I am absent-minded."

He laughed—a laugh of ridicule, maddening and derisive. "Tell it to the judge."

"No, no! You can't take me there." Her voice rose, strident and terrified, in protest. Her eyes showed the force of the gathering rage within her. The color left her face, then rushed back in a deepening flush.

"Oh, tell it to the judge," Reilly laughed again.

"Can't you listen? Can't you believe me?" she cried. "Tell it to the judge!"

Adrienne looked at him in silence, using all the strength of her determination to control the impulse that struggled for expression, the impulse to fly at him and beat his face with her fists, to scratch at his eyes—those derisive, diabolical, leering eyes. She breathed heavily, rapidly. It took strength, it took will-power, it took courage, to meet a passion like that and grapple with it and overcome it. Never before had she understood murder; but now she knew that murder would be easy. Slowly, gradually, under the force of her determination, she recovered herself.

"I am telling you"—and her voice sounded cold and hard—"I walked off with it without realizing—"

"I suppose you took it without knowing it?" Reilly suggested, with another leering gleam of amusement and contempt in his eyes.

"Yes," she said frankly, fearlessly; "I did."

"Well,"—he sighed in resignation,—"tell it to the judge. He might fall for that. Me?" he shrugged. "I hear it a dozen times a day."

"Then your chief—Mr. Harper?"

She had suddenly remembered J. Wallace Harper. J. Wallace Harper, as scion of an old New York family, was something of an institution in himself, famed for his art collection, his library. He was a connoisseur of repute, a social power sought after by those less fortunately born—all this in addition to the fame he had gained since his invasion into the mercantile world. He was recognized as a man about town, but a man whose township embraced the world.

Reilly sneered. "Mr. Harper'll not let you off."

"Will you ask him?"

The detective laughed harshly. "No, I'll not ask him."

"Will you let me ask him?" Adrienne's determination was equally insistent.

"No, I'll not!" Reilly exclaimed with some impatience and irritation. "Do you think he can be bothered with every fool shoplifter that comes here? The store's full of them. You'll come with me," he announced in sudden decision, his patience giving out. "And you'll come quietly. I don't want to take your arm—it looks bad before the customers." He set his derby upon his head with a somewhat defiant jerk and moved toward the door. "Come along," he ordered.

Adrienne felt as if the last door had closed. Surely it was not real—it couldn't be. She would wake up presently and tell what an exciting dream she had had. She felt stifled, choked. She wanted to scream, to cry out.

"Aw, hurry up. Whatcha dreamin' about?" snarled the detective irritably.

She stood for a moment in silent indecision; then, with a hopeless, involuntary little gesture of resignation and despair, she followed Reilly out into the hall.

They walked through a long corridor lined at intervals with doors—doors with neat, dignified lettering that proclaimed the occupant and his business: "Mr. Lockwood—*Advertising*"; "Mr. Tracy—*Merchandise Manager*." Adrienne's eyes searched anxiously—then: "J. Wallace Harper—*President*." Her heart gave a little leap that sent the blood pounding through her veins, making her breathing hurried, erratic. She struggled to control it. They were nearing that door.

AS they reached it, Adrienne, with a sudden, apparently unpremeditated movement, opened it and went quickly in. In the spacious, luxurious office sat J. Wallace Harper, gray-haired and impressive in his middle-aged dignity. He was sitting before a massive desk, going over some papers; but at the sudden, unexpected interruption he raised inquiring eyes.

"Mr. Harper," Adrienne began speaking rapidly, "there has been a terrible mistake made, and I've appealed to you because—"

"Mistake nothin'!" Reilly interrupted, with some show of temper. "This lady, here, is one of them absent-minded shoplifters. I'm sorry, sir," he added respectfully, "that you should be disturbed." Then to Adrienne, with something more than determination showing in his voice: "Come on, now!"

"I am not going with you." Adrienne's voice, vibrant and tense, matched his own in strength of determination. She turned to Harper: "It—you must hear me—what I have to say!" The vehemence rising in her tone increased its intensity and sincerity. "I did not steal this coat."

She told Harper her story; and there was something in her bearing, her speech, her very insistence, that commanded attention. She dwelt on the vital importance of her rare opportunity—of its bearing on her career, and of the necessity of good clothes with which to take advantage of it, and of her determination to stake her all on this one venture, in the hope that it would be the final weight that turned the balance. And it was easier to talk to a man of Harper's mentality.

"I know that my story doesn't agree with—with my walking out with this coat. But when I saw this,—" pausing, she looked down at the lovely wrap,—"I knew that I couldn't pay for it, but I tried it on—why, I don't know, but you know yourself that women do those things. It's the only way some of us have—" Her voice shook a little. "Then I lost myself in my dreams—"

She swept on, putting all of her spirit into the fight, speaking with increasing rapidity—the rapidity that marks a swiftly moving mind.

"I'm not trying just to clear my name," she said, "though it's important and dear to me. But, don't you see, this is my one opportunity! I must take advantage of it. This can't interfere." The tears were so close, so very close to the surface. "Mr. Stern is putting the play into rehearsal to-morrow morning. There's no time to lose. Here—" With trembling fingers she opened her purse, spilling the contents on Harper's desk—"here," spreading out before him the crumpled bills, "here's all the money I've got. Take it, but give me a coat I can wear—"

THERE fell a little silence, disturbed only by Adrienne's hurried breathing. Yet Harper, listening to her story, wondered at himself. He was impressed by her insistence; but shoplifters were very apt to be insistent, he reminded himself. He had seen too many of them not to know something of their ways. They were no novelty. They resorted to all kinds of tricks.

"Come with me," she urged. "You owe it to me to let me clear myself, and if you come with me I can prove that—that what I tell you is true. Come with me now—

for Economical Transportation

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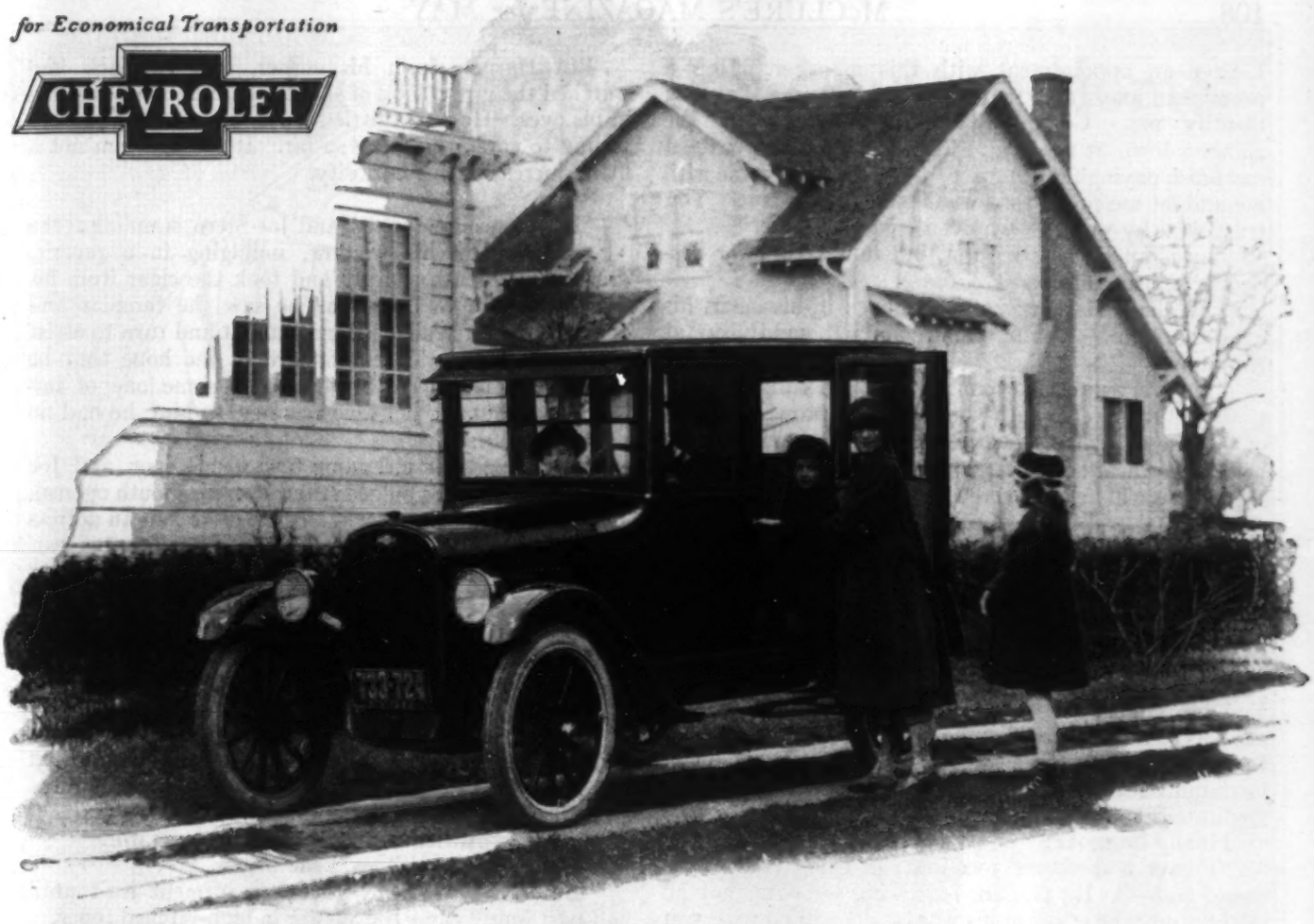

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Six large body plants adjoining Chevrolet assembly plants enable Chevrolet dealers to make prompt deliveries of the much wanted closed cars.

As soon as you realize that your transportation requirements demand the year 'round, all weather closed car, see Chevrolet first and learn how fully we can meet your requirements at the lowest cost obtainable in a modern, high-grade closed automobile.

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Two Passenger Roadster	$510
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Four Passenger Sedanette	850
Five Passenger Sedan	860
Light Delivery	510

All Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Chevrolet Dealers and service stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

I have an appointment with this manager. He's a prominent man, and they know who I am: they can identify me. Come—as I am," involuntarily she glanced down at the coat. "Let me wear this coat—I can finish paying for it in time, if you will only come with me and let me prove that what I tell you is true. You trust wealthy women—why can't you trust me?"

It was an unusual request, but it was time for desperate, unusual methods.

J. Wallace Harper was sitting back in his chair, his eyes narrowed—looking long and thoughtfully at Adrienne.

"It is very unusual, your request," he said, speaking slowly—"that we go with you while you prove the truth of your story." He shook his head slowly, gravely. "I have never heard anything quite like it before."

"But it will help me so. Don't you understand?" she persisted.

Harper debated. He thought she was a clever shoplifter with a great gift for acting. He had heard too many shoplifters plead and rage to be moved by the request of one more than another. He thought she had put up this story to get him to say: "Oh, well, certainly; we believe you, since you are so willing that we accompany you. You may go. It's all right." But still it was strange that she was so anxious to wear the coat. That was unusual. It aroused his curiosity—stirred his imagination. Then he inquired the address of Adrienne's manager. He meditated, looked at his watch.

Finally he spoke:

"I have a directors' meeting I'm going to up near there, and—" He paused, narrowing his eyes that he might study the effect of his words. "I will go with you to your manager's for—" he straightened up and leaned forward impressively—"for I don't believe all this. I've heard all kinds of stories from shoplifters, but I never heard one like this before." He paused again. "But I don't think your wearing the coat will hurt it any. It can't. But you realize, don't you, that handing me this money is a very clever move on your part?" He pushed it toward her. "If I were to accept it I would have no case against you."

Adrienne, held so long in suspense, felt her heart quicken; the snapping of the tension brought its own reaction. She gave a little hysterical gasp that held something of a sob in the sound. The tears sprang to her eyes and blurred her vision as she gathered up the money. Her every move was misinterpreted.

J. Wallace Harper rose and put on his overcoat, took his hat, thrust some papers in a brief-case.

"Come; we'll call your little bluff, but"—he paused impressively—"you'll end at the station-house with Reilly, I'm thinking. Come along, Reilly."

The trio moved on—a strangely assorted party—to Harper's palatial limousine, which stood waiting at the door. But, for all the comfort the car afforded, the drive was very uncomfortable—brief, silent, and very strained.

Adrienne did not speak except to repeat the address to Harper as she was about to step into the car. Her eyes luminous, her cheeks flushed, her nerves tense, she sat in an agony of fear lest Stern should be out, the operator gone, or that some mischance should upset her plans. The cold perspiration broke out again; her anxiety increased.

Reilly, sitting forward, looked out of the window contemptuously. The whole thing was a piece of wild folly unworthy of the attention of the dignified Harper that he knew and admired.

But Harper, from his corner, lounged back and watched the girl, a look of skeptical amusement showing in his eyes. He was a little surprised that she had been willing to carry the thing so far. It puzzled him not a little, increasing his curiosity.

THE limousine stopped, and Joe Stern, standing at the moment in his window, indulging in a reverie, drew in his breath sharply and took the cigar from his mouth. His eyes bulged as he saw the familiar and distinguished J. Wallace Harper alight and turn to assist a girl—and Stern leaned forward in the hope that he might recognize her. She must be some one of importance. But no; her face was new to him; he had no knowledge of her.

Harper and the girl came toward his door, and Joe Stern's bulging eyes bulged still wider, his mouth opened. Then he looked at the car. Never before had an actress coming to see him drive up in so magnificent a car. It was proof of his growing importance. Nor had any actress ever brought with her so distinguished and important a man as J. Wallace Harper—Harper, the merchant prince, aristocrat, and art connoisseur. "But," thought Joe Stern, "I didn't know he was interested in actresses. I wonder—I wonder would he finance a play?"

Joe Stern fluttered to his door, opening it just a crack and cocking his head. It wouldn't look well to go out just now; but he listened to the light steps ascending the stairs, followed by heavier ones.

Entering, Adrienne approached the operator.

"I must see Mr. Stern," she began.

"But, Miss Madiera, your appointment isn't until half-past four," came the answer in high-pitched tones.

"But I must see him; this is very important," Adrienne insisted.

Harper was standing behind her.

"I can't help it; that's your time, and I can't change it now."

The door opened and Joe Stern came out in preoccupied haste—to stop suddenly in apparent surprise.

"You wished to see me?" he inquired politely, and he proved himself something of an actor in his handling of the part he had created for himself—the part of a man being surprised by important callers. Then he looked at Harper and beamed. Turning to Adrienne with welcome writ large upon his face, he waited in almost servile attention while his keen eye computed the value of her handsome sealskin wrap.

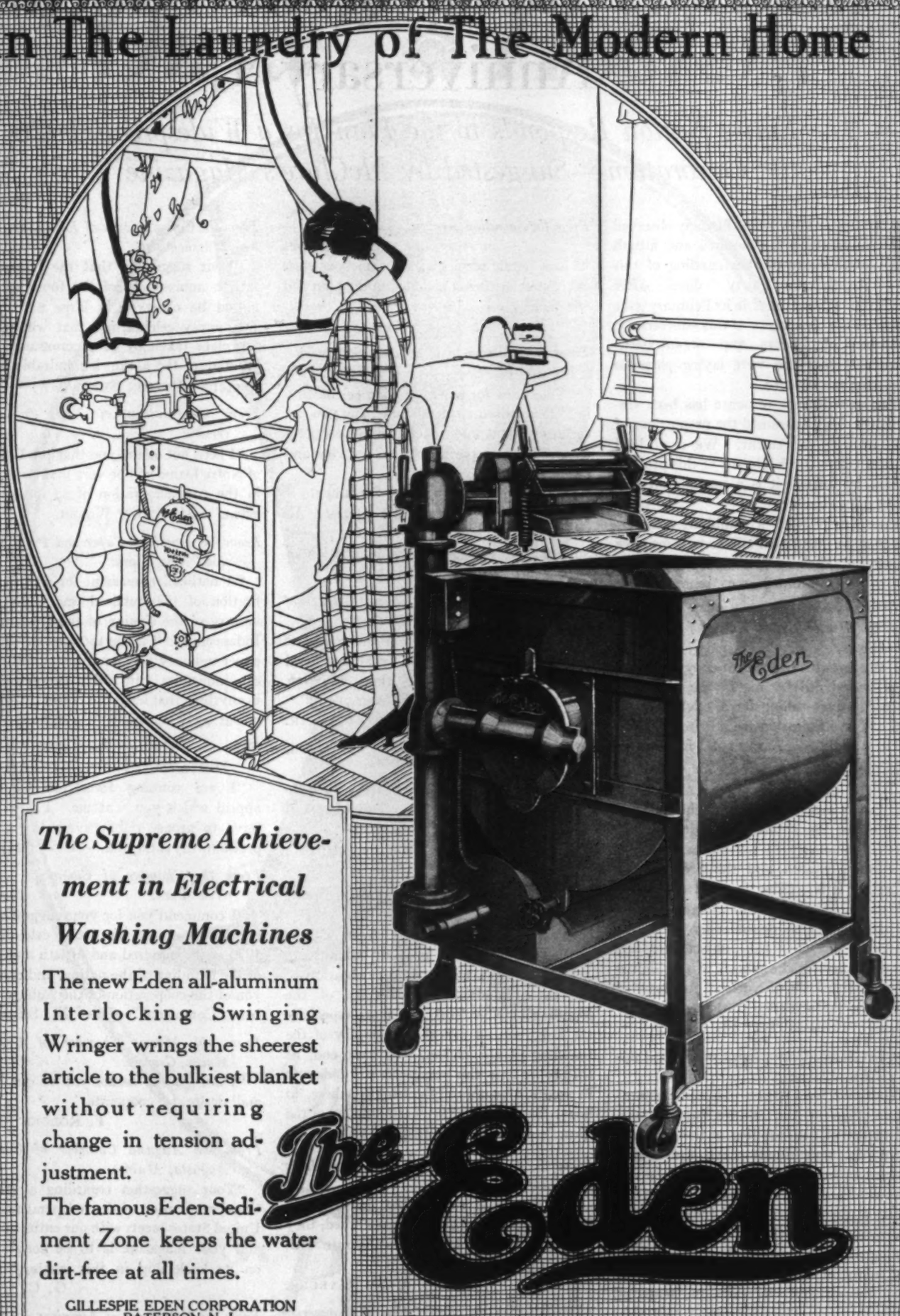
"Mr. Stern," she said, and in concealing her anxiety and despair she too achieved a magnificent bit of acting, "I came to see you about your new play, 'The Castilian'—the part of the Spanish girl? I've had a great deal of experience in road work, and I feel—"

"My dear girl,—why, certainly! I can see that. I've been watching you. I've seen your work, and what you can do doesn't surprise me. We'll make a great actress of you yet." Joe Stern patted her fondly on the arm and beamed again at Harper. "We can fix that up all right. Just step in." He threw open his door with cordial hospitality. "And you?" He bowed deferentially to Harper. "Your friend—" He turned to Adrienne with hopeful uplifted brows.

Adrienne halted, half turning, and bit her lips.

"Mr. Harper," she said, laughing a malicious, humorous little laugh of triumph—"Mr. Harper's deeply interested in my career, you know. I really think he'll have me in jail if I don't succeed!"

In The Laundry of The Modern Home



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The new Eden all-aluminum Interlocking Swinging Wringer wrings the sheerest article to the bulkiest blanket without requiring change in tension adjustment.

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The Eden

Turns *Wash-Day* into *Wash-Hour*

America's Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

The Entire Nation Responds to the Plan for a Widespread 1926 Celebration—Suggested by McClure's Magazine

THE year 1926 will be fittingly observed as marking the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this Republic. Thirty days after McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in its February issue suggested the observance of this anniversary, thousands of leaders and organizations throughout the land were laying plans to make that fact assured.

The spontaneous response has been tremendous. It has assumed the proportions of a nation-wide movement. We shall lend our best aid to the fulfilment of this project, because we believe it is a magnificent and inspiring enterprise.

Organizations with a combined membership of more than seven million persons have volunteered their coöperation. Following are excerpts from some representative letters:

From the United States House of Representatives:

"I am herewith inclosing a copy of a resolution introduced by me in the House of Representatives calling for a celebration in 1926. Its inspiration came from you."

ALBERT B. ROSSDALE.

From the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.:

"I have your letter in which you call attention to the approaching hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the independence of the United States, and the propriety of celebrating it by calling to mind those who have contributed largely to the greatness of our nation. As no doubt others will deal with other phases of this subject, it seems only necessary for the officers of the Smithsonian Institution and National Academy of Sciences to call attention to the great names in these institutions."—C. G. ABBOT.

From the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition Association, Philadelphia:

"Your plan for a nation-wide commemoration in 1926 of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Republic is excellent and should have the hearty response of every liberty-loving American. What incalculable blessings have followed the signing of the Declaration of Independence! How tremendous is the improvement in the working conditions and the home life for the great mass of the people, overshadowing even the colossal increase in material wealth. . . . Your suggestion that this epochal anniversary be suitably celebrated by the people of every community paying honor to their own torch-bearers of liberty in the realms of art, learning, and commerce is quite to the point."—VICTOR ROSEWATER.

From the Salvation Army:

". . . an enterprise which impresses us as a public service of a conspicuous sort. We appreciate being included in the plan and will be happy to coöperate."

THOMAS ESTILL.

From the Chamber of Commerce, Sacramento, California:

"Your idea for a nation-wide celebration in 1926 is indeed a splendid one, and you can certainly count upon Sacramento's coöperation. We are preparing in detail our view and also suggestions.

As you undoubtedly know, Sacramento is exceptionally rich in romantic interest. All the action of the days of '49 revolve around Sutter Fort, which was the foundation of Sacramento."—IRVIN ENGLER.

From the Child Conservation League of America, Washington, D. C.:

"I believe I can offer you the strongest kind of support by enthusing all our local organizations and getting them to work toward the accomplishment of this event."

MARY LAUX BECKWITH.

From the Board of Commerce, Lexington, Kentucky:

"We believe that a celebration such as you suggest would be of universal interest in the United States, and might serve to stimulate greater patriotism among our citizens."

PRICE GAINES.

From the Platte Valley Daily News, Scottsbluff, Nebraska:

"The Platte Valley *Daily News* will be pleased to coöperate in your stimulating suggestion for a nation-wide celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of New York and more especially the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the nation. To that end, at the proper time, this newspaper will endeavor to secure a community celebration here, to honor the men who have been builders of the West."—GEORGE GRIMES.

From the Chamber of Commerce, Salt Lake City, Utah:

"I feel safe in saying that, in so far as Salt Lake City and Utah are concerned, they will be more than happy to coöperate with you in this project to the limit."

J. H. RAYBURN.

From the Madison Association of Commerce, Madison, Wisconsin:

"We stand ready to assist you in the proposed celebration in 1926 of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the nation."—DON E. MOWRY.

From the Commissioner of Education, State of Massachusetts:

"Your suggestion that the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the nation be observed in large part through community celebrations that will recognize the place taken by each community in the building of the nation is admirable in every respect."—PAYSON SMITH.

From the President of Notre Dame University:

"I need not assure you that the University of Notre Dame will be very glad to have part in the commemoration of so important an event."—MATTHEW WALSH.

From the American Paper and Pulp Association, New York:

"A national movement for adequate celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence is a fine thought. . . . The paper industry, as one of the earliest American industries, can feel a peculiar interest in anything that leads to abetter preservation of our early traditions."—HUGH P. BAKER.

From the "Evening Journal," Wilmington, Delaware:

"I am running to-morrow your page appeal which you sent me. I trust it will serve to arouse public sympathy for your praiseworthy enterprise."—GEORGE CARTER.

From the Chamber of Commerce, Auburn, New York:

"I commend you for your suggestion having for its object the fitting celebration in 1926 of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the nation, and can assure you of the coöperation of the Auburn Chamber of Commerce."—JOHN M. SHETLAND.

From the Macon Chamber of Commerce, Macon, Georgia:

"I am glad to assure you of our interest and desire to coöperate."

F. RODGER MILLER.

From the Augusta Chamber of Commerce, Augusta, Maine:

"Your suggestion regarding a great national celebration of the independence of the United States meets with our entire approval, and your magazine is to be congratulated on its leadership in this matter."

G. C. CLARKE.

From the Volunteers of America:

"It is indeed a worthy project, and should receive the support and coöperation of the entire nation. May I submit two names for your consideration when speaking of those

[*Continued on page* 112]

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Onyx Pointex"
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Fashioned to accentuate the grace of trim feminine ankles.

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Send now for complete details on the wonderful new Oliver Typewriter—NOW READY—"The Quiet Speedster"—the new 1923 model.

More than 1,000,000 Olivers have been made and sold. That fact alone is proof of the service and satisfaction rendered by this typewriter. And now comes the crowning achievement of twenty-eight years' experience in building typewriters—"The New Quiet Speedster."

New Features:

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And besides, the Oliver is the most durable typewriter you can obtain anywhere. You get the wonder typewriter at the famous Oliver money-saving price.

$50 Saved
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If there ever was a machine worth $100 or more it is the new Oliver "Quiet Speedster." Because of high manufacturing efficiency and because we have no money-eating branch offices or organizations, we can save money in the producing and selling of this machine. You get the benefit of these economies. You can save over $30 on the Model 11, or, if you prefer, you can save $50 on the Model 9, which is the same as the Model 11, less a few of the more recent improvements.

Oliver No. 9
With 1923 Model Standard Three-Bank Keyboard. Monthly payment price, $55.00. Cash
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America's Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

[*Continued from page* 110]

who are contributing to advance the race? General and Mrs. Ballington Booth have dedicated their lives to just such a project."

HAROLD L. CRAFTS.

From the Register-Leader, Marietta, Ohio:

"Local Masons have already taken steps to secure a fitting observance of their anniversary, and McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is sponsoring an active campaign looking to a proper celebration or observance of the founding of New York City, urging a mammoth exposition to be held at the metropolis."

From the President of Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant, Iowa:

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From the President of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio:

"The project seems to me to be wise. Its mere statement is a challenge to its doing. I am sure that this neighborhood, in its local or in its general relation, would find a sense of exultation in such a commemoration."

CHARLES F. THWING.

From the President of Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio:

"I should think it was highly appropriate that there should be a fitting celebration in 1926 of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the nation, and it might well follow the lines you yourself suggest."

HENRY C. KING.

The Black Gang

[*Continued from page* 18]

"Rot; that's all right," returned the other, blushing uncomfortably.

And that was all. But it started then, and it never died, though their ways lay many poles apart. To Johnstone a well deserved knighthood and a high position in the land; to Drummond as much money as he wanted and a life of sport.

"Has some one stolen the goldfish?" queried Sir Bryan, with mild sarcasm.

"Great Scott! I hope not," cried Hugh in alarm. "Phyllis gave me complete instructions about the brutes before she toddled off. I make a noise like an ant's egg and drop them in the sink every morning. No, old lad of the village, it is something of vast import—a stain upon the escutcheon of your force. Last night—let us whisper it in Gath—I dined and further supped not wisely but too well. In fact, I deeply regret to admit that I became a trifle blotto—not to say tanked. Of course it wouldn't have happened if Phyllis had been propping up the jolly old home, don't you know: but she's away in the country with the nightingales and slugs and things. Well, as I say, in the young hours of the morning I thought I'd totter along home.

"I'd been with some birds—male birds, Tumkins,"—he stared sternly at Sir Bryan, while McIver stiffened into rigid horror at such an incredible nickname,—"male birds, playing push halfpenny or some such game of skill or chance. And when I left it was about 2 a. m. Well, I wandered along through Leicester Square, and stopped just outside Scott's to let one of those watering-carts water my head for me. Deuced considerate driver he was, too: stopped his horse for a couple of minutes and let one jet play on me uninterruptedly. Well, as I say, while I was lying in the road, steaming at the brow, a motor-car went past, and it stopped in Piccadilly Circus."

McIver's air of irritation vanished suddenly, and a quick glance passed between him and Sir Bryan

"Nothing much you observe in that, Tumkins," he burbled on, quite unconscious of the sudden attention of his hearers. "But wait, old lad—I haven't got to the motto yet. From this car there stepped large numbers of men—at least, so it seemed to me, and you must remember I'd recently had a shampoo. And just as I got abreast of them they lifted out another warrior, who appeared to me to be unconscious. At first I thought there were two, until I focused the old optics and found I'd been squinting. They put him on the pavement and got back into the car again just as I tottered alongside.

" 'What ho! souls,' I murmured, 'what is this and that, so to speak?'

" 'Binged, old bean, badly binged,' said the driver of the car. 'We're leaving him there to cool.'

"And with that the car drove off. There was I, Tumkins, in a partially binged condition, alone in Piccadilly Circus with a bird in a completely binged condition.

" 'How now?" I said to myself. 'Shall I go and induce yon water merchant to return' —as a matter of fact, I was beginning to feel I could do with another whack myself—'or shall I leave you here—as your pals observed —to cool?'

"I BENT over him as I pondered this knotty point, and as I did so, Tumkins, I became aware of a strange smell."

Hugh paused dramatically and selected another cigarette, while Sir Bryan flashed a quick glance of warning at McIver, who was obviously bursting with suppressed excitement.

"A peculiar and sickly odor, Tumkins," resumed the speaker, with maddening deliberation. "A strange and elusive perfume. For a long while it eluded me—that smell; I just couldn't place it. And then suddenly I

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got it: right in the middle, old boy—plumb in the center of the windpipe. It was chloroform. The bird wasn't drunk—he was doped."

COMPLETELY exhausted, Hugh lay back in his chair, and once again Sir Bryan flashed a warning glance at his exasperated subordinate.

"Would you be able to recognize any of the men in the car if you saw them again?" he asked quietly.

"I should know the driver," answered Hugh, after profound thought. "And the bird beside him. But not the others."

"Did you take the number of the car?" snapped McIver.

"My dear old man," murmured Hugh in a pained voice, "who on earth ever does take the number of a car? Except your warriors, who always get it wrong. Besides, as I tell you, I was partially up the pole."

"What did you do then?" asked Sir Bryan.

"Well, I brought the brain to bear," answered Hugh, "and decided there was nothing to do. He was doped, and I was bottled. So, by a unanimous casting vote of one, I toddled off home. But, Tumkins, while I was feeding the goldfish this morning—or rather after lunch—conscience was gnawing at my vitals. And after profound meditation, and consulting with my fellow Denny, I decided that the call of duty was clear. I came to you, Tumkins, as a child flies to its mother. Who better, I thought, than old Tum-tum to listen to my maidenly secrets? And so—"

"One moment, Hugh." Sir Bryan held up his hand. "Do you mind if I speak to Inspector McIver for a moment?"

"Anything you like, old lad," murmured Drummond. "But be merciful. Remember my innocent wife in the country."

And silence settled on the room, broken only by the low-voiced conversation between McIver and his Chief in the window. By their gestures it seemed as if Sir Bryan were suggesting something to his subordinate to which that worthy officer was a little loath to agree. And after a while a strangled snore from the chair announced that Drummond was ceasing to take an intelligent interest in things mundane.

"He's an extraordinary fellow, McIver," said Sir Bryan, glancing at the sleeper with a smile. "I've known him ever since we were boys at school. And he's not quite such a fool as he makes himself out. You remember that extraordinary case over the man Peterson a year or so ago? Well, it was he who did the whole thing. His complete disability to be cunning utterly defeated that master crook, who was always looking for subtlety that wasn't there. And of course his strength is absolutely phenomenal."

"I know, sir," said McIver doubtfully; "but would he consent to take on such a job—and do exactly as he was told?"

They were both looking out of the window, while in the room behind them the heavy breathing of the sleeper rose and fell monotonously. When the whole audience is asleep it ceases to be necessary to talk in undertones—which was why Sir Bryan and the Inspector in the next ten minutes discussed certain matters of import that they would not have discussed through megaphones at the Savoy. They concerned Hugh and other things, and the other things particularly were of interest. And they continued discussing these other things until, with a dreadful noise like a racing motor back-firing, the sleeper sat up in his chair and stretched himself.

"Tumkins," he cried, "I have committed sacrilege. I have slept in the holy of holies. Have you decided on my fate? Am I to be shot at dawn?"

Sir Bryan left the window and sat down at his desk. For a moment he rubbed his chin thoughtfully with his left hand, as if trying to make up his mind; then he lay back in his chair and stared at his erstwhile fag.

"Would you like to do a job of work, old man?"

Hugh started as if he had been stung by a wasp, and Sir Bryan smiled.

"Not real work," he said reassuringly. "But by mere luck last night you saw something that Inspector McIver would have given a good deal to see. Or, to be more accurate, you saw some men whom McIver particularly wants to meet."

"Those blokes in the car, you mean!" cried Hugh brightly.

"Those blokes in the car," agreed the other. "Incidentally, I may say there was a good deal more in that little episode than you think: and after consultation with McIver I have decided to tell you a certain amount about it, because you can help us, Hugh. You see, you're one up on McIver: you have, at any rate, seen those men, and he hasn't. Moreover, you say you could recognize two of them again."

"Good heavens, Tumkins!" murmured Hugh, aghast. "Don't say you want me to tramp the streets of London looking for them!"

Sir Bryan smiled.

"We'll spare you that," he answered. "But I'd like you to pay attention to what I'm going to tell you."

HUGH'S face assumed the look of pain always indicative of thought in its owner.

"Carry on, old bird," he remarked. "I'll try and last the course."

"Last night," began Sir Bryan quietly, "a very peculiar thing happened to McIver. I won't worry you with the full details, and it will be enough if I give you a bare outline of what occurred. He and some of his men, in the normal course of duty, surrounded a certain house in which were some people we wanted to lay our hands on. To be more accurate, there was one man there whom we wanted. He'd been shadowed ever since he'd landed in England that morning—shadowed the whole way from the docks to the house. And, sure enough, when McIver and his men surrounded the house, there was our friend and all his pals in one of the downstairs rooms. It was then that this peculiar thing happened. I gather from McIver that he heard the noise of an owl hooting, also a faint

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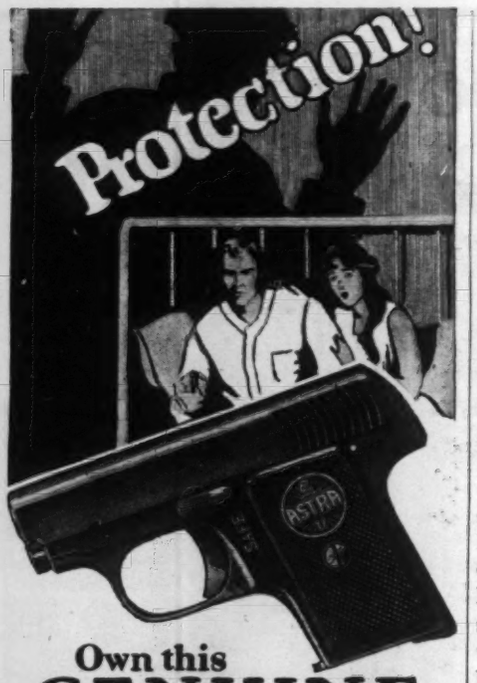

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scuffle and a curse; and after that he heard nothing more. He was chloroformed from behind, and went straight out of the picture."

"Great Scott!" murmured Hugh, staring incredulously at McIver. "What an amazing thing!"

"And this is where you come in, Hugh," continued Sir Bryan.

"Me!" Hugh sat up abruptly. "Why me?"

"One of the men inside the room was an interesting fellow known as Flash Jim. He is a burglar of no mean repute, though he is ready to tackle any sort of job that carries money with it. And when McIver, having recovered himself this morning, ran Flash Jim to ground in one of his haunts, he was under the impression that the men who had doped him and the other officers were pals of Flash Jim. But after he'd talked to him he changed his mind. All Flash Jim could tell him was that on the previous night he and some friends had been discussing business at this house. He didn't attempt to deny that. He went on to say that suddenly the room had been filled with a number of masked men, and that he'd had a clip over the back of the head which knocked him out. After that presumably he was given a whiff of chloroform to keep him quiet, and the next thing he remembers is being kicked into activity by the policeman at—" Sir Bryan paused a moment to emphasize the point—"at Piccadilly Circus."

"Good heavens!" said Hugh dazedly. "Then that bird I saw last night, sleeping it off on the pavement, was Flash Jim!"

"Precisely," answered Sir Bryan. "But, what is far more to the point, old man, is that the two birds you think you would be able to recognize, and who were in the car, are two of the masked men who first of all laid out McIver and subsequently surrounded Flash Jim and his pals inside."

"But what did they want to do that for?" asked Hugh in bewilderment.

"That is just what we want to find out," replied Sir Bryan. "As far as we can see at the moment, they are not criminals in the accepted sense of the word. They flogged two of the men who were there last night, and there are no two men in England who more richly deserved it. They kidnapped two others, one of whom was the man we particularly wanted. Then, to wind up, they planted Flash Jim as I've told you, let the others go, and brought McIver and all his men back to McIver's house, where they left them to cool on the pavement."

FOR a moment there was silence, and then Hugh began to shake with laughter.

"But how perfectly priceless!" he spluttered, when he was able to speak once more. "Old Algy will burst a blood-vessel when I tell him. You know Algy, Tumkins, don't you—that bird with the eye-glass and the funny-looking face?"

Inspector McIver frowned heavily. All along he had doubted the wisdom of telling Drummond anything: now he felt that his misgivings were confirmed. What on earth was the good of expecting such an obvious ass to be of the smallest assistance? And now this raucous hilarity struck him as being positively indecent. But the Chief had insisted: the responsibility was his. One thing was certain, reflected McIver grimly. Algy, whoever he was, would not be the only one to whom the privilege of bursting a blood-vessel would be accorded. And before very long it would be all round London—probably in the papers. And McIver particularly did not want *that* to happen. However, the next instant Sir Bryan soothed some of his worst fears.

"Under no circumstances, Hugh," he remarked gravely, "is Algy to be given a chance of bursting any blood-vessel. You understand what I mean. What I have said to you this afternoon is for you alone—and no one else. We know it: Flash Jim & Co. know it."

"And the jolly old masked sportsmen know it," said Hugh.

"Quite," remarked Sir Bryan. "And that's a deuced sight too many already. We don't want any more."

"As far as I am concerned, my brave Tumkins," cried the other, "the list is closed. Positively not another participator in the stable secret. But I still don't see where I leap in and join the fray."

"This way, old boy," said Sir Bryan. "McIver is a very strong man, and yet he was picked up last night, as he himself says, as if he was a baby, by one of these masked men, who, judging from a note he wrote, is presumably the leader of the gang. And so we deduce that this leader is something exceptional in the way of strength."

"By Gad! that's quick, Tumkins," said Hugh admiringly. "But then, you always did have a brain."

"Now, you are something very exceptional in that line, Hugh," continued the other.

"Oh, I can push a fellah's face, if it's got spots and things," said Hugh deprecatingly.

"And what I want to know is this: If we give you warning, would you care to go with McIver the next time he had any job on where he thinks it is likely this gang may turn up? We have a pretty shrewd idea as to the type of thing they specialize in."

Hugh passed his hand dazedly over his forehead.

"Sort of mother's help, you mean?" McIver frowned horribly. "While the bird biffs McIver, I biff the bird. Is that the notion?"

"That is the notion," agreed Sir Bryan. "Of course, you'll have to do exactly what McIver tells you, and the whole thing is most unusual. But, in view of the special features of the case— What is it, Miss Forbes?" He glanced up at his secretary, who was standing in the doorway, with a slight frown.

"He insists on seeing you at once, Sir Bryan."

She came forward with a card, which Sir Bryan took.

"Charles Latter." The frown deepened. "What the deuce does he want?"

The answer was supplied by the gentleman himself, who appeared at that moment in the doorway, carrying a sheet of notepaper. He was evidently in a state of

great agitation and Sir Bryan rose. "I am engaged at the moment, Mr. Latter," he said coldly.

"My business won't take you a minute, Sir Bryan," he cried. "But what I want to know is this: Is this country civilized or is it not? Look at what I received by the afternoon post."

He handed the sheet of paper to the other, who glanced at it casually. Then suddenly the casual look vanished, and Sir Bryan sat down at his desk, his eyes grim and stern.

"By the afternoon post, you say?"

"Yes; and there have been too many disappearances lately!"

"How did you know that?" snapped the Chief, staring at him.

FOR a moment Latter hesitated and changed color.

"Oh! every one knows it," he answered, trying to speak casually.

"Every one does not know it," remarked Sir Bryan quietly. "However, you did quite right to come to me. What are your plans for the next few days?"

"I am going out of London to-morrow to stay with Lady Manton near Sheffield," answered Latter. "A semi-political house-party. Good heavens! What's that?"

With a snort, Hugh sat up blinking.

"So sorry, old lad," he burbled. "I snored: know I did. Late hours are the dickens, aren't they?"

He heaved himself out of his chair and grinned pleasantly at Latter, who frowned disapprovingly.

"I don't go in for them myself. Well, Sir Bryan?"

"This matter shall be attended to, Mr. Latter. I shall see to it. Good afternoon. I will keep this note."

"And who was that little funny-face?" said Hugh, as the door closed behind Mr. Latter.

"Member of Parliament for a north country constituency," answered Sir Bryan, still staring at the piece of paper in his hand. "Lives above his income. Keenly ambitious. But I thought he was all right."

The other two stared at him in surprise.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked McIver at length.

"Our unknown friends do not think so, Mac," answered the chief, handing his subordinate the note left by Latter. "They are beginning to interest me, these gentlemen."

You need a rest, Charles Latter [read McIver slowly]. We have established a home for people like you where several of your friends await you. In a few days you will join them.

"The e are two things that strike one, McIver," remarked Sir Bryan, thoughtfully lighting a cigarette. "First and most important: that message and the one you found this morning were written on the same typewriter—the letter 's' is distorted in each case. And, secondly, Mr. Charles Latter appears to have inside information concerning the recent activities of our masked friends which it is difficult to see how he came by. Unless"—he paused and stared out of the window with a slight frown—"unless

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they are far more conversant with his visiting list than I am."

McIver's great jaw stuck out as if made of granite.

"It proves my theory, sir," he grunted. "But if those jokers try that game on with Mr. Latter, they won't catch me a second time."

A terrific blow on the back made him gasp and sputter.

"There speaks my hero boy," cried Hugh. "Together we will outwit the knaves. I shall write and cancel a visit—glad of the chance. Old Julia Manton—face like a horse; house at Sheffield; roped me in, Tumkins—positively stunned me with her verbosity. Ghastly house—but reeks of boodle."

Sir Bryan looked at him, surprised.

"Do you mean to say you are going to Lady Manton's?"

"I was—but not now. I shall stick closer than a brother to Mr. McIver."

"I think not, old man. You go! If you'd been awake you'd have heard Latter say he was going there too. You can be of use sooner than I thought."

"Latter going to old Julia?" Hugh stared at him amazed. "My dear old Tum-tum, what a perfectly amazing coincidence!"

Chapter III.

Drummond Composes a Letter

HUGH DRUMMOND strolled slowly along Whitehall in the direction of Trafalgar Square. His face wore its habitual look of vacuous good humor, and at intervals he hummed a little tune under his breath. It was outside the Carlton that he paused as a car drew up by his side and a man and a girl got out.

"Algy, my dear old boy," he murmured, taking off his hat, "are we in health to-day?"

"Passable, old son," returned Algy Longworth, adjusting his quite unnecessary eyeglass. "The oysters wilted a bit this morning, but I'm trying again to-night. By the way, do you know Miss Farreydale?"

Hugh bowed.

"You know the risk you run, I suppose, going about with him?"

The girl laughed. "He seems harmless," she answered lightly.

"That's his guile. After the second cup of tea he's a perfect devil. By the same token, Algy, I am hibernating a while in the country. Going to dear old Julia Manton's for a few days. Up Sheffield way."

Miss Farreydale looked at him with a puzzled frown.

"Do you mean Lady Manton—Sir John's wife?"

"That's the old dear," returned Hugh. "Know her?"

"Fairly well. But her name isn't Julia; and she won't love you if you call her old."

"Good heavens! Isn't it? And won't she? I must be mixing her up with some one else."

"Dorothy Manton is a well preserved woman of—shall we say—thirty-five? She was a grocer's daughter; she is now a snob of the worst type. I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

"Your affection for her stuns me," murmured Hugh. "I appear to be in for a cheerful time."

"When do you go, Hugh?" asked Algy.

"To-morrow, old man. But I'm keeping you from your tea. Keep the table between you after the second cup, Miss Farreydale."

He lifted his hat and walked on up the Haymarket, only to turn back suddenly.

" 'Daisy,' you said, didn't you?"

"No; Dorothy," laughed the girl. "Come on, Algy; I want my tea."

She passed into the Carlton, and for a moment the two men were together on the pavement.

"Lucky she knows the Manton woman," murmured Hugh.

"Don't you?" gasped Algy.

"Not from Eve, old son. Don't fix up anything in the near future. We shall be busy. I've joined the police and shall require help."

With a cheery nod he strolled off, and after a moment's hesitation Algy Longworth followed the girl into the Carlton.

"Mad, isn't he—your friend?" she remarked as he came up.

"Absolutely," he answered. "Let's masticate an éclair."

A quarter of an hour later Hugh let himself into his house in Brook Street. On the hall table were three telegrams, which he opened and read. Then, having torn them into tiny fragments, he went on into his study and rang the bell.

"Beer, Denny," he remarked, as his servant came in—"beer in a jug. I am prostrate. And then bring me one of those confounded books that people have their names put in, followed by the usual lies."

" 'Who's Who,' sir," said Denny.

"You've got it," said his master. "Though who is who these days, Denny, is a very dark matter. I am rapidly losing my faith in my brother man—rapidly. And then, after that we have to write a letter to Julia—I mean Dorothy Manton—erstwhile grocer's daughter, with whom I propose to dally for a few days."

"I don't seem to know the name, sir."

"Nor did I, Denny, until about an hour ago; but I have it on reliable authority that she exists."

"But how, sir—" began the bewildered Denny.

"At the moment the way is dark," admitted Drummond. "The fog of war enwraps me. Beer, fool, beer!"

ACCUSTOMED to the vagaries of his master, Denny left the room, to return shortly with a large jug of beer, which he placed on a small table beside Drummond's chair. Then he waited motionless behind his chair, a pencil and writing-block in his hand.

"A snob, Denny—a snob!" said Drummond at length, putting down his empty glass. "How does one best penetrate into the life and home of a female snob whom one does not even know by sight? Let us reason from first principles. What have we in our repertoire that would fling wide the portals of her house, revealing to our awe-struck gaze all the footmen ranged in a row?" He rose

suddenly. "I've got it, Denny—at least, some of it! We have old Turnip-top. Is he not a cousin of mine?"

"You mean Lord Staveley, sir," said Denny diffidently.

"Of course I do, you ass. Who else?" Clasping his replenished glass of beer, Hugh strode up and down the room. "Somehow or other, we must drag him in."

"He's in Central Africa, sir," reminded Denny cautiously.

"What the dickens does that matter? Julia—I mean Dorothy—won't know. Probably never heard of the poor old thing. Write, fool; take your pen and write quickly:

"*Dear Lady Manton:*

"I hope you have not forgotten the pleasant few days we spent together at Wiltshire Towers this spring."

"But you didn't go to the Duke's this spring, sir!" gasped Denny.

"I know that, you ass—but no more did she. To be exact, the place was being done up, only she won't know. Go on; I'm going to overflow again.

"I certainly have not forgotten the kind invitation you gave to my cousin Staveley and me to come and stop with you. He, at the moment, is killing beasts in Africa, whereas I am condemned to this unpleasant country. To-morrow I have to go to Sheffield—"

He paused. "Why, Denny—why do I have to go to Sheffield? Why in heaven's name does any one ever go to Sheffield?"

"They make knives there, sir."

"Do they? But you needn't go there to buy them. And, anyway, I don't want knives."

"You might just say on business, sir," remarked his servant.

"Gad! you're a genius, Denny. Put that in:

"Sheffield on business, and I wondered if I might take you at your word and come to—to—

"Where's the bally woman live? Look it up in 'Who's Who.' "

"Drayton House, sir," announced Denny.

"To Drayton House for a day or two. Yours very sincerely—

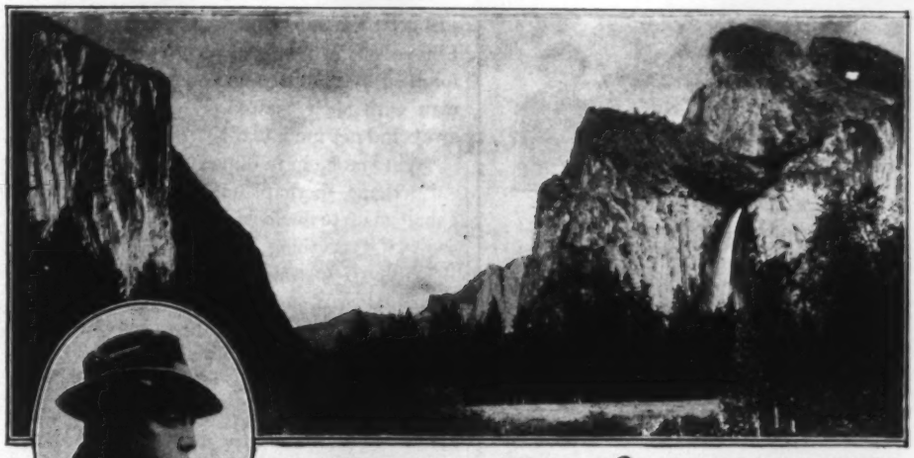
"That'll do the trick, Denny. Give it to me, and I'll write it out.

"A piece of the best paper with the crest and telephone number embossed in blue, and the victory is ours."

"Aren't you giving her rather short notice, sir?" said Denny doubtfully.

Drummond laid down his pen and stared at him sadly.

"Sometimes, Denny, I despair of you," he answered. "Even after four years of communion with me, there are moments when you relapse into your pristine brain wallow. If I gave her any longer, it is just conceivable—though I admit not likely—that I might get my answer from her stating that she was completely unaware of my existence and that she'd sent my letter to the police. And where should we be then, my faithful varlet? As it is, I shall arrive at Drayton House



"The Gates of the Valley."—a wonder spot of Yosemite National Park in central California.

My opinion of California by Irvin S. Cobb

IF I COULD so order my affairs as to be able to spend the rest of my life in that part of America which offers most in natural beauty and in the attractiveness of its people, I should choose California. I should live somewhere in that part of California which lies north of the dividing line that separates southern California from the rest of the state.

Always, from the hour when I first set foot upon the soil of the state to this present moment, I steadfastly have held that California leads every state of this Union in a majority of the essentials which makes for comfort and happiness in living and for the glory of physical surroundings. Californians work just as hard as New Yorkers do—when they work—but when they play they put into their playing a zest and a spirit, and most of all, a naturalness which one looks for in vain anywhere along the eastern seaboard. Her natural advantages are such that her people can find out-door pleasures in simple and in homely things. The eye is pleased with beauty. The mind is soothed by the most equable climate that we have on this continent. The imagination is stimulated by the whole-souled and hearty optimism of her sons and her daughters. In California you find, as you find nowhere else in the Union, a delectable blending of the hospitality of the south, the energy of the north, and the traditional inclinations of her Spanish and her American pioneers.

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just after the letter, discover with horror that I have made a mistake, and be gracefully forgiven by my charming hostess, as befits a man with such exalted friends. Now run away and get me a taxi."

"Will you be in to dinner, sir?"

"Perhaps—perhaps not. In case I'm not, I shall go up to Sheffield in the car to-morrow. See that everything is packed."

"Will you want me to come with you, sir?"

"No, Denny—not this time. I have a sort of premonition that I'm going to enjoy myself at Drayton House, and you're too young for that sort of thing."

With a resigned look on his face, Denny left the room, closing the door gently behind him. But Drummond, left to himself, did not at once continue his letter to Lady Manton. With his pen held loosely in his hand, he sat at his desk, staring thoughtfully at the wall opposite. Gone completely was his customary inane look of good humor: in its place was an expression of quiet, almost grim, determination. He had the air of a man faced with big decisions, and to whom, moreover, such an experience was no novelty. For some five minutes he sat motionless; then, with a short laugh, he came out of his reverie.

"We're getting near the motto, my son," he muttered—"deuced near. If we don't draw the badger in a few weeks, I'll eat my hat."

With another laugh, he turned once more to his half-finished letter. And a minute or two later, having stamped and addressed the envelope, he slipped it into his pocket and rose. He crossed the room and unlocked a small safe that stood in the corner. From it he took a small automatic revolver, which he dropped into his coat pocket, also a tiny bundle of what looked like fine black silk. Then, having relocked the safe, he picked up his hat and stick and went into the hall.

"Denny," he called, pausing by the front door.

"Sir," answered the worthy, appearing from the back premises.

"If Mr. Darrell or any of them ring up, I shall be tearing a deviled bone to-night at the Savoy grill at eleven o'clock."

Chapter IV.

Count Zadowa Gets a Shock

NUMBER 5 Green Street, Hoxton, was not a prepossessing abode. A notice on one of the dingy downstairs windows announced that Mr. William Atkinson was prepared to advance money on suitable security: a visit during business hours revealed that this was no more than the truth, even if the appearance of Mr. Atkinson's minion caused the prospective borrower to wonder how he had acquired such an aggressively English name.

The second and third floors were apparently occupied by his staff, which seemed unduly large, considering the locality and quality of his business. Hoxton is hardly in that part of London where large sums of money might be expected to change hands, and yet there was no doubt that Mr. William Atkinson's staff was both large and busy. So busy, indeed, were his clerks that frequently ten and eleven o'clock at night found them still working hard, though the actual business of the day downstairs concluded at six o'clock—eight Saturdays.

It was just before closing time on the day after the strange affair down at Barking that a large, unkempt-looking individual presented himself at Mr. Atkinson's office. His most pressing need would have seemed to the casual observer to be soap and water, but his appearance apparently excited no surprise in the assistant downstairs. Possibly Hoxton is tolerant of such trifles.

The clerk—a pale, anemic-looking man with an unhealthy skin and a hook nose—rose wearily from his rest.

"What do you want?" he demanded morosely.

"Wot d'yer think!" retorted the other. "Cat's meat?"

The clerk recoiled, and the blood mounted angrily to his sallow face.

"Don't you use that tone with me, my man," he said angrily. "I'd have you to know that this is my office."

"Yus," answered the other. "Same as it's your nose sitting there like a lump o' putty stuck on to a suet pudding. And if I 'ave any o' your lip, I'll pull it off—see? Throw it outside, I will, and you after it—you parboiled lump of bad tripe. Nah, then—business!" With a blow that shook the office, he thumped the desk with a huge fist. "I ain't got no time to waste—even if you 'ave. 'Ow much?"

He threw a pair of thick, hob-nailed boots on to the counter, and stood glaring at the other.

"Two bob," said the clerk indifferently, throwing down a coin and picking up the boots.

"Two bob!" cried the other wrathfully. "Two bob, you miserable Sheenie!" For a moment or two he spluttered inarticulately, as if speech were beyond him; then his huge hand shot out and gripped the clerk by the collar. "Think again, Archibald," he continued quietly; "think again, and think better."

But the assistant, as might be expected in one of his calling, was prepared for emergencies of this sort. Very gently his right hand slid along the counter toward a concealed electric bell that communicated with the staff upstairs. It fulfilled several purposes, that bell: it acted as a call for help or as a warning, and according to the number of times it was pressed the urgency of the matter could be interpreted by those who heard it. Just now the clerk decided that two rings would meet the case: he disliked the appearance of the large and angry man in whose grip he felt absolutely powerless, and he felt that he would like help—very urgently.

It was perhaps a little unfortunate for him that he should have allowed an ugly little smirk to adorn his lips a second or two before his hand found the bell. The man facing him across the counter saw the smirk, and lost his temper in earnest. With a grunt of

rage, he hit the other square between the eyes, and the clerk collapsed in a huddled heap behind the counter, with the bell still unrung.

For a few minutes the big man stood motionless, listening intently. From upstairs came the faint tapping of a typewriter; from outside the usual street noises of London came softly through the two closed doors. Then, with an agility remarkable in one so big, he vaulted the counter and inspected the recumbent assistant with a professional eye. A faint grin spread over his face as he noted that gentleman's condition, but after that he wasted no time. So quickly and methodically, in fact, did he set about things that it seemed as if the whole performance must have been cut and dried beforehand, even to the temporary indisposition of the clerk. In half a minute he was bound and gagged and deposited under the counter. Beside him the big man placed the pair of boots, attached to which was a piece of paper that he took from his pocket. On it was scrawled in an illiterate hand:

Have took a fare price for the boots, yer swine.

Then, very deliberately, the big man forced the till and removed some money, after which he once more examined the unconscious man under the counter.

"Without a hitch," he muttered. "Absolutely according to Hoyle. Now, old lad of the village, we come to the second item on the program. That must be the door I want."

He opened it cautiously, and the subdued hum of voices from above came a little louder to his ears. Then like a shadow he vanished into the semi-darkness of the house upstairs.

IT was undoubtedly a house of surprises, was Number 5 Green Street. A stranger passing through the dingy office on the ground floor, where Mr. Atkinson's assistant was wont to sit at the receipt of custom, and then ascending the stairs to the first story, would have found it hard to believe that he was in the same house. But then, strangers were not encouraged to do anything of the sort.

There was a door at the top of the flight of stairs, and it was at this door that the metamorphosis took place. On one side of it the stairs ran carpetless and none too clean to the ground floor; on the other side the picture changed. A wide passage, with rooms leading out of it from each side, confronted the explorer—a passage that was efficiently illuminated with electric lights hung from the ceiling, and the floor of which was covered with a good plain carpet. Along the walls ran rows of book-shelves, stretching, except for the gaps at the doors, as far as a partition that closed the farther end of the passage. In this partition was another door, and beyond this second door the passage continued to a window tightly shuttered and bolted.

From this continuation only one room led off—a room that would have made the explorer rub his eyes in surprise. It was

[*Continued on page* 125]

If the subscriber paid direct

Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money which has made the service possible. Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service.

They would include hundreds of thousands of workers in mines, smelters, steel mills, lumber camps, farms, wire mills, foundries, machine shops, rubber works, paint factories, cotton, silk and paper mills, rope works, glass works, tool works, and scores of other industries.

When you pay your telephone bill, the money is distributed by the company to the long line of people who have furnished something necessary for your service. The Bell System spares no effort to make your service the best and cheapest in the world, and every dollar it receives is utilized to that end.

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80 Lafayette Street **New York, N. Y.**

Your Keys to Success

SYSTEMATIC saving and systematic investing are the keys to success. You can build a comfortable fortune in a surprisingly short term of years in this way. For example—

Invest $1,000 at 6%; reinvest the interest; add an average of $358 every six months. In 15 years you have $19,000.

Invest $2,000 at 6%; reinvest the interest; add an average of $37.83 twice a year. In 5 years you will have $3,000.

CONVERSELY—

If you want to build a fortune of $10,000 in 10 years, invest $5,536.80 at 6%, reinvesting the interest.

If you want to amass $10,000, from a start of $1,000 at 6%, add an average of $358 twice a year—in a little over 9 years you will have $10,000.

The above are condensed from detailed tables in our new booket, "How to Build a Fortune," which we will send without cost or obligation to anyone genuinely interested in saving and investing. Write to-day for

BOOKLET E-1304

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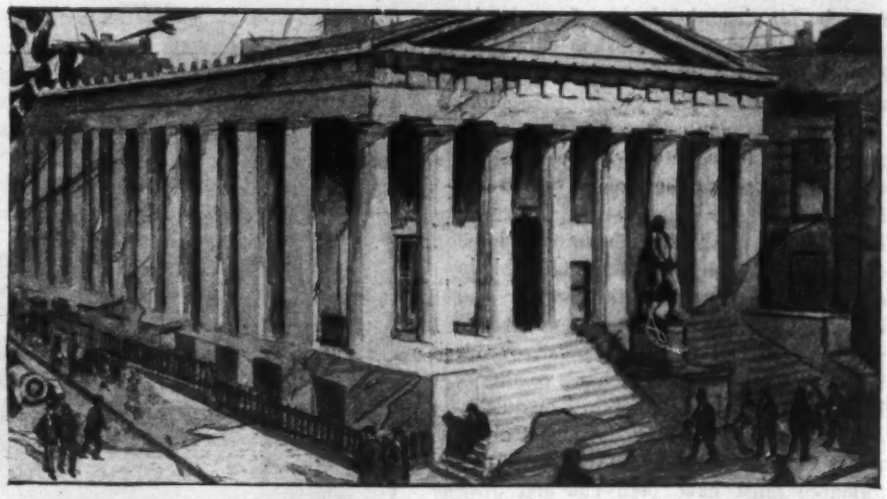

Consult Your Banker

By Paul Tomlinson

AS many of our readers will doubtless recall, we have repeatedly urged persons with money to invest and little knowledge of investments to consult their bankers. A letter has come to us from a woman who followed this practice, and, as the results were rather unfortunate, she states it as her belief that such advice is unsound.

Her experience, briefly, was as follows:

Having inherited $10,000 from her father's estate, she called upon the president of the leading local trust company and asked his advice about investing the money. He is a man, she writes, mature, and noted for his financial acumen and business sagacity. He arbitrarily, according to her letter, chose a list of investments for her, and rather insisted upon her buying the securities he selected. They were all preferred stocks, and, although most of them turned out well, two, unfortunately representing a large percentage of her principal, turned out badly and she lost a considerable amount of money, both in income and capital.

Recently she has been buying securities through an investment house. She writes that she tried to investigate the standing of this concern, but found it difficult to obtain any definite data regarding its operations. However, she found nothing derogatory about it, and has been dealing with it ever since. Her conclusion on the whole matter is that the best course of procedure is for the prospective investor to obtain all the data he can and then use his judgment, "provided he has any judgment in that direction."

Not a bad system; but she herself did not follow it. In the first place, she says that the president of the trust company virtually forced his selection of investments upon her. The word "forced" implies against her will, or at least against her judgment. This venture turned out unfortunately, and yet she took up with a concern about which she "found it difficult to obtain any information," which, in our opinion, was either using no judgment at all, or using bad judgment. No man in his right senses is going to lend money to some one about whom he knows little or nothing. Why, then, should he invest money with a concern about which his knowledge is of the same meager sort? In some circumstances no news may be good news, but it does not apply here.

NOBODY IS INFALLIBLE

BUT, to go back to the banker who gave the original advice. Our correspondent implies that she did not thoroughly approve of his selections. Why, then, did she take them? If she had any question at all, she might easily have submitted the list to some one else and obtained another banker's opinion of it. We know that, for ourselves, we should not have approved the list as suitable for a person in her circumstances. In the first place, it included only preferred stocks, and, while many preferred stocks are better investments than many bonds, the general rule still holds good that for a woman, or for any person of limited means, bonds are more suitable.

Further, it seems to us that the business of some of the concerns in which she purchased an interest was of too speculative a character to warrant serious consideration. Still, it is easy to criticize, and the fact that a certain part of a banker's advice proved wrong does not convince us that the advice to consult one's banker is wrong. No human being is infallible, and the value of investments of all kinds is dependent upon such a variety of unexpected circumstances that the most expert may find himself mistaken.

Doctors make mistakes, but we seek them out fast enough when we are sick; lawyers, too, are sometimes wrong, but a man who handles legal affairs unaided by legal advice is courting disaster. Of course, there are good doctors and good lawyers, and doctors and lawyers who are not of the best. So there are some bankers who know their

And now—
An alarm clock for investors

SOME night before catching an early morning train try going to bed without setting your alarm clock. See how much sleep you will get—and how often you will miss your train.

Catching the right time to buy or sell securities is even more difficult than catching a train. Securities do not move on schedule. Without an indicator you may lose much sleep or miss many opportunities.

Security prices are always changing, the security to buy today may be the security to sell next week, next month or next year.

The Brookmire Service is like an alarm clock for the investor, enabling him to go about his business safe in the knowledge that the alarm will be given when danger or opportunity arises.

May we tell you more of the service we render. Ask for pamphlet U-36, which includes samples of the Brookmire Service for investors; no cost or obligation.

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The property securing this issue has been appraised at $1,195,699.25, nearly twice the amount of the mortgage.

In addition, the net current assets of the business approximate $800,000.

The business, established in 1896, has shown a regular and steady growth, and the average annual profits for the past six years have been over three times the interest charges on these bonds.

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INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

There are many desirable securities on the market today that can still be purchased at comparatively low prices. Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McCLURE'S.

business better than others, and it would seem to follow that the best bankers have the best judgment. The best medical and legal advice has been proved by experience to be the cheapest in the long run, and the same thing undoubtedly applies to investments. A speculative investment may pay a high return for a time; then it may suddenly cease paying anything at all, and the point to be decided is whether the risk is one worth taking. A banker is expected to know about these things. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that his knowledge is limited: isn't it reasonable to suppose that, even so, it is greater than that of a person who has not studied the subject at all?

Safeguarding Your Principal

THERE are, however, certain formulas that any one who has money to invest can follow. The first and perhaps the most important is that one thing to be desired above all others is safety of principal. If the principal is not safe, what good is there in going any farther? Suppose, for the sake of example, that you are asked to invest in the capital stock of a corporation proposing to operate a line of "jitneys"; with the money received from the sale of the stock, buses are purchased and business operations begun. Suppose enough patronage does not develop to pay operating costs—the corporation runs behind steadily, and eventually fails. Its affairs are settled up, and whatever is left after payment of debts is divided among the share-holders. But the equipment has deteriorated, debts have been contracted, and when the accounts are balanced there is probably very little left. The capital has been dissipated, and the stock-holders will be fortunate to get anything back.

(*Continued on page* 124)

McClure's Financial Booklet

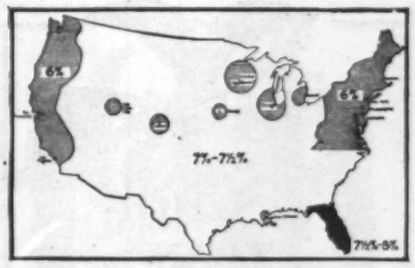
Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance, and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. The Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing.

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance

Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette St., New York.



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By looking at this little map, you will see that first mortgage investments on Florida property pay 7½% or 8%, which is 1% or 2% more than most other parts of the country offer. What is the reason?

Where money is plentiful, as in the big cities of the North and East, first mortgage investments pay a lower rate than in other sections, even when the security and the assurance of safety are the same in both cases. Geography has a great deal to do with investments, and our customers all over the country are finding that they can get a better rate by investing in Miller First Mortgage Bonds. These bonds, secured by income-earning properties in Florida cities, have an unbroken safety record.

Mail the coupon for an interesting leaflet called "Invest by the Map," which shows how to get the best return obtainable with safety.

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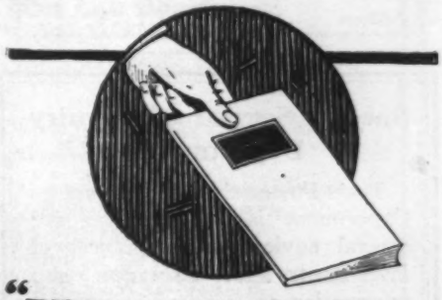

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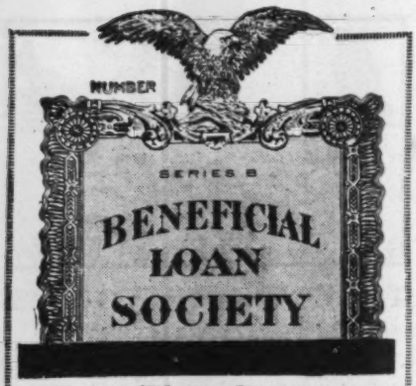

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ESTABLISHED 1893 — INC
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Address .....

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The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance; also information on standard investment securities. This service is absolutely free to McClure readers. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters to

Financial and Insurance Department

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
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Fits Any Phonograph
Stops Scratch and Surface Noises
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Soft, mellow tone

The Deflexograph filters sound oscillations, prevents scratch and surface noises entering sound box. **Guaranteed**—Gold Plate, **$1.50.** Nickel Plate, **$1.00.** Sent upon receipt of price.

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Dept. M 110 W. 15th St. New York

How many people who read this have had similar experiences with oil, tire, automobile, mining, talking-machine, fertilizer, and various other kinds of new companies? And isn't it probable that most of these mistakes might have been avoided had the prospective purchasers consulted a banker before agreeing to buy? We believe so, at any rate.

Promoters of doubtful enterprises send out extremely alluring literature; to read them, one would think—that is, if he didn't think—that making money was the simplest and easiest thing in the world. One might also say, however, that the rosier the picture the greater the danger; for it takes stronger arguments to sell a doubtful product than one about which there is little matter of doubt. A banker knows this, and can issue the necessary warning. Extravagant statements are an old story to him, and he takes them for what they are worth.

Of course, one should remember that the lay investor is usually more interested in yield and possible profit than in safety; he may deny this; but experience, we believe, proves it to be so. It is the big return and the prospect of gain that attract him almost every time; we notice this time and time again in the letters that come to us. The prospective investor will mention safety in a perfunctory sort of way, and then get on to what is to him the main point—yield and profit.

Perhaps one reason why people do not take up their investment problems with bankers more frequently is because they fear the banker will discourage them; and, even though they know instinctively that the banker is right, they fool themselves into thinking the other way.

When to Consult a Banker

IN most cases, the time to consult the banker is before purchasing, not after. Scores of people write to us after buying, when they begin to doubt the value of their bargains; many write to ask if there is not some way of prosecuting the persons who sold them the stock. Of course, the answer to this is that, as far as we know, there is no law compelling people to buy stock, and, unless they take the trouble to investigate, the fault is really theirs, no matter how unfortunate the results may be. The natural way to investigate is to consult a banker, and it is well also to learn something about the standing of the people offering the securities for sale.

In general, it follows that reputable houses deal only in reputable securities; that is what makes them reputable. And if one wants to be as safe as possible on this score, he should deal only with houses that are members of the New York Stock Exchange and subject to its regulation and supervision. We do not mean that all reputable houses are members of this exchange, but to a degree such membership is a safeguard for the purchaser.

Answers to Financial Questions

Q. Please give me some information about the Anaconda Copper Mining Company first consolidated mortgage, series "A" sinking fund 6 per cent bonds, due 1953.

A. We quote the circular of the National City Company as follows:

"Through its acquisition of the American Brass Company, which is the largest factor in the world in the manufacturing and fabricating of copper and brass, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company has become a completely integrated organization covering every step in the copper industry. More recently, in order to balance this capacity, the Anaconda Company has arranged to acquire a majority of the capital stock of the Chile Copper Company, which has the most extensive and one of the most valuable known bodies of copper ore in the world.

"The First Consolidated Mortgage Bonds will be secured by a direct-mortgage lien on the physical properties of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and by pledge of shares of capital stock of certain controlled companies, subject to the prior payment of $24,669,000 outstanding Series "A" 6 per cent Ten-Year Secured Gold Bonds, due January 1, 1929. The aggregate value of such properties and the assets of the said companies amounts to more than $173,000,000. The company will also specifically pledge, for the prior security of the First Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, shares of stock of the Chile Copper Company, American Brass Company, and Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company, which, on the basis of actual cost, represent a value in excess of $130,000,000.

"The consolidated balance-sheet of September 30, 1922, adjusted to give effect to the present financing, shows net tangible assets, after deducting all liabilities except funded debt, of $382,335,995, as compared with a mortgage indebtedness of $124,669,000 and a total funded debt, including the Debentures, of $174,669,000. The combined average annual net income of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and the American Brass Company before interest and depreciation, but after federal taxes, for the ten years ended December 31, 1921, amounted to $26,090,408 per year, which is almost 3½ times the annual interest charges on the mortgage indebtedness, including this issue, and over 2½ times the annual interest charges on the total funded debt, including the Debentures.

"Because of an exceptionally low production cost, the Chile Copper Company, on the basis of a 15 cent price for copper, should show an average profit, before interest, depreciation, and depletion, of over $14,000,000 per annum at the present rate of production. A sinking fund is provided to retire all First Consolidated Mortgage Series "A" Bonds by maturity. To be listed on the New York Stock Exchange."

Q. Will you give me a list of five bonds paying 6 per cent which you consider good investments?

A. The coupons on the following bonds are at the rate of 6 per cent, which does not mean that the yield necessarily is that amount—it may be more and it may be less: Kingdom of Norway 6's, Niagara Falls Power 6's due 1950, American Sugar Refining 6's due 1937, Pacific Gas and Electric Company 6's due 1942, New York Telephone 6's due 1941. We believe these bonds are good investments.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by Mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McCLURE'S *Magazine. 80 Lafayette St., New York City.*

The Black Gang

[*Continued from page* 121]

richly, almost luxuriously, furnished. In the center stood a big roll-top writing-desk, while scattered around were several arm-chairs upholstered in green leather. A long table almost filled one side of the room—a table covered with every imaginable newspaper. A huge safe flush with the wall occupied the other side, while the window, like the one outside, was almost hermetically sealed. There was a fireplace in the corner, but there was no sign of any fire having been lit, or of any preparations for lighting one. Two electric heaters, attached by long lengths of tubing to plugs in the wall, comprised the heating arrangements, while a big central light and half a dozen movable ones illuminated every corner of the room.

IN ignorance of the sad plight of the clerk below, two men were sitting in this room, deep in conversation. In a chair drawn up close to the desk was no less a person than Charles Latter, M.P., and it was he who was doing most of the talking. But it was the other man who riveted attention: the man who presumably was Mr. Atkinson himself. He was seated in a swivel chair which he had slewed round so as to face the speaker, and it was his appearance that caught the eye and then held it fascinated.

At first glance he seemed to be afflicted with an almost phenomenal stoop, and it was only when one got nearer that the reason was clear. The man was a hunchback, and the effect it gave was that of a huge bird of prey. Unlike most hunchbacks, his legs were of normal length, and as he sat motionless in his chair, a hand on each knee, staring with unwinking eyes at his talkative companion, there was something menacing and implacable in his appearance. His hair was gray, his features stern and hard, while his mouth reminded one of a steel trap. But it was his eyes that dominated everything—gray-blue and piercing, they seemed able to probe one's innermost soul. A man to whom it would be unwise to lie—a man utterly unscrupulous in himself, who would yet punish double dealing in those who worked for him with merciless severity. A dangerous man.

"So you went to the police, Mr. Latter," he remarked suavely. "And what had our friend Sir Bryan Johnstone to say on the matter?"

"At first, Count, he didn't say much. In fact, he really said very little all through. But once he looked at the note, his whole manner changed. I could see that instantly. There was something about the note that interested him."

"Let me see it," said the Count, holding out his hand.

"I left it with Sir Bryan," answered the other. "He asked me to let him keep it; and he promised that I should be all right."

The Count's lips curled.

"It would take more than Sir Bryan Johnstone's promise, Mr. Latter, to insure your safety. Do you know whom that note was from?"

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

CANADA'S NATIONAL PLAYGROUND AND GAME SANCTUARY of 4,400 square miles. Riding, Hiking, Climbing, Fishing, Camping. Mighty snow-capped mountain peaks, gleaming glaciers, great rivers, and shimmering lakes.

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provides excellent accommodation for 250 guests. All modern conveniences.

Rates $5.00 per day and up, American plan (meals included.)

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BUFFALO, 1019 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
CHICAGO, 108 West Adams St.
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LOS ANGELES, 503 So. Spring St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 518 2nd Ave. So.
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PITTSBURGH, 505 Park Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Station
SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
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ST. PAUL, Cor. 4th and Jackson Sts.

Canada Welcomes United States Tourists—No Passports Required

The Canadian National route through the Rockies skirts Canada's highest peaks, at the easiest gradient and lowest altitude of any transcontinental route.

Canadian National Railways

A Well-Known New York Banker *Says:*

"The place of advertising in the present economic system is thoroughly well established."

Goodwill has come to be a vital factor in the success of any business, and goodwill can only be created by right and persistent advertising.

A manufacturer who advertises honestly the stability and quality of his goods sets for himself a standard of production. He makes a treaty of faith with the buying public which he must uphold at any cost.

Frequently, for the purpose of promotion, the manufacturer needs financial assistance.

The time is fast approaching when bankers, having carefully investigated the standing of a manufacturer desiring a loan, will ask this leading question:

"What is his advertising appropriation?"

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NEW YORK

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have placed the stamp of approval upon the Ambassador, New York's newest and most distinctive hotel. Its location in smart Park Avenue at Fifty-first Street is in the heart of the fashionable residential district. Service of a character difficult to obtain in American hotels is enjoyed by Ambassador guests, while its atmosphere of culture and refinement is that of the home. The main restaurant, The Ambassador Grill and the Italian Garden are delightful rendezvous for formal and informal dining, luncheon and afternoon tea.

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM

The Ambassador, New York
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
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The Alexandria, Los Angeles

When answering advertisements, please mention McClure's Magazine.

"I thought, Count," said the other a little tremulously—"I thought it might be from this mysterious Black Gang that one has heard rumors about."

"It was," replied the Count tersely.

"Heavens!" stammered Latter. "Then it's true—they exist."

"In the last month," answered the hunchback, staring fixedly at his frightened companion, "nearly twenty of our most useful men have disappeared. They have simply vanished into thin air. I know—no matter how—that it is not the police: the police are as mystified as we are. But the police, Mr. Latter—whatever views they may take officially, are in all probability unofficially very glad of our friends' disappearance—at any rate, until last night."

"What do you mean?" asked the other.

"Last night the police were balked of their prey, and McIver doesn't like being balked. You know Zaboleff was sent over?"

"Yes, of course. That is one of the reasons I came round to-night. Have you seen him?"

"I have not," answered the Count grimly. "The police found out he was coming."

Mr. Latter's face blanched: the thought of Zaboleff in custody didn't appeal to him. It may be mentioned that his feelings were purely selfish—Zaboleff knew too much.

But the Count was speaking again. A faint sneer was on his face; he had read the the other's mind like an open book.

"And so," he continued, "did the Black Gang. They removed Zaboleff and our friend Waldock from under the very noses of the police, and, like the twenty others, they have disappeared."

"My God!" There was no doubt now about Mr. Latter's state of mind. "And now they've threatened me."

"And now they've threatened you," agreed the Count. "And you, I am glad to say, have done exactly what I should have told you to do, had I seen you sooner. You have gone to the police."

"BUT—but," stammered Latter, "the police were no good to Zaboleff last night."

"And it is quite possible," returned the other calmly, "that they will be equally futile in your case. Candidly, Mr. Latter, I am completely indifferent on the subject of your future. You have served our purpose, and all that matters is that you happen to be the bone over which the dogs are going to fight. Until last night the dogs hadn't met—officially; and in the *rencontre* last night the police dog, unless I'm greatly mistaken, was caught by surprise. McIver doesn't let that happen twice. In your case he'll be ready. With luck, this cursed Black Gang, who are infinitely more nuisance to me than the police have been or ever will be, will get bitten badly."

Mr. Latter was breathing heavily.

"But what do you want me to do, Count?"

"Nothing at all, except what you were going to do normally," answered the other. He glanced at a note-book on his desk. "You were going to Lady Manton's near Sheffield, I see. Don't alter your plans—go. In all probability, it will take place at her house."

W. L. DOUGLAS

NAME AND PORTRAIT is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality, style and workmanship at the lowest possible cost.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

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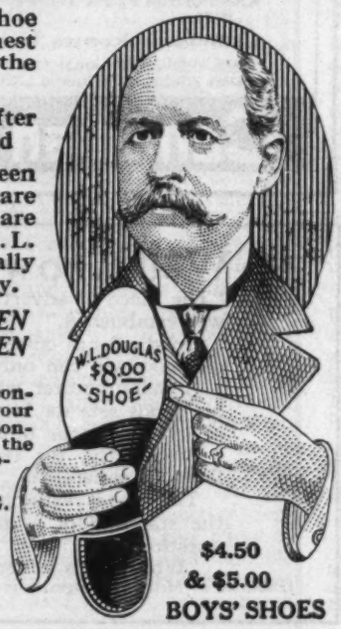

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He glanced contemptuously at the other's somewhat green face, and his manner changed abruptly. "You understand, Mr. Latter,"—his voice was deadly smooth and quiet,—"you go to Lady Manton's house, as arranged, and you will carry on exactly as if you had never received this note. Because if you don't, if you attempt any tricks with me, whatever the Black Gang may do or may not do to you,—however much the police may protect you or may not protect you,—you will have us to reckon with. And you know what that means."

"Supposing the gang gets me and foils the police," muttered Latter through dry lips. "What then?"

"I shall deal with them personally. They annoy me."

There was something so supremely confident in the tone of the Count's voice that the other man looked at him quickly.

"But have you any idea who they are?" he asked eagerly.

"None—at present. Their leader is clever—but so am I. They have deliberately elected to fight me, and now I have had enough. It will save trouble if the police catch them for me: but if not—"

THE Count shrugged and with a gesture of his hand dismissed the matter. Then he picked up a piece of paper from the desk and glanced at it.

"I will now give you your orders for Sheffield," he continued. "It has been reported to me that in Sir John Manton's works there is a red-hot madman named Delmorlick. He has a good job himself, but he spends most of his spare time inciting the unemployed—of which I am glad to say there are large numbers in the town—to absurd deeds of violence. He is a very valuable man to us, and appears to be one of those extraordinary beings who really believe in the doctrines of communism. He can lash a mob, they tell me, into an absolute frenzy with his tongue. I want you to seek him out, and give him fifty pounds to carry on with. Tell him, of course, that it comes from the Great Master in Russia, and spur him on to renewed activity.

"You will also employ him, and two or three others whom you must leave him to choose, to carry out a little scheme of which you will find full details in this letter." He handed an envelope to Latter, who took it with a trembling hand. "You personally will make arrangements about the necessary explosives. I calculate that, if successful, it should throw at least three thousand more men out of work. Moreover, Mr. Latter, if it is successful your fee will be a thousand pounds."

"A thousand!" muttered Latter. "Is there much danger?"

The Count smiled contemptuously. "Not if you do your work properly. Hullo! What's up?"

From a little electric bell at his elbow came four shrill rings, repeated again and again.

The Count rose, and with systematic thoroughness swept every piece of paper off

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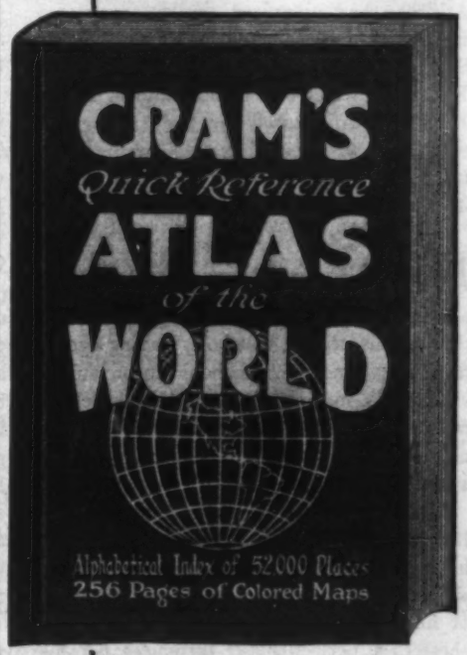

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the desk into his pocket. Then he shut down the top and locked it, while the bell, a little muffled, still rang inside.

"What's the fool doing?" he cried angrily, stepping over to the big safe let into the wall, while Latter, his face white and terrified, followed at his side. And then abruptly the bell stopped.

Very deliberately the Count pressed two concealed knobs, so sunk into the wall as to be invisible to a stranger, and the door of the safe swung open. And only then was it obvious that the safe was not a safe, but a second exit leading to a flight of stairs. For a moment or two he stood motionless, listening intently, while Latter fidgeted at his side. One hand was on a master switch that controlled all the lights, the other on a knob inside the second passage, which, when turned, would close the great steel door noiselessly behind them.

He was frowning angrily; but gradually the frown was replaced by a look of puzzled surprise. Four rings from the shop below was the recognized signal for urgent danger, and everybody's plan of action was cut and dried in such an emergency. In the other rooms every book and paper in the slightest degree incriminating was hurled pell-mell into secret recesses in the floor which had been specially constructed under every table. In their place appeared books carefully and very skilfully faked, purporting to record the business transactions of Mr. William Atkinson. And in the event of surprise being expressed at the size of Mr. Atkinson's business, considering the sort of office he possessed below, and the type of his clientèle, it would soon be seen that Hoxton was but one of several irons which that versatile gentleman had in the fire. There were indisputable proofs in indisputable ledgers that Mr. Atkinson had organized similar enterprises in several of the big towns of England and Scotland, to say nothing of a large West End branch run under the name of Lewer Brothers. And surely he had the perfect right, if he so wished, to establish his central office in Hoxton—or Timbuctoo. What did it matter to any one except himself?

IN the big room at the end the procedure was even simpler. The Count merely passed through the safe door and vanished through his private bolt-hole, leaving everything in darkness. And should inconvenient visitors ask inconvenient questions—well, it was Mr. Atkinson's private office, and a very nice office too, though at the moment he was away.

Thus the procedure—simple and sound. But on this occasion something seemed to have gone wrong. Instead of the industrious silence of clerks working overtime on affairs of financial import in Edinburgh and Manchester, a perfect babel of voices became audible in the passage. And then there came an agitated knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" cried the Count sharply. It may be mentioned that even the most influential members of his staff knew better than to come into the room without previously obtaining permission.

"It's me, sir—Cohen," came an agitated voice from outside.

For a moment the Count paused: then, with a turn of the knob, he closed the safe door silently. With an imperious hand he waved Latter to a chair, and resumed his former position at the desk.

"Come in," he snapped.

It was a strange and unwholesome object that obeyed the order, and the Count sat back in his chair.

"What have you been doing?"

A pair of rich blue-black eyes and a nose from which traces of blood still trickled had not improved the general appearance of the assistant downstairs. In one hand he carried a pair of hobnail boots, in the other a piece of paper, and he brandished them alternately, while a flood of incoherent frenzy burst from his lips.

For a minute or two the Count listened, until his first look of surprise gave way to one of black anger.

"Am I to understand, you wretched little worm," he snarled, "that you gave the urgency danger signal, not once but half a dozen times, merely because a man hit you over the nose?"

"But he knocked me silly, sir," quavered the other. "And when I came to, and saw the boots lying beside me and the till opened, I kind of lost my head. I didn't know what had happened, sir—and I thought I'd better ring the bell—in case of trouble."

He retreated a step or two toward the door, terrified out of his wits by the look of diabolical fury in the hunchback's eyes. Three or four clerks who had been surreptitiously peeping through the open door melted rapidly away, while from his chair Mr. Latter watched the scene, fascinated. He was reminded of a bird and a snake, and suddenly he gave a little shudder as he realized that his own position was in reality much the same as that of the unfortunate Cohen.

And then, just as the tension was becoming unbearable, there came the interruption. Outside in the passage, clear and distinct, there sounded twice the hoot of an owl. To Mr. Latter it meant nothing; to the frightened littie Jew it meant nothing: but on the Count the effect was electrical.

With a quickness incredible in one so deformed, he was at the door and into the passage, hurling Cohen out of his way into a corner. His powerful fists were clenched by his side; the veins in his neck were standing out like whip-cord. But, to Mr. Latter's surprise, he made no movement, and rising from his chair he too peered round the door along the passage, only to stagger back after a second or two with a feeling of sick fear in his soul, and a sudden dryness in the throat.

Twenty yards away, framed in the doorway at the head of the stairs leading down to the office below, he had seen a huge, motionless figure. For a perceptible time he stared at it, and it had seemed to stare at him. Then the door had shut, and on the other side a key had turned. And the figure had been draped from head to foot in black.

[*Continued in the June* McCLURE'S]

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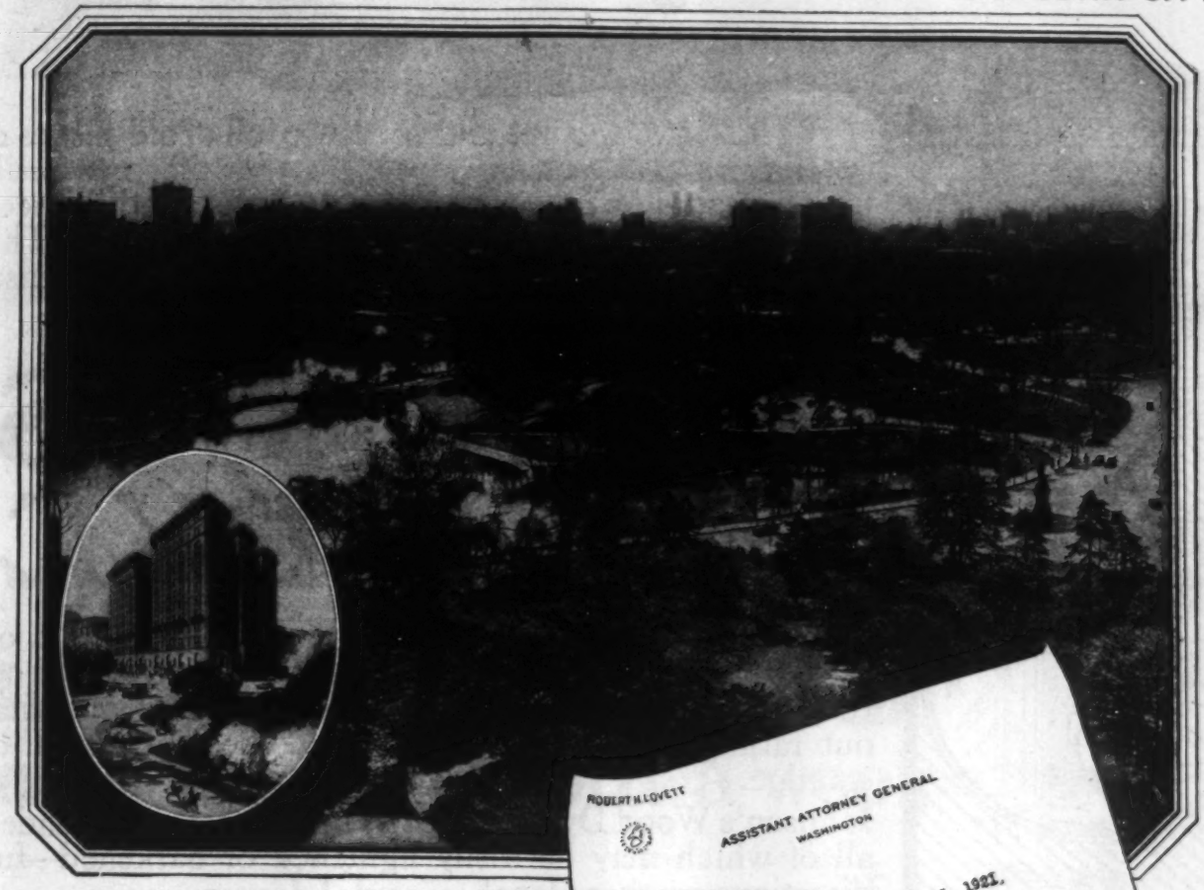

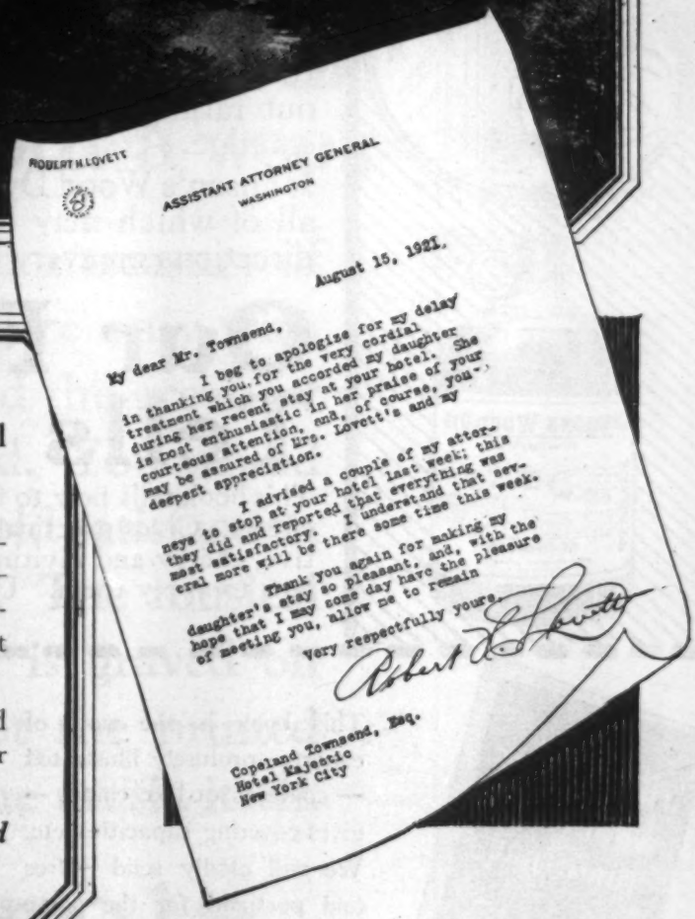

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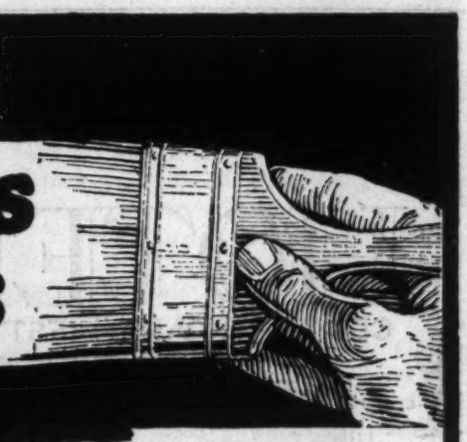

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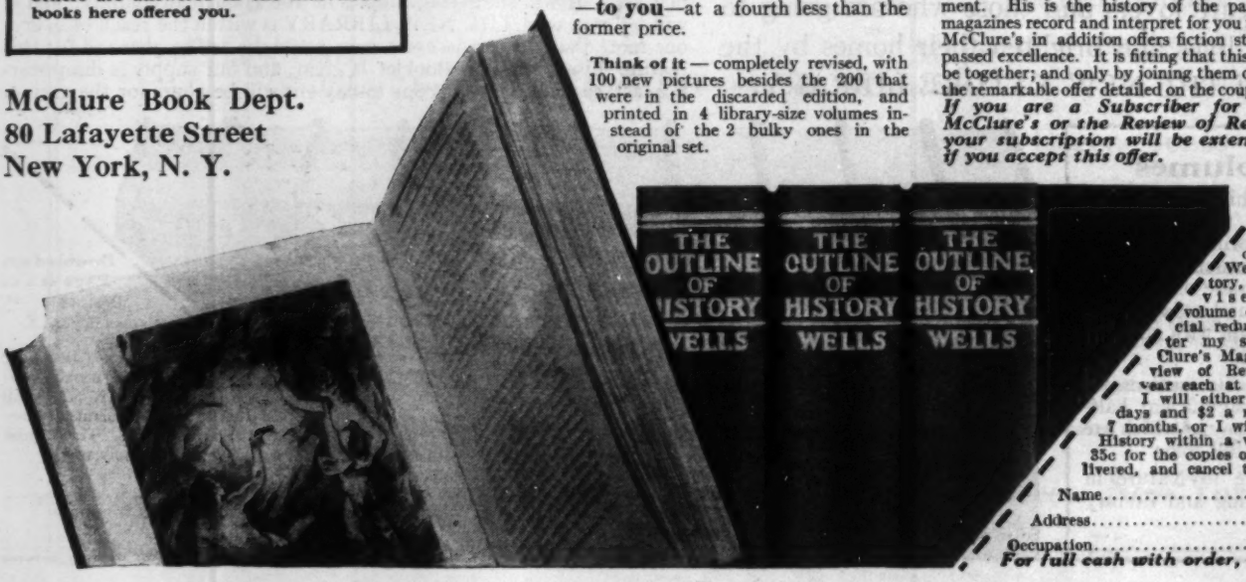

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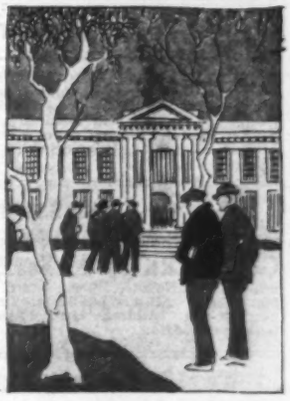

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